

THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 6

JANUARY 17, 1923

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ANNVILLE, PA.

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APPLICABLE COUEISM

"Every day, in every way, I'm growing better and better." Dr. Coue, the well known exponent upon the subject of auto-suggestion may have nothing worth while to contribute to society if the views of many learned men may be used in connection with this subject.

His optimism and the foregoing statement that he uses in all faith to make his beliefs come to pass are sufficient contributions to the world if the world accepts them and uses them.

The optimistic life is the most acceptable to society. Optimism means joyousness, satisfaction in life and with the progress of society. The optimist will always be able to find friends and good fellowship will reign supreme wherever an optimistic atmosphere is created.

The pessimist is not popular. The gloomy foreboding countenance of the pessimist is an eyesore to every lover of the beautiful and cheerful things in life.

Yet, like the poor, pessimists are always with us. They may be happy in the glum atmosphere created about them, but youth will never be found in friendly relations with the pessimist. Youth loves life, and rarely thinks of death except as a far-away, not to be thought of condition.

When an individual is happy, the joy of the

state of happiness radiates through his countenance. He smiles. A friend who is "blue" meets his happy acquaintance on the street, smiles unconsciously with him. Is this auto-suggestion? Perhaps, after all Dr. Coue's theory may contain some acceptable material.

There are many things in life that are worth living for. One is never happy unless there is something in particular for him to be happy about. He may be happy in his work or in his service. In the shop or in the pulpit, if man loves his work and feels that he is serving, and contributing his share to humanity, he is happy. Happiness is the supreme ambition of man everywhere. It may be sought in many ways, simply, humbly, or grandly with much display. But it will be gained and attained in its highest sense only by service rendered to the Creator through one's fellow-men.

Life upon earth is short, and "the grave is not its goal". Supreme happiness upon earth, by the medium of service, is merely the forerunner of happiness in the "after life".

So, let us, thinking of the better life that we may lead, grow better and better every day and "pack our troubles" in the proverbial "kit bag" and

"Smile, smile, smile."

Mirror

LA PHILOSOPHIE

To live in the presence of great truths and eternal laws, to be led by permanent ideals,—that is what keeps a man patient when the world ignores him, and calm and unspoiled when the world praises him.—Dr. A. Peabody.
* * *

The test of an enjoyment is the remembrance which it leaves behind.—Jean Paul.
* * *

5—CRUCIBLE

Thoughts of courage, and hope, and highest expectation growing habitual, may lift out and up many a weary pilgrim.—L. Purington.
* * *

The life of a man consists not in seeing visions and in dreaming dreams, but in active charity and in willing service.—Longfellow.
* * *

We should every day call ourselves to an account. What infirmity have I mastered today? What temptation have I resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift.—Seneca.
* * *

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindnesses and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.
* * *

Infidelity to self is infidelity to God.—Charles B. Newcomb.
* * *

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one reason for letting it alone.—Sir Walter Scott.
* * *

The cry of the age is more for fraternity than for charity. If one exists, the other will follow, or better still, will not be needed.—Dr. Henry D. Chapin.
* * *

To be wise we must first learn to be happy; for those who can finally issue forth from self by the portal of happiness, know infinitely wider freedom than those who pass through the gate of sadness.—Maurice Materlinck.
* * *

Apology is only egotism wrong side out.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.
* * *

Trust in God, as Moses did, let the way be never so dark; and it shall come to pass that your life at last shall surpass even your longing. Not, it may be, in the line of that longing; that shall be as it pleaseth God; but the glory is as sure as the grace, and the most ancient heavens are not more sure than that.—Robert Collyer.
* * *

It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place, as if you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an opportunity of doing a kindness, or speaking a true word, or making a friend.—John Ruskin.
* * *

A man may get to his journey's end by the light of a lantern, but he is less secure than the man who travels by daylight, and he loses the landscape.—Hamilton Wright Mabie.

BIOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT

The college recently acquired several hundred finely mounted and carefully organized botanical specimens. The collection represents the life-work of the late Levi J. Miller, who was a member of the U. B. Church of Ephrata, of which Rex. Clyde A. Lynch is pastor. Rev. Lynch is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, Class of 1918.

It includes specimens of liverworts, mosses, ferns, and flowering plants, mounted on standard herbarium sheets, and represents a range of distribution from Vermont to Wisconsin. There is also a large collection of fruits and seeds all neatly mounted in hand carved cases. The entire collection has been prepared and preserved by one who had acquired a comprehensive knowledge of the subject through continuous study and research through many years.

During Mr. Miller's life the collection was a personal inspiration to him, and lighted his soul with the keen joy that springs from a close communion with God's marvelous works. It will continue to reflect the same truths to many generations of interested young men and women who pursue courses in Botany in the college.

From all of these as well as from the officials of the college there will ever be a kindly feeling of gratitude to Mr. Miller's family for their generous contribution to the teaching equipment of the Biological Department of L. V. C.

THE QUITTAPAHILLA

The work of the Junior Class on the 1924 Quittapahilla has been steadily going forward. The week of Jan. 15 was Campaign Week, but the work of getting subscriptions has not yet been completed. It is not yet too late to order a copy.

The Quittie Staff wishes all the college folks to feel that the annual is a production of the entire college, not merely of the Class of 1924. Any contributions worthy of acceptance will be gladly accepted by the editors. Especially does the staff solicit snapshots and photographs. Jokes will also be gladly accepted.

Students, do not wait for a member of the staff to ask you for your subscription. One's college career has lacking something of great value if one has not an annual to bring back to mind the pleasure of college days. Ask any member of the staff to take your subscription.

To those who are far from the college we wish to say that the 1924 Quittapahilla will be an embodiment of the spirit of Lebanon Valley College. To look through its pages of pictures of the college scenes of today will be a delight. It will bring back memories of other scenes of the good old days when the reader was himself a college student. Copies may be ordered through the Editor-in-Chief.

Prof. Spangler—Where were you born, Welty?

W.—In America.

Prof. S.—What part?

W.—All of me.
* * *

A hearse is a beautiful thing to ride to church in, but why wait for it?

Literary

JUNIOR PLAY

The Junior Class is hard at work preparing for their rendition of Henrik Ibsen's play, "The Pillars of Society." For the past several weeks daily rehearsals have been held, under the supervision of Prof. T. Bayard Beatty, head of the Department of English at Lebanon Valley College. Prof. Beatty, while Instructor of Dramatics at the Carnegie Institute of Technology, of Pittsburgh, presented "The Pillars of Society" several years ago. At that time the play ran for eight nights.

The dates for the presentation of the play have been definitely set for the evenings of February 22 and 23. No matinee will be given. The play will be presented on the college stage, in the Engle Conservatory of Music. Reserved seat tickets will be on sale at the college book store.

The work and spirit of the cast and the expert supervision of Professor Beatty insure a remarkably good rendition of the classic.

"ITTY SING"

The pencil-sharpener which is tucked away in an obscure corner of the window sill! Surely no one would imagine that it would be a romantic beginning to a more romantic story. But there it is—and it proves the old assertion: "It's the little thing that counts."

"Deed they do! I ought to know, anyway. I am private secretary to Mr. E. J. Weeks, Attorney-at-Law, and I have a stenographer who is as small as a minute. Ordinarily, I am not given to baby-talk, and all other man-capturing devices of our so-called "flapper", but I always called her "Itty Sing" because I think she liked it, and it suited her, too.

This particular April day, when all the fun began, the rain was catting and dogging all around the place. Thanks to my serviceable slicker, I got there pretty high and dry.

But Itty Sing, "De Immortalis"! The poor dear came bedraggling in with her black hair hanging in wet strings over her face, drops gathering and dropping from her perfect snub nose, and the wettest look in her violet eyes I've ever seen. She chewed her gum vigorously just the same and came over to me. "Have some?" she inquired nonchalantly, as she dived her hand into her wet coat-pocket and came out with a handful of soaked wrappers. This she extended to me.

"Why, Itty Sing!" I ejaculated. "What d'ye mean by—by offering me gum when you're wringing wet?"

"Well, what am I gonna do about it, grand-ma?" she asked flippantly, and shook herself like my niece's pet poodle.

"I have it!" I exclaimed. There is a kimono and bed-room slippers in my traveling bag in the Ladies' Room. (I'd been away that weekend, and did not have time to go to our two-by-four before coming to the office.) Now, you just go and put those on. Mr. Weeks never reaches the office before eleven—and you can be in here and do your work with me all cosy and dry. Now, what d'ye think o' that?" I inquired triumphantly.

"Not so good," she said, "but orders is orders, ma'am." She curtsied and slouched out.

Nine o'clock! Plenty of time for her to do her work before Weeks came. Soon she came back, a tiny morsel in my overgrown kimono. I felt suddenly like a "Hippo", but I greeted her with a smile and a get-to-work gesture, and we started to work. Now and then she'd intersperse some characteristic remarks: "My Land, all the curl outa me hair!"

"I like you with that straight bob," I answered.

"Naw-aw," she teased.

"The Dickens!" I heard her say, and turned towards her.

"Why, Itty Sing," I said, "only yesterday you promised me that you'd never, never use slang again."

"I forgot, Religious," she said. "But my pencil point busted."

"There's the sharpener—in the corner," I informed her quietly, withal with indignation, and gestured toward the corner.

The obscure corner was partly shaded by a screen (Mr. Weeks' notion). She pattered over, and started to sharpen the cause of the fall from grace,—the clock struck ten,—the door opened: "Good morning, Miss Fox," someone said to me pleasantly. I turned, alarmed. "Mr. Weeks! My shoes and stockings!" And Itty Sing. I looked; she was nowhere to be seen. I breathed more easily. She had ducked behind the screen.

"Is Miss Bell ill this morning?" he questioned casually.

"Why, no sir," I managed to stammer. "That is, sir, she's not able to be here!"

"No need for an apology," he said, "I quite understand." And his eyes were resting lovingly on the floor below the screen, where one could catch the faintest glimpse of orchid bed-room slippers! The perspiration beaded on my forehead.

"Mr. Weeks," I began in a weak little voice—

"Miss Fox, congratulate me," he interrupted.

"Today I am the happiest man in the world. Miss Janice Brookes, whose photograph I recently placed on my desk, has promised to be my wife!"

"I do congratulate you, sir," I agreed more relievedly than heartily. "She is indeed a fine woman, and you are a lucky man."

"Ah, don't I know it?" he asked the world

Now, Mr. Weeks, I had always imagined, was at least 30, but today he seemed 20, at the most. His deep brown eyes were full of happiness. He took up the heavy silver frame upon his desk and looked at it lovingly. His fine nostrils dilated and he passed his hand through his curly mop of blonde hair. "Gad! I don't deserve her," he said, "but I'm going to try my best."

"Certainly, sir," I replied respectfully, as I glanced surreptitiously at the screen. The feet were still there.

Presently, he started dictating to me, and as he was toying with his pencil (a favorite action) the point broke. "Let me sharpen it, Mr. Weeks," and I jumped up hastily.

"Thank you, no, Miss Fox, you just sit right where you are!" He made me sit down again, and he walked over towards the sharpener,—the screen,—and Butterfly (it really was her name).

"Why, Miss Bell," he said surprisedly, and roared, heartily boyishly. "Smatter?" he ask-

ed. Itty Sing came out with some more wet looks which I didn't understand—then. I'd thot she'd been crying from sheer exasperation. She slipped quickly away without uttering a word, while I made a general hash of trying to explain the embarrassing situation.

He seemed to be thinking, after I'd finished. "Attractive little girl, isn't she?" he asked of the office furniture. Since I was the only piece of furniture which seemed to be able to talk, I retorted, "She is all o' that, sir."

"Tell me all about her, Miss Fox," he asked. "I have no head for business this morning."

"Well," I began, "she is a typical Broadway product. She began work as soon as she was able—driven to it, by a drunken mother. Her father had been killed before she was born. Remember that dreadful railway accident of about twenty years ago?"

After he'd nodded in the affirmative, I continued: "In her more sober moments, the mother was an ardent devotee of the movies and the opera, and spent all the poor child's earnings to gratify her capricious whims. So her mother called her Butterfly, after she'd seen an impressive number of "Madame Butterfly". Unbeknownst to her mother, Butterfly got a better position, and determined to save the extra money she earned, and learn stenography. In a few years this was accomplished. She has a good position here, and is very efficient. However, the every-day English she uses is horrible, but at heart, she is the most adorable child, I know, and I call her Itty Sing," I concluded.

"Suitable, by George, Miss Fox. Thanks a lot for the account," he said graciously. "What is the mother doing now?" he inquired presently.

"Oh, she married again, and dropped Itty Sing, or Itty Sing dropped her, I just can't figure out which did who. Itty Sing lives with me," I said with a proud sense of possession.

"Nice youngster, Annabelle," (a privilege granted to him years before), he said, meditatively. "What do you say we send her to school?"

"Why, Mr. Weeks, oh, Edward," I said happily, "you don't mean it?"

"Sure thing," he confirmed. "We'll go 75-25. Can you afford the 25, Annabelle?"

"Can I? Watch my dust!" I said merrily.

"It's a go!" he said, and we shook hands. Mr. Weeks was so happy, he just could not do without conferring some favor upon one who had ill fortune—the dear man. (So ran my thoughts.)

Itty Sing was back. Prettier and tinier than ever—and how dear! If I'd had a daughter all my own, I couldn't have been prouder of her.

"What's eatin' ya, peaches?" she asked me suddenly.

"Itty Sing," and I looked up at her, "I have decided to send you to school. Mr. Weeks and I. He, too, was looking at her—hard.

"What-what?" she said, violet eyes growing deeper, "d'ya mean ye'll send me to one o' them honest-t'-goodness colleges that I read about? Oh-oh," and the tears fell fast.

"There, there, Itty," I said soothingly. "Do not cry. Aren't you glad to go?"

"My grandma's cat's whiskers! That's why I'm bawlin'," said she, and dimpled, her face as rosy as a babe's.

It was settled. That September, Itty Sing departed for the beloved college, and I missed her sorely. In the interim, I'd helped her to prepare suitable clothing, and taught her not to use some

of her favorite expressions. The day that was to mark her departure, she came to the office with me. Mr. Weeks was going to take her to the station in his car.

"Bye, granny," she said, tearfully, and kissingly. "See you Christmas."

"And, Mr. Weeks, I'm going to say 'bye to you now," turning sweetly to him, "'cause I'll have to rush terribly when I get to that ole station." And she stood on her tiptoes, wound her arms around his neck, and kissed him—smack on the mouth. I was shocked and a wee hurt, but the eyes she turned to me were so clear and childlike that my doubts vanished as does a lustered hen before an oncoming automobile. But Mr. Weeks—he just stood perfectly still, and looked like a man who has had his first glimpse into Paradise. And he engaged to be married, at that!

They were gone, and soon he came back. Happiness supreme dwelt in his face. "Miss Fox, I feel so good, I feel so good," he caroled blithely, and actually commenced to turkey-straw around that office. I was scandalized.

"I cannot see what's the matter with you, Edward, but I've a big notion to call the bug-wagon," I said tartly, and started to work.

Intermission

Itty Sing was a Junior now, and was home for her vacation. She said she wanted to go to the office to do some of my "horrid" old work for me, "so you can stay in bed a bit longer, dearie."

I allowed her to go. But it was warm, so I dressed and followed soon. As I reached the outer office, I noticed sepulchral quiet in the inner one, and wondered why Itty wasn't "jazzing the alphabet," as she had once called it. I opened the door.

There was Itty Sing perched square on Mr. Weeks' lap!!! Kissing him! They did not even hear my entrance.

"What is the meaning of this?" I yelled in righteous indignation.

"Annabelle!" they both cried, jumped up, and blushed like two school-children.

"You will kindly do me the honor to explain this outrageous behavior, Mr. Edward Weeks," I snorted. "For you, an engaged man, to lead on a poor, little innocent maiden," I resumed, and choked. I was out o' gas for sure.

"No, not engaged, married," he said, and laughed in my face. I looked at both of them as if I was contemplating a desperate murder. (I was eyeing the paper weight rather furtively.)

But here Itty Sing spoke up. "You dear old goose," said she. "Haven't you suspected?"

"Haven't I suspected what?" I asked, still angry.

"Why, that Edward and I have been married," she replied.

"Edward and you," I shouted. "Why, Miss Brookes! His engagement! I am flustered," I admitted, and sank gracefully upon the typewriter. Having taken a more comfortable position, the shameless pair also resuming their former intimacy, I heard Itty Sing continue:

"It's like this, Grandma. You see, Eddie and I suspected that we loved each other for a long time, but neither of us spoke to each other much, because our stations in life were so different. He pretended that the picture of his sister was this Miss Brookes, and, incidentally, I, too, believed him. You remember my wet look, as you called it, Annabelle?"

(Continued on page 11)

Activities

CLIO

Clio Hall was greeted with exclamations of delight as the girls filed in for business session on the evening of January 5, 1923. "Doesn't it look fine?" asked one. "Betcher life it does!" answered the other, enthusiastically gazing about her. Clio Hall had been frescoed!

It was no surprise, then, that the business session and the following program had more than the usual amount of "snap" and vigor:

Devotional Exercises.....	Chaplain
Piano Solo.....	Yvonne Green
Current Events.....	Martha Schach
Duet.....	Olga Smith, Marian Corle
Reading.....	Sara Leah Zeitlin
Song.....	Society

Impromptu

Resume of Freshman Banquet.....	Carmie Kaufman
Piano Compositions.....	Helen McGraw
My First Xmas Banquet at L. V.....	Sara Wieder
German Readings.....	Margie Brown
Critic's Remarks	

Every number was charmingly rendered. A debate had originally been planned, but in the absence of two debaters, the impromptu idea was "hit upon." The acclamation it met with proved that the idea was indeed a successful one.

DELPHIAN

On the night of January 5, 1923, at 7 o'clock, the Delphian Literary Society met in a long business session, during the course of which the following officers were elected:

President.....	Kathryn Kratzert
Vice President.....	Frances Durbin
Critic.....	Mae Reeves
Recording Secretary.....	Mary Hershey
Corresponding Secretary.....	Isabelle Smith
Pianist.....	Harvene LeVan
Chaplain.....	Kathryn Nissly
Warden.....	Betty Stauffer
Board of Trustees—Frances Durbin, Kathrin Balsbaugh	
President for Spring Term.....	Dorothy Fencil

PHILO

Philo began the new year with the spirit of Philokosmianism uppermost. Every member was glad to return to dear old Philo Hall after the Christmas holidays. The first program of the new year was rendered on the evening of January 5. Though the numbers were few, they were all instructive and interesting.

Mr. Elwood Stabley gave a timely discussion on the Reparation Conference. The debate was on the question: "Resolved, That the United States Congress Should Enact the Ship Subsidy Bill." The affirmative was upheld by Mr. Meyer Hostetter; the negative, by Mr. Henry Ishimura. Both presented well-organized and well-delivered arguments. The Philo Orchestra rendered a much appreciated selection. An original essay was read by Mr. Raymond Tyson.

The feature of the evening was an address on "The History of the Dardanelles," by Dr. Bennett, head of the Department of Ancient Languages of Lebanon Valley College. He traced in a delightful manner the myths and histories of the Dardanelles from the beginnings of history

up to the present time. Dr. Bennett's address was a delight to every one present. Philo extends a hearty invitation to him to revisit the society at any time.

On Jan. 12 a very spirited program was rendered. The first number was a short biography of Dr. Coue and a discussion of his message, by Mr. Herbert Beattie. The debate, on the subject: "Resolved, That the United States Government Should Control the Natural Resources of Our Country," was very well prepared and well delivered. Messrs. Maryan Matuszak and Paul Gruver won the decision of the judges for the affirmative; Messrs. Guy Faust and Raymond Tyson ably defended the negative. The clarinet solo by Mr. Calvin Fencil was much appreciated and enjoyed.

The feature of the evening was a very interesting and instructive lecture by Mr. Henry Ishimura upon the Hawaiian Islands, his native country. He was assisted by several dozen colored slides that were projected upon the screen. Mr. "Kelly" Bowman convulsed the audience into gales of laughter by reading his autobiography. The order of the evening was very good.

Philo will give its annual Biological Program on Jan. 19. Some very interesting discussions and articles will be presented. Philo annually presents special scientific programs devoted to Biology, Chemistry and Physics. The special Chemistry and Physics programs will be presented in the near future. Those who remember the splendid scientific programs of last year should let nothing keep them from attending those of this year. A cordial invitation is extended to all members of the student body and of the faculty to attend any or all of the science programs.

Philo is having a very successful year. Its membership list at present consists of fifty-six members in good standing. There are several candidates who have not yet become members. At the beginning of the term a Philo Orchestra was organized. It has been a source of much delight at the regular literary sessions, and also at the joint sessions with the ladies' societies.

KALO NOTES

The members of the Society were entertained on Wednesday night January third, by President H. L. Miller and Vice President Ira Ruth at a smoker.

The four great qualities—mirth, happiness, goodwill and fellowship—for which the Society is noted, were abundantly displayed. The affair proved to be a huge success. It could not have proved otherwise with the new president as host.

Within a few weeks the Senior members will entertain in a similar fashion, to the great expectation of every Kalo.

One of the most interesting programs of the year was rendered January 5th, under the direction of the new officers. The program read as follows:

Current Events.....	James Bingham
John Wanamaker.....	John Rhoads
Instrumental Duet—Henry Williard, Frank Kiehner	
Clemenceau.....	M. L. Swanger
Impromptu.....	Ira Ruth
Examiner.....	The Editor

Y. W. C. A.

Honolulu, Hawaii, Feb. 27, 1922.

My Very Dear Susan:

I have headed this letter Honolulu because we are nearer that point right now than any other, although the truth of the matter is, we are still out somewhere in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. But yesterday, for ten whole heavenly hours we stopped at the Hawaiian Islands and visited the city of Honolulu, and the marvelous wonder of it! It was more like some lovely, lovely dream than a reality. Oh, why didn't I know before how gloriously beautiful God had made some spots in this world of His? I'll try to tell you something of Honolulu, but I know I shall fail miserably merely from lack of words to express the beauty of the things I found there.

When our steamer drew into the pier, while it was still slowly edging, edging in closer, and closer, about two dozen little brown bodies of Hawaiian boys came glistening through the water and swarming around our ship. I had read of this custom of theirs to meet the incoming steamers and dive for the pieces of silver the passengers threw into the ocean, but I had never formed any mental picture of it.

When we were in Honolulu it was supposed to be their winter time, and yet it was as warm as it ever gets at home in June. Not hot, but just pleasantly warm. The Young Women's Christian Association women of Honolulu met us at the wharf, and then for a tour over the island. It was glorious there, such a riot of lovely colors everywhere. Everything was green, a cool fresh spring time green, and gorgeous flowers were blooming—great crimson hybiscus, cerise bougainvilleas, and the loveliest gladiolas I think I have ever seen. It was just like stepping suddenly into some fairyland. I wish I could describe to you in words poignant enough to convey my feeling the sensation I had as we walked down a long, long aisle of palms with a smooth grass carpet and glorious ferns bordering the roadway. I had the feeling that I was some high and haughty queen who had lived long, long years ago and had at last been permitted to come back to walk once more down the same majestic row of palms where I used to walk, ages past, with my court. It was an atmosphere where fancy thrived, so it need not seem so strange to talk of it here. Somehow these palms just made me slip out of the realm of reality and dream fanciful dreams.

I stood on the beach at Waikiki and wished for time for a swim in that famous bathing place, but we had only a limited number of hours in Honolulu, and we did not dare take so much time from other things. But I know now why the beach at Waikiki figures so prominently in songs and poems. It is, I think, such a marvel of beauty, the long sweep of the ocean on one side, the busy metropolis of Honolulu on another, and just overshadowing it, with wonderfully blended colors of purple and green and rose and mauve, stands old Diamond Head, the largest mountain on the island.

I must tell you, too, of the "Cups of Gold" we found. They were on a little tree blooming beside the most adorable little church I think I have ever seen; and the native caretaker was so happy to have us admire his wonderful "Cups of Gold", those great creamy yellow cup shaped flowers, that he insisted on each one of us carrying away one blossom when we left to return to

our steamer. I think after I have become old and retired to me "chimney corner", one of the things I will enjoy most taking out of my storehouse of memory will be the vision of the wonderful loveliness and delicate beauty caught and held in that glorious flower. Just the thought of it now, days after it has faded, is as bright and fresh and wonderful as the flower itself.

Honolulu is a city composed of a mixture of a number of different races. We saw here the Chinese, the Koreans, the Japanese, the Americans and the native Hawaiians living and working together in this one big modern city. With them connecting all these groups and making their life together easier is our own American Young Women's Christian Association.

In the big central Young Women's Christian Association building in Honolulu I met a Chinese girl who was the sister of a young Chinese boy in America. She was at the desk when I came in—busy, capable, efficient. It was a joy to find the Young Women's Christian Association here, and to be at once a part of it all. We all felt and of course were at home, because although this great organization reaches all around the world, we are part of every part of it, and it is all ours. I'm so anxious to come back home and tell the Indian girls this and that through it we are linked with all the other girls in the universe. It makes our world seem smaller and closer bound together with love and potential friendliness.

Our steamer sailed out of Honolulu at six o'clock on the evening of the same day it had come into port, and of course we were all there ready when the hour came; behind us one of the most delightful days I think I have ever spent. At the wharf were the flower girls with their Hawaiian wreaths all just as we have read of it in story books. But the reality is far more wonderful than just reading about it.

Soon we shall reach Japan, where I shall write you again.

Yours in breathless wonder at the beauties of the earth,

RUTH.

Y. M. C. A.

Eugene Bond, the travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Band, representing also the Y. M. C. A., was with us Jan. 7th and 8th.

Monday morning in Chapel he addressed the student body, pointing out the importance of the individual's opinion of Christ. His message was very impressive and helpful. At four o'clock that evening he spoke to the Student Volunteer Band and at six o'clock he addressed the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. cabinets. He also held many private conferences with students, who appreciated greatly his advice and suggestions.

Y. W. C. A.

Sunday, Jan. 14th, 1923, a very interesting and beneficial program was rendered. The meeting was in charge of Dorothy Longenecker. The special numbers were:

Talk—"Prayer".....	Lucile Shenk
Vocal Solo.....	Esther Shenk
Reading—"The Prayer".....	Kathryn Kratzert
Instrumental Solo.....	Martha Zeigler

McDonald—Prof., did you hear that they had found the body of Pharaoh?

Prof.—Which one?

McDonald—Of Egypt.

LEBANON VALLEY JR. VARSITY TRIMS SHIPPENSBURG NORMAL

On January 12, our Junior Varsity played its first game, on the home floor. It was a fast game throughout, both periods, for Shippensburg came here with a strong line-up. The score remained close during the whole game. When there were only two minutes left to play, the score was tie. Lebanon Valley then made a point on a foul and succeeded in scoring a goal from the field, and the game was over. The final score was 37-33, in favor of Lebanon Valley.

Stabley starred for Lebanon Valley, having five field goals. Capt. Smith and Musser also played a good game. Stauffer shot seven fouls out of ten. This speaks well for the first game of the season. We have a strong reserve team, and we expect to have some good results. The line-up:

Lebanon Valley	Shippensburg
Dowhower.....	ForwardCraig
Smith, Capt.....	ForwardHays, Capt.
Stabley.....	CenterGeba
Musser.....	GuardJones
Wolfe.....	GuardHeiges

Substitutions—Stauffer for Dowhower; Frock for Wolfe.

Score—Lebanon Valley Jr. Varsity, 37; Shippensburg Normal, 33.

Referee—McClure.

Timekeeper—Stein.

Scorer—Dando.

LEBANON VALLEY SCORES VICTORY OVER MORAVIAN

On Saturday, Jan. 13, our basketball team defeated Moravian College at Bethlehem by a big margin, the final score being 48 to 29. All the boys showed up well, every one being in the scoring column. The scores:

Lebanon Valley	Moravian
ForwardMetoxin	Rice
ForwardW. Wolfe	Macnamara
CenterW. Wolfe	Hughes
GuardClarkin	Heller
GuardHoman	Phillips

Field goals—Metoxin, 4; W. Wolfe, 6; Clarkin, 2; Homan, 3; Wueschinski, 1; Rice, 3; Macnamara, 2; Hughes, 4; Heller, 3; Phillips, 1. Fouls—W. Wolfe, 8-12; Rice, 1-4; Heller, 1-2.

Substitutions—Wueschinski for W. Wolfe; Krause for Clarkin.

LEBANON VALLEY LOST TO SETON HALL BY TEN POINTS

A fast game was staged between the Lebanon Valley five and Seton Hall five at South Orange, N. J., on January 12. The Blue and White was beaten out only in the last few minutes of play, when the Setonites came through with enough long baskets to win by three points.

In the Seton Hall game, Lebanon Valley led at the close of the first period—18-16. The final score was 36-33. Scores:

Lebanon Valley	Seton Hall
ForwardMetoxin	Gries
ForwardWalter Wolfe	Koliak
CenterClarkin	Corrigan
GuardWueschinski	Carmack
GuardHoman	Walsh

Field goals—Metoxin, 2; W. Wolfe, 4; Homan, 3; Sries, 2; Koliak, 2; Carmack, 2; Walsh, 4.

Fouls—Sries, 16-26; W. Wolfe, 15-22.

THE INTERCLASS GAME

The first of the interclass games arranged under the direction of our Physical Director, Joseph Hollinger, were played in the gymnasium Monday, Jan. 8, at which time the Juniors defeated the Seniors by the score 22 to 8. The Seniors, although outplayed during every period of the game, struggled hard to overcome the ever increasing lead of their opponents.

Seniors	Juniors
ForwardFaust	Balsbaugh
ForwardFake	Wolfe
CenterWitmer	Beck
GuardHutchinson	Lauster
GuardRenn	Bachman

Score—Juniors, 22; Seniors, 8.

Referee—Clarkin. Timekeepers—Hollinger, Dando.

The volleyball game between the Sophs and Freshmen, which was played between halves, resulted in an easy victory for the yearlings, the score being 15 to 12.

THE SOPH-FRESHMAN GAME

The Freshmen defeated the Sophomores in the fastest and most hotly contested game played on the local floor this season. The first year men were virtually swept off their feet the first half of the game, the Sophs leading by the score of 11 to 4. In the second half the Freshmen staged a remarkable comeback and easily overcame the slight lead. Sheffey and Frock starred for the Sophs, while the spectacular foul shooting of Richards was the starring feature for the Freshmen. During this period the Fresh were able to shoot the basket from almost any angle of the floor, and their brilliant passing kept the ball in their territory most of the time. This victory tied the Freshmen with the Juniors for first place with one victory each. The summary:

Sophomores	Freshmen
ForwardSheffey	Shroyer
ForwardFinn	Grill
CenterFrock	Smuck
GuardStine	Rupp
GuardSherk	Danker

Score—Freshmen, 16; Sophomores, 15.

Field goals—Frock, 3; Sheffey, 2; Stine, 1; Sherk, 1; Smuck, 1; Shroyer, 1; Danker, 1. Fouls—Finn, 1; Richards, 10.

Substitutions—Sophs: Achenbach for Sheffey. Fresh: Richards for Rupp, Nigrelli for Smuck.

Referee—R. Smith. Timekeeper—Hollinger. Scorer—Dando.

A very erratic volleyball game played between halves resulted in the Seniors defeating the Juniors by the score of 15 to 9.

Standing of the Teams in Basketball

	W.	L.	P.C.
Juniors	1	0	1.000
Freshmen	1	0	1.000
Seniors	0	1	.000
Sophs	0	1	.000

Fun Editor—"Give me some jokes."

Ralph Boyer—"Just use your picture, and write 'the missing link' under it."

Fun Editor—"That's no joke. Everyone would believe it."

Look It Up

Williard—Smith, what kind of a law is a Bonar Law?

Alumni

In a letter written to Prof. S. H. Derickson, Prof. W. N. Martin of Albert Academy, Freetown, West Africa, describes vividly his experiences while trapping and killing two leopards. It follows:

"I caught the first one, which I let free, in a trap and Mr. Leopard traveled more than a quarter of a mile through dense bush and rocks. He charged roaring when he saw me and my boy, but the first shot (38-55 Winchester) cut the edge of his mouth and entered the third vertebrae and tore through and out high on the shoulder. The boy said 'he drank it.' I enclosed films, measurements and a note which I hope you receive. I stated that the hide which has been cared for properly to mount, will be started homeward about Christmas time with Miss Grace Renn of Shamokin and she will forward it to you. If you can have it mounted for the L. V. Museum it is presented with th compliments of Mr. and Mrs. Martin.

The second one was caught within two hundred yards of the first in the same trap. He continued to roar up until a short while before I got there. I went to the trap and was accompanied by Rev. Birch who just returned from America and a member of the Wesleyan Methodist's Mission in Northern Sierra Leone. We saw where the trail crossed the road into the dense bush below. We had prayer and then started to go into it. I found the place where he spent the night ten feet from the trail and had ought fiercely, tearing long gashes in the trees, cleaning out all of the smaller ones and chewing those larger. Twelve feet ahead stood a big tree from which the milky sap was running and the sap that had coagulated covered the trunk. I examined it closely but could not see the top of it. I thought he had attempted to climb it, but was prevented from doing this by the trap.

My boy followed closely and said that he tried to climb 'the stick,' so I sent him to the road to examine it before I 'fooled' around under it any longer. His first utterance told the entire story and I was soon back on the road, to see Mr. Leopard perched in the top of the tree. When I raised the rifle he crouched and with the jump the rifle talked. His foot was held by the trap in the fork of the tree and he doubled up with the 38-55 ball through his shoulders, high. I shot again and Mr. Birch shot also with a .32 special. The second shot went through the neck just at the edge or in front of the shoulder. The .32 struck his last lower molar (tooth) and was imbedded in it like a metal filling. He was in jumping distance of the road and of us for fifteen minutes before starting into the bush. He had climbed the tree to the very top carrying with him the big trap on his right rear paw.

The local witnesses chorused their shouts and thanks as we let the beef down from the tree with natural rope. They expressed their belief that we would not get a second one since we performed no ceremony with the first one, but then they remembered our prayer and talk and said, 'Let's thank God again.' This is very significant to me as it strengthens a feeling that I have

had, that our itinerating must or ought to be associated with some experiences of the daily life of the people so that they will continue to be conscious of God's presence even after the white man has gone.

The close-up view of Mr. Leopard's head will be interesting to you I believe. The thrill that accompanies pulling such a head into position to view it fully, immediately after walking into him as he fell, reigns supreme in my hunting experience thus far.

The attitude of the people since killing these beef causes me to think of the incidents not so much as 'killing my first leopards,' or getting some fine material for the Medical Research Laboratory, but rather as, 'Killing Leopards for God.'

Prof. Blacklock of the Research Laboratory (a branch of the Liverpool School of Tropical Medicine) and I have become very congenial. This Laboratory is in need of much material and none of the staff members are inclined toward field work and consequently we have much in common.

According to the custom I sent the leopard to the Governor, Friday, and 'His Excellency' sent his A. D. C. up to see me. He wanted to know how the Governor could encourage our work and advised me to draw up a letter asking for, (1) a collecting permit, (2) duty exemption, (3) privileges on all my material, railroad pass, etc. I made a similar request through our office to the Department of Education.

I am sure an experience in a country like this, learning to know the people, getting acclimated and tempered to 'big beef' is an excellent experience to precede a program of extensive field work and collecting. The more I see the wonderful muscles, teeth, claws, stored up fat, dogs, pigs, sheep, etc. and the cunning and treacherous tricks of the leopard the better pleased I am that I didn't meet one the first month that I came here when I looked for them with an old shot gun.

This leaves us all in good health and high spirits, enjoying for a few days the association of two American families, Methodist Missionaries just returned, with two children in each family. Can you imagine six happy fat parents and their six frisky pickens in the 'White Man's Grace?'

* * *

Be resolutely and faithfully what you are; be humbly what you aspire to be. Man's noblest gift to man is his sincerity, for it embraces his integrity also.—Henry D. Thoreau.

* * *

Whatever you may be sure of, be sure of this, that you are dreadfully like other people.—James Russell Lowell.

* * *

No man can be provident of his time who is not prudent in the choice of his company.—Jeremy Taylor.

* * *

To "Pete."

She stood before the mirror,
Her eyes were closed up tight.
She tried to see just how she looked
When sound asleep at night.

Special Feature

COUEISM AT L. V. C.

Have you heard the latest news? Dr. Coue, the famous faith healer, is coming to L. V. C. Oh, yes, laugh as much as you want to, now, but you might as well make up your mind to believe this laughable statement. It is all going to come about through the influence of a certain rumor, too. Now it is generally agreed that some rumors are good, others are bad; a few are true, the most are false. But this certain rumor is doubly blessed, for it is both good and true. You surely must have heard it. Haven't you noticed that most of your worthy fellow-students are strutting around here, with their noses pointed heavenward, and their chests expanded as far as buttons and seams will allow. These have all heard this certain rumor.

Men of authority in the State Department of Education are reported to have declared that Lebanon Valley College has made more advancement, during the last year, than any other college of its size. This remark has traveled a great distance in the past few weeks, and has even gone to Europe. Dr. Coue heard it, and since he is extremely interested in people who are growing better and better every day, he has planned to stop at Annville on his tour through America.

Let's get ready for him. You all know his slogan. How about practicing it, and showing him that, because our faith is so strong, we don't have to be in his presence to prove it. All ready now—"Every day, in every way"—be sure to emphasize the second every—"we get better and better." I feel a difference already, don't you? Suppose we go a step farther, and state what things in our Alma Mater show such rapid improvement. Anyone who has an idea, please do not be afraid to speak.

Yes, that is a good one—"Every day, in every way, our meals get better and better." Don't fail to use your imagination, for Dr. Coue asserts that his cures are the result of the imagination, which is the most powerful influence about us.

There's another—"Every day, in every way, exams grow fewer and fewer." I'll wager that Prof. Wagner will be saying to himself tomorrow morning, when he awakes from peaceful slumber about eight-thirty. "I believe I'll be the personification of kindness this morning, and not give that test to my eight o'clock section. Or probably Prof. Derry will startle his classes with: "You people have been very faithful to your study of Biology during the past months and, in order to show my appreciation, I will endeavor to give you, instead of your quiz on slides, a movie serial.

Just a minute. Suggestions are coming in thick and fast by this time. Yes, those are all all right, those about Skipper's leniency, and the new buildings, and all the rest. I knew you'd get into the spirit of auto-suggestion. Boys, you may even go so far as to make use of an improvised rosary, a string with twenty knots tied in it, and every morning before rising, and every night before getting into bed, repeat twenty times, "Every day, in every way, she loves me more and more."

I am sure that Dr. Coue, when he reaches

L. V. C., will be a little anxious, then surprised, then greatly rejoiced over our efforts to co-operate with him in making his wonderful method of "imagination cure" a world-wide success.

"WEST WINTER"

The jays and scissors tails are gone,
But 'neath the unmarred cloudless blue,
The friendly chickadees sing on,
Nor fear the winter winds that brew.
The leafless trees sigh for the hour
When buds shall burst to make them clothes,
And when the hardy winter flower
Shall be companion to the rose.

The sun no castled mountain climbs,
And when it rounds the blue, blue dome
It melts in sun-burned gold sometimes,
And slips away to be at home.
The green is off the sun-baked sod,
As Nature takes her beauty sleep,
But West, as East, is near to God,
And both of them His care will keep.
C. W. H., '22.

A FLEETING THOUGHT

I have looked across the campus
In the early morning light,
And watched the hand of Nature
Chase away the shades of night.

In the east the sky was tinted;
Gone was every trace of gloom;
Then the sun peeped o'er the tree-tops,
As the rose bursts forth in bloom.

And I thought of how true friendships
Fill our lives with hope and song;
Chase away the gloomy feelings,
Every heartache, every wrong.

And we go forth feeling better,—
Ready now to do or die;
Ready, too, to cheer some other,
As the-days go fleeting by.

E. S. B., '23.

HOW TO TELL IF A WOMAN LOVES YOU

She loves you
If she flirts with you.
If she pursues you.
If she appears indifferent to you.
If she spurns you.
If she says she doesn't.
If she says she does.
If she says nothing at all.

* * *
Capital

Teacher—"Mr. Weiser, what is the least used bone in the human body?"
Weiser—"The head."

* * *

Leach and Cooley in Restaurant

Cooley—Say, waiter, have you forgotten us?
Waiter—Oh, no, sir; you're the two soft boiled eggs.

A little nonsense, now and then, Is relish'd by the best of men.

Merchant—Here are some ties that are very much worn.

Hutchinson—I don't need any like that. I have plenty of those at home.

* * *

Prof. Shenk, in Hist. 24—Marab was stabbed in his bath, which caused his death.

Dando—What part of his anatomy is that?

* * *

Prof. Bender—What is steam?

Zoose—Water crazy with heat.

* * *

Judging From Advertisements

Prof.—Can anyone tell me the secret of Napoleon's success?

Lengle—I suppose he took a correspondence course in something or other.

* * *

The following item appeared in a Lancaster paper:

Ida Brenneman, of Lebanon Valley College, is spending HIS Christmas vacation at the home of HER parents.

* * *

Prof. Butterwick in Hist. 14—What conditions obtained in the Middle Ages, Mr. Bressler?

Bressler, suddenly waking—Two fouts and a field goal.

* * *

Prof. Beatty in Eng. 32—Read that paragraph again, Miss Dearwechter.

Sara (reading)—I'd like to go and chase some mules—

Prof. Beatty—Go ahead.

* * *

Nevling, examining a flying machine very carefully—Are you sure this machine is perfectly safe?

Machinist—Yes, it is the safest ON earth.

* * *

Ben Smith, while preparing for a visit to the East End of Annville, was heard singing the following: "Tomorrow, tomorrow how happy I will be."

* * *

Smuck to Dunnick

Smuck—I have often heard fellows swear in the Dorm, but the way you swear is different from that of other fellows.

Dunnick—How is that?

Smuck—Why, when you swear it sounds like music.

* * *

Good Morning, Judge

Park Ulrich—And did his speech carry conviction?

Second Lawyer—It did. His client got five years.

* * *

Prof. Spangler, in Class—"And the Japanese language is the only one that has no cuss words. It is the sublime to think of a language with no vulgarity."

W. H. Smith—"Then how do they start their Fords on a winter morning?"

Whistler—Having your ears pierced for earrings must be fearfully painful.

Fishburn—No, they are quite used to being bored.

* * *

Zeke—Well, how are you feeling, Helen?

Helen—Oh, pretty good.

Zeke—What? Pretty good after I walked four miles to see you?

* * *

Teacher—"Name the seasons."

Jess W., in public school—"Pepper, salt, vine-and mustard."

* * *

A colored parson was interviewing one of his parishioners whose little girl was about to join the Sunday school. "What is the little girl's name?" asked the parson. "The little girl's name am Opium," she answered. "Why did you give the little girl such a peculiar name?" The mother replied: "Well, you see, parson, they say opium come from a wild poppy, and dis child's father sho' am a wild poppy."

* * *

Prof. Butterwick in Education 14—"What are some of the practical activities of life?"

Helen Hostetter—"Domestic Science."

Florence W.—"Burtner, you don't carry any books today. Don't you have any classes?"

Burtner—"Don't judge by the face value."

David E. Mader, ex-'24, is a student at Franklin & Marshall College this year.

Reuben Walp Williams, '17, has entered the dental department of University of Pennsylvania.

FRESHMEN HOLD BANQUET

The Class of 1926 of Lebanon Valley College met at the Berkshire Hotel, Reading, on January the third and held the customary banquet that evening. Only about thirty of the "Frosh" made merry, because a goodly number of their classmates were held by the vigilant Sophs. The president, Hilliard Schmuck, managed to get to the banquet at the last minute and was indeed more fortunate than were others of his clan. Despite the fact that some of their friends were numbered among the missing, the group enjoyed the evening to the utmost under the leadership of the versatile Mr. Charles Runk, who acted as toastmaster. Various members of the class responded to toasts, and the affair was another of the never-to-be-forgotten sort. Prof. Paul Wagner and Miss Bachman chaperoned the group that appeared at L. V. C. quite tired but very happy on Wednesday morning.

Willis E. McNelly, '16, is principal of the high school of Fort Smith, Ark. The school has an enrollment of over 1700, with a teaching staff of sixty-eight. Mr. McNelly has lately received his master's degree from Columbia University.

Harry E. Miller, 1899, has returned as pastor of Salem United Brethren Church of Lebanon, Pa., for the nineteenth year.

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"ITTY SING"

(Continued from page 4)

"You tell 'em I do," I made answer emphatically.

"Well, that's how Edward knew I loved him." (Slight intermission.)

"When you were utterly absorbed in your work, we would talk, Edward and I. That's how you happened not to notice. ("Dumb-bell!" I said to myself mentally.) "To get back to the subject: So my Eddie got around to the subject of my schooling, and learned more about me. Anyway, that first day I left for school, we were married. You see, we both decided it would be better for me to have a broader education, so I could be his really truly partner, at the same time gratifying the wish which had, I know, long been dormant in your heart. That's why, dearie, you know you'd never have left me marry Edward otherwise," she finished.

"Doesn't look like I did much letting as it is!" I flashed back, still a tiny wee nonplused.

"But, Auntie, I am going to finish school, and then you're going to live with Eddie and me. It's all planned, isn't it, dear?" (Considerable intermission.)

And I must say that it's been mighty comfortable living here with Itty and Eddie, as I call 'em.

But here comes Itty Itty . . . "Tell Itty tome fairy tories."

S. H. G., '24.

COASTING AS WAS

"Why, Mary, aren't you going coasting to-night?" asked the debonair young man of Mary Hershey. "Can't," answered Mary sadly, "campused." "Try again!" said he as she walked slowly away, and then asked of "Bob" Mancha, who seemed to have a lonely look, "Hhey 'Bob,' aren't you going coasting either?" "Sh-h! Man-campused," said "Bob", "daren't talk to you", and she walked quickly away.

"Gosh!" the young man thought to himself, "is South Hall quarantined. Before vacation everybody was out, and now, after vacation, the very word coasting makes them all flee. I feel worse than an epidemic of measles!"

Alas! What scourge had visited the corridors of South Hall

A silent but nevertheless thorough investigation revealed the fact that South Hall had campusitis and man-campusitis. Now, man-campusitis generally endures longer than campusitis. Poor victims of these diseases, who were they?

Mary Hershey, Matilda Bowman, and Cartha McCracken had cases of campusitis which endured but three weary days. But "Midge" Kreider and "Bob" Mancha were suffering under the double malady of campusitis and man-campusitis.

But there is no doubt that the diseases are not lasting ones. However, they are contagious and can be caught innumerable times. Vaccination or innoculation do not help. The best prescribed method of avoiding the disease is asking the advice of the W. S. G. A. President, and then obeying instructions.

If we wouldn't be broke we might say it with flowers instead of these poor but well-meaning words, "Be Careful."

* * *

The great thing in the world is not so much where we stand, as in what direction we are moving.—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

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Miss Helen E. Meyers,
Annville,
Penn.

THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 7

JANUARY 24, 1923

"In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dim their eye;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind."

—Gay

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THE CRUCIBLE

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ANNVILLE, PA.

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IS IT A LOST CAUSE?

It has been rumored that the Match Factory is dead, that Oct. 12, 1922 which was to be a memorable date will soon suffer that most terrible fate, "Forgotten."

We hear people say that this organization has been a failure. But has it? No! The Match Factory of Lebanon Valley College is not dead, it is only sleeping. And have not many problems of great weight been worked out in our sleep?

It is only to be expected that an organization of such a peculiar nature would have many complicated entanglements to be solved and worked out. This, of course, would require time, especially if one were desirous of arriving at the best possible solutions.

It is true that the Match Factory functioned for only a short time. But have not some of the greatest events in the history of the world taken place within the short span of years.

The question arises, "Why aren't there more new couples at the Star Courses?"

We know this was to be one of the main planks in the organization's platform, but again there must be time.

We are not permitted to lift the veil of the future and we should not want to. We should be satisfied to wait and see, before we criticize.

Even if the Match Factory should never again open her doors to us, there will be new classes coming to L. V. C. and we must consider their welfare. If they shall eat of the fruit of the tree that our labors have planted, then, perish for ever the idea that the cause for which we carried chairs and tables is a lost cause. We must be satisfied to lay the foundation for the slow trend of progress, and there, some day, the students of L. V. C. will stand on the foundation of a more glorious success than our eyes are permitted to see.

The brightest hopes that illuminate the future horizon for Lebanon Valley College are her beautiful and lasting junctions.

Then let us speak no more of the Match Factory's failure and mistakes, but of her untold possibilities.

BE—A GREETER

Devote your time to something worth the while;
Each day wear upon your face a happy smile.
Speak to your neighbor a kindly word today,
Put forth some effort to help along the way.
To some friend in need your assistance lend
And you will be prosperous in the end.

Mirror

KEEP 'EM DOWN ON THE FARM

I know several fellows
Here at Lebanon Valley College
Who came direct from the farm.
Where they used to get up
At 5 A. M. with the chickens.
Those same fellows
Have been in Annville
About five solid months
And they haven't learned
That breakfast is usually served
at 7. A. M. and not before.
Those farmers continually insist
Upon getting up at 4.30 or 5 A. M.
And stirring around
And making an awful racket.
Why they do this fool trick
And disturb the peaceful slumbers
Of all the civilized people
Who inhabit our Dormitory,
And who appreciate a little sleep
Between the hours three and seven,
Is more than I can comprehend.
I often sit and wonder,
Whether it is a force of habit
That makes them do this
Or whether they walk in their sleep
And feed the horses and chickens
And milk the cows
Which they see in their dreams.
If it is neither of these two things,
There must be something radically wrong
With those poor fellows,
Because it is soon time

They get alive to the fact
That they are now at college
And not back on the farm.
Sunday morning is the worst of all,
They start to diligently practice
All the church hymns imaginable
At the hour of four A. M.
And keep it up steadily until seven,
When they adjourn for a half hour
To feed their faces at "Hash Inn",
After which they return
And keep up the clamor until nine,
At which time they haul off to Sunday School.
When the clamor gets unbearable
And you finally summon sufficient nerve
And definitely express your candid opinion,
Of their evil and sacreligious practices,
They look at you stupidly
And the only reply you get is
That numb-skulled impression:—
"How do you get that way?",
After which you throw up your hands,
And crawl back under the covers
To suffer until it is time
For them to go,
Our sincerest opinion of such fellows
Is that, "They're off their eggs",
And in the wrong coop, Nicht Wahr
By A. B., with apologies to K. C. B.

Miss Maryellen Thomas, a graduate from the Art (painting) Department of Hood college, now a student in the Lebanon Valley Conservatory of Music, will instruct a class in painting, drawing and decorating at the college beginning with the second semester, February 4th, 1923.

Miss Thomas has manifested superior ability in this work, and it is by the request of many that she will devote a portion of her time to the training of a limited number of students.

Literary

THE MERCY OF KING BATEE

Then did King Batee rise up in his wrath and he caused to be issued the following decree,

That whosoever did not make 90% in the English test on the morrow would be flunked without mercy.

Then was wailing heard throughout the land, and the ground was wet with tears. A fast was proclaimed, and the multitude sat around the street corners, clothed in sackcloth and ashes. In fact, the demand for ashes was so great that the price rose to a prohibitive figure. All that day no morsel of food passed the lips of any inhabitant of the land, for the chef in the kitchen had gone on a strike.

That night after the going down of the sun the lamps of the faithful were lighted, and much oil was consumed. And when the sun arose on the following morning many were still laboring, having their heads incased in wet towels. Their eyes were heavy, but they had gained much knowledge. When the hour for the trials had arrived, the multitude assembled in the marketplace. And the multitude was very great.

Now King Batee had passed a very restless night, having eaten of his wife's mooking for supper, and he had seen the tribulation and repentance of his people, and his heart was touched. Then he called his chief cupbearer (teacup) and he commanded him, saying,

Go to my people in the marketplace and say unto them,

Thus says King Batee, Inasmuch as you have repented of your neglect, the passing mark is reduced to 89%.

When the multitude heard the words of the king, a mighty shout arose, and the hearts of the people were filled with joy. And with a single voice the people shouted and praised the name of King Batee.

When King Batee heard the sounds of rejoicing his heart was gladdened within him, and he was filled with the realization of his own goodness. Calling his scribe to him, he commanded him, saying,

Write in the chronicles of state in letters of gold

"GREAT IS THE MERCY OF KING BATEE".

Thus did it come about that the name of King Batee has come down to posterity as a synonym for mercy.

"24"

I DOUBT IT.

When a pair of red lips are uplifted to your own,

With no one to gossip about it,

Do you pray for endurance to have them alone

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a dear little hand you are permitted to squeeze,

With a velvety softness about it,

Do you think you would never give it a squeeze?

Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it.

When a little waist in reach of your arms, With a wonderful softness about it,

Do you argue the point between the right and the wrong?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

When a dear little head lies close to your own,

With it's curly ringlets about it,

Do you look at your watch and say you must go?

Well, maybe you do, but I doubt it.

C. W. H. '22

THE NEW YEAR

Another year has gone around,

We stand at the open door

Thinking of the year just past

And the heights we did not soar.

We started out in twenty-two

Determined to do our best;

How many times we fell by the way,

And almost failed the test.

One day climbing quite away,

The next falling back much more,

Then with new strength strive on again

Ever upward as of yore.

And so on through the year we went,

Until at last we stand

On the threshold of another year,

Viewing life on either hand.

What does the coming year hold forth;

What one of us can say?

Does it mean a year of happiness—

A year both glad and gay?

Or will the new year bring to us

Sorrow and troubles, too,

Filling our hitherto carefree lives

With trials ever new?

We do not know, we cannot say

What Fate may hold in store,

We only know that by trusting God

We can reach these heights we soar.

Trusting Him for strength each day

We surely cannot fail;

For He will help us all the way,

Through every stormy gale.

E. S. B. '23

KENTON

Although the hour was early and the weather a trifle dismal, the streets of the town of Kenton were unusually crowded. Men and women were hastening rapidly toward what seemed to be their goal, for the early morning hours brought many out to their places of business. Newsboys were already at their usual corners crying "Wuxtra! Wuxtra! All about the Ku Klux Klan and its operations in Pennsylvania. Buy a paper and read the latest news of your town." It was to this call that J. P. Conner went to get a paper.

Kenton was a town like most towns of its size. It had its influential men who carried on all the town affairs, who composed the Council and all other legislative bodies. The town was known for having its set way of doing things, the townspeople believing it sacrilegious to depart from these ancient and well-preserved customs. Kenton's young folks were old before they had a chance to enjoy youth. The Flapper had been subdued to a great extent, and only a few Rodolph Valentinos were wandering at large. Even improvements had long ago ceased. Kenton was at a calamitous standstill.

It was here that J. P. Conner had come only a few years before, his object being to build up and keep the town awake. He had no sooner settled than all the aforementioned influential folks were attempting to strike friendships, for they had heard that the newcomer was a wealthy real estate dealer. They liked the head of the Conner family immensely. As for the other members—well, as Miss Mary Ann Lind put it—"not much could be said about them. They did not know what a home was. Mrs. Conner was always entertaining some out-of-town guests and spending money for clothes and other unnecessary apparel. Mary Ann also criticized the Conners for sending their two sons away to college, believing it a waste of money; money which they should be storing up for some rainy day. But the Conners' views of living were different from those of the other people. Mr. Conner was building up the town, spending his own money to do so, therefore the people could not express their hidden disagreements. New people were coming in from other towns to carry on the work started by this man, and were steadily gaining more and more power in the town. In a few short years mills were again in operation and new manufactories introduced.

For many months the old inhabitants said nothing, believing that the town would go on just as usual; but finally a decided change in affairs was noticed. Alarmed, they blamed no other than Conner for revolutionizing Kenton. On the other hand, Conner, too, began to notice the sullen attitude of his fellow-citizens, but went on as before, leading and directing affairs, believing that the people would finally come around to the modern ways of thinking.

J. P. Conner purchased a morning paper, and after so doing started thoughtfully toward his place of business. As he mounted the steps and came to the landing on the second floor, he noticed the corner of an envelope peeping from under the door. Opening the door, he picked it up and noticing the word "Personal" tore it open and began to read. A ghastly tremor came over the man, beads of sweat stood on his cold brow. Staggering to his desk, he threw himself into his chair, and placing his hands over his eyes uttered a few muffled words to himself.

Fifteen minutes of deadly silence passed, when

the door from the office to J. P. Conner's room opened. A young girl of twenty appeared, carrying a small book and a pencil. She looked from her employer to the window and around the room, bewildered and wondering. Her dark eyes, set in an oval face, showed keen signs of sympathy. She was at a loss to know what to do. "Shall I speak?" she asked herself. Still annoyed, she resorted to a womanly trait which seemed to give her courage. Her hands automatically went to the black hair softly arranged about her head. Seeing that her employer did not yet move, she took another step toward him. "Mr. Conner, is there any dictation for me this morning?" she finally uttered.

The man, startled at the voice, suddenly sat up and brushing his hand over his face managed to say: "No, Miss Ames, none at all. You may be excused for the day. Tell James to go also. Report at the usual time tomorrow."

As the girl walked toward the door, a sudden hush fell across the room. Turning her back she left J. P. Conner once more alone.

"Yes, James, something is wrong. We have no more work for today—but tomorrow at nine again, Miss Ames told the office boy, who was listlessly kicking his feet against the legs of his chair."

"Didn't he tell you anything at all, Miss Ames?" exclaimed the boy. "Sorta' funny the way things is. Didn't notice any difference yesterday; he laughed and talked as usual with me—kidded me along, you know how he is."

"Yes, James, I know. But today something is wrong with Mr. Conner. His face is white, he looks terribly frightened. I wonder what could have happened?"

"Maybe he lost some money. The townspeople all think his wife spends too much anyhow. If it's her, I'd like to kill her."

"Oh, Jimmy, don't say such things. Mrs. Conner is very nice. You don't know her, so don't pass such opinions. I am sure it isn't her fault—"

"Well, maybe not—at least, I hope so," said Jimmie, as he took his cap from the rack and opened the door for Miss Ames.

J. P. Conner was alone. Several letters were on the desk to be mailed, so he decided to go out for a few minutes, thinking that the air might refresh him a bit.

"So this is the second letter I have had within three months. God, why must I be chosen? I haven't done a thing. My ambition has been for the town and its welfare, can't they see it? Help me, oh help me, make them understand and see I have been doing right! If I have aroused the town I have meant it for the town's good; if I have failed in my purpose—I can't understand."

Had the sun been out and the day a little brighter, probably the walk would have been more profitable. As it was, he returned to the office with the same haggard look. Sitting down at his desk, he read the letter with his countenance set.

"It's my last chance. If I have done right, God will take care of me. In two days I'll have Don home to take care of the business. Ruining the lad's life, perhaps, but there is nothing else to do. Someone must take charge of the work."

With these thoughts he arose and went toward the window. He stared at the crowd on the street below, and saw their happiness. Looking up, the azure blue of the heaven spread out into what seemed a vast unknown to him. The man

again suddenly lost control and burst into a frenzy of tears.

"My home! My wife! Must I leave them without a reason? If only I could tell her—I know she would understand. My life has not been as the dust in the street. I have meant to help humanity, not tear it down into shreds. Haven't I helped the town? Give the people the power to see I have been right in my purpose. I had to do what I did or Kenton would have died. Did I not risk my happiness and home by coming here to help these people? Have I been blind in not seeing their purpose to crush me?"

Four hours had passed since the office boy and the stenographer had been excused. The clock on the table in the corner of the room struck one. The faint strokes awoke the man, who in his distress had fallen asleep. The few hours that had passed seemed like a month to him. Looking at the clock, he decided to leave—go home, go anywhere. He found himself asking: "Shall I tell Mary? Of course Lon must know perhaps he could help straighten matters out before they went on any farther. Would I be happier if Mary knew? I ought to tell her, but—no, it would kill her. Can she see that something ails me now? The man, distracted, turned his weary steps toward home.

Mary was waiting at dinner for her husband, who was already considerably late. As they sat down to the table she immediately noticed the paleness of her husband. She said nothing, but the man saw the perplexed face. Unable to keep the secret from her any longer, he told her of the letter—the second one. Both became ghastly.

"So you must go tonight? What is it, dear? Tell me they won't hurt you—you have done nothing. On, don't go, John; they can't take you. Wire the boys, they can be home by morning—probably they can help," the wife sobbed.

"I have sent for them both—they will take care of you—if I shouldn't get back," said Mr. Conner. "Don is to go on with my work—I don't want Kenton to die. If only I could have finished my tasks. I guess it's just as well if our boy takes it. If I should return, the town wouldn't keep me anyway. It's like a damnation thrust upon me. A man whose life is clean and right must go through the same crises as the evil. Mine is here—to take me from you—from my sons—and perhaps forever."

That night when the clock at the head of the stairs struck ten, J. P. Conner had gone. Mrs. Conner was under the care of a physician, in a serious condition. In her delirium she called for her husband and urged him to keep his courage and return to her. She saw him—beaten and branded. The doctor sat with her through the dragging hours, ready to reach to the very ends to save her life. The task was hard and tedious. Finally sleep came to the body broken down in spirit and in strength, and with the passing of the hours morning came and brought with it the two boys. A trace of a smile was seen on the mother's face. "Just so they don't take my boys from me," she whispered. "They have already taken what I loved most."

The Conner family were in the depths of sorrow. Two days had already passed and nothing was heard of and no trace of the father could be found. The news had spread rapidly throughout the town. Men who knew the maker of Kenton searched for him, but all was in vain. The family had given up hope. The whole household pleaded for him while many of the townspeople smiled. Mary Ann had expressed the town's sym-

pathy to her friends in a few short words. To the Conner family she expressed her heartfelt sympathy, and encouraged them by saying that she was sure he would return—that no evil could befall such a good citizen as was Mr. Conner. Other's, however, sincerely hoped for his safety and that he might be returned to them—and John P. Conner was.

A few days later, as men and women were again hastening to their work, there groveled in the street at their feet a human soul—a soul lowered to the very dust of the street—and no one picked it up. Crowds gathered to see the haggard creature with drawn face and gray hair. An imbecile, profaning the name of God and of man, digging at a cross which had newly been branded on his bony arm—digging at a cross—the cross of the Ku Klux Klan. The creature was the Klan's victim—John P. Conner; a few days ago a man of right and of knowledge; today a soul lost to man, and a picture of death. As he lay there, a hush fell suddenly across the tight, grating voices of the crowd.

The new sun had brought in a new day, but for Kenton a day stained with shame and blotted with the loss of a human soul.

Florence M. Seifried.

Alumni Notes

Mr. Forrest Hensel '12 is head of the Hensel Clothing House of Lykens.

Rev. Filmore F. Kohler '10 is preaching at the U. B. church, Keedysville, Md.

Rev. Charles A. Fisher '03, Ph. D. is pastor of the large Presbyterian church, Worcester, Mass. Address 30 Russell St.

Mr. Harry K. Bamberger '10 is teaching at Lebanon, Pa.

Susan C. Bachman '19, of Lebanon, Pa., who recently finished her course at Moody Bible Institute, expects to take up her work in the foreign mission field in the near future.

George F. Burman, '78, is instructor in Spanish, Reading High School. Address, 425 Oley St., Reading, Pa.

Orville T. Spessard '21 is a member of the Penn. Military College at Chester. He is taking advanced work at U. of P.

Jesse O. Zeigler, '19, paid a visit to his Alma Mater, and was the guest of Prof. P. S. Wagner.

Rev. Gustavus Adolphus Richie, of Allentown, a graduate of the class of 1913, spoke to us in Assembly, Thursday, Jan. 18, 1923. His speech was full of "pep" and inspiration. Everybody enjoyed his being with us.

Stanley Oldham, class of 1908, who is now Supervisor of West Chester School, spent a day in town last week.

Paul Ensminger, who will graduate in 1923, is teaching in Bayne City, Mich.

HUMOR

Upper Classman—"Your bet."

Frosh—"50 light."

Upper classman—"Oh! I see, you belong to the Light Brothers."

Waiter Balsbaugh—"Hey Ferd, your finger is in the soup."

Chief Dining Engineer Beck—"Oh' that's all right, It's not hot."

Activities

DELPHIAN

The outstanding date in the minds of the Delphians just now is the 16th of February, 1923, the date of our first anniversary, the day when we shall show to college folk and friends the results of one year's growth and achievement. In our election of officers for the second term, we chose for the most important offices those whom we know are most capable of taking charge of such an event. Miss Kathryn Kratzert was elected president, and Miss Frances Durbin, vice-president. As for the other officers, the result of the ballot declared Mary Hershey recording secretary, Isabelle Smith corresponding secretary, Mae Reeves critic, Kathryn Nisley chaplain, Harvane LeVan pianist, and Betty Stouffer warden.

DELPHIAN—CLIO JOINT SESSION

On the evening of Friday, January 12, 1923 at 8 o'clock, the Delphian and Clionian Literary Societies meet in joint session for the first time.

It was one of the most enjoyable occasions in the history of both Societies. A joint program was rendered as follows:

Devotional Exercises Chaplain
Piano Solo Ruth Rockafellow
Reading Helen Hostetter

Debate: "Resolved That A Woman Can have Both a Career and a Home."

Affirmative Negative
Cynthia Drummond Stella Hughes
Dorothy Fencil Dora Billet
Vocal Duet Rosa Zeigler
Esther Gilbert

Pageant of History of L. V. C. Directed by
Lucile Shenk

Joint Paper Dorothy Smith for Sara Wieder
Critic's Remarks.

The debate was one of the most significant numbers on the program. Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Gosard and Miss Myers were appointed as judges, and they decided in favor of the negative side. Interest was at a high pitch all during the debate.

After the mental had been thus feasted, attention was given to the physical by serving the most delicious refreshments. There were plenty of 'em, too!

During the social hour, Miss Frances Durbin read to the Societies a letter from the Jauniata College Girl's Debating Team. The letter invited the L. V. girls to a debate at any time in the near future. By the wish of the girls, the Clionian President was given power to appoint a Committee with Miss Durbin as Chairman, to discuss the matter; if possible, to organize a team; and "stir up" general interest in the project.

From all appearances, there is much material at L. V. to make a "snappy" debating team. Here's one place the girls can use their "gift of gab" to advantage!

PHILO

Philo presented its annual biological program on January 19. The program was interesting and instructive throughout. Mr. Maryan Matuszak gave an instructive talk upon the different glands of the body and discussed their relation to health and disease. A very interesting discussion upon the subject of evolution was given by Messrs. Charles C. Smith and Elwood Stabley. Both presented very carefully prepared papers upon the subject. The next number was a biography of Louis Pasteur, the great scientist, ably presented by Mr. George Biecher. Mr. "Shorty" Earley read an original and thoroughly enjoyable poem upon his experiences in biology.

The feature of the evening was the projecting of living animals and was delete thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

Philo is exceedingly grateful to professor Derickson, the head of the Biological Department of Lebanon Valley College, for his untiring efforts in behalf of the program.

Philo will give its annual physics and chemistry programs in the near future. Don't miss them!

NOTES OF INTEREST

Miss Helen Mealy, '24, was called to her home in New Market, Maryland, because of the serious illness of her father.

Miss Ida Elizabeth Brenneman, '26, had the misfortune to slip on the icy path on her way to Chapel, Wednesday, January 24th, fracturing one of her legs. She was removed to the Good Samaritan Hospital, Lebanon, where she is resting well, and her many friends wish for her a speedy recovery.

Miss Edna Baker, '24, was called to Strasburg, Virginia, because of the death of a member of the family. Her friends at Lebanon Valley College extend to her their sincere sympathy.

The members of the Clionian Literary Society wish to thank the Clio Alumni for the splendid response they are making in helping to fill the coffers of Clio for the purposes of renovating the Hall. With sixty-three members all working for a better and more worthwhile C. L. S., the future for the society seems bright.

Sir Edward Baxter Perry addressed the study body in open Forum on the "Lost Atlantis." The students were delighted with this presentation, selected from one of the artist's avocations, and are looking forward to other interesting lectures of a like kind.

Rev. W. A. Knapp, who is conducting Union Revival Services in Annville, recently addressed the students. Rev. Knapp always have interesting and helpful messages to present, and is always welcome at Lebanon Valley College.

About one hundred and fifty students attended the "Students' Night" at the Union Revival Services on Thursday evening, January the twenty-fifth. Rev. W. A. Knapp delivered a

splendid address, and his message was received approvingly by the large audience.

* * *

The third Star Course number, "The Parker-Fenelly Duo," entertained a large audience on Tuesday evening, January twenty-third. A program unique and well-balanced met with the approval and appreciation of every one present. "Mr. Gallagher" will remain with us for a long time. The next Star Course number, Mary Potter and the Boston Symphonic Quintette, will be with us in the latter part of February. Mary Potter is a well known soloist, and the community is most fortunate in being able to have such a splendid group come to Annville.

* * *

A "real" surprise party was tendered Miss Kathryn Nissly, '25, on Friday, January twenty-sixth, in honor of her nineteenth birthday. The parlor in South Hall was the scene of a most delightful event. Interesting and unusual games were participated in, and Miss Helen Hostetter, '25, read in a very interesting and realistic manner a movie fan's experiences and thrills in the movies. Miss Hannah Fishburn, '24, delighted the group with several vocal solos, while Misses Dorothy Mancha and Helen McGraw presided at the piano. Miss Stella Hughes pleased the guests by her interpretation of the Dutchman who was swindled. The guests partook of delightful refreshments, and left, wishing Miss Nissly many more happy returns of the day.

Lebanon Valley met two defeats on their weekend basketball trip. Juniata College won a hard fought game, 45-29, and Penn State came out on top 43-18.

In the two games, Bill Wolfe shot 20 fouls out of 28 tries. At Juniata he basketed 15 in 18. Metoxin was good for seven from the field, four at State and three at Juniata. Captain Koehler, of State, was too much for the Blue and White, and before the final whistle blew he had ten field goals to his credit.

Summary of both games:

	Juniata	Lebanon Valley
Forward.....	Donaldson	Metoxin
Forward.....	Isenberg	Bill Wolfe
Center.....	Maunedes	Walter Wolfe
Guard.....	Wolfgang	Clarkin
Guard.....	Olar	Homan

Substitutions—For Juniata: Slaughters, Comrade. For Lebanon—Wueschinski, Krause.

Field goals—Donaldson, 1; Isenberg, 2; Maunedes, 4; Wolfgang, 3; Slaughters, 2; Comrade, 2; Metoxin, 3; Walt. Wolfe, 3; Clarkin, 1.

Fouls—Donaldson, 14-16; Bill Wolfe, 15-18; Metoxin, 1-1; Slaughters, 1-1; Comrade, 2-2.

Referee—Saul.

	State	Lebanon Valley
Forward.....	Reed	Metoxin
Forward.....	Gerhardt	Wm. Wolfe
Center.....	Shair	Walt. Wolfe
Guard.....	Koehler	Clarkin
Guard.....	Loeffler	Homan

Field goals—Gerhardt, 2; Reed, 2; Shair, 3; Koehler, 10; Loeffler, 2; Huber, 2; Fixter, 2; Metoxin, 4; Clarkin; William Wolfe.

Fouls—Reed, 3 out of 8; William Wolfe, 5 out of 10; Metoxin, 1 out of 1.

Substitutions—Huber for Loeffler, Fixter for Reed.

Referee—Earnest.

Undismayed by the two defeats scored against them last Friday and Saturday by Juniata College and Penn State, the basketballers of Lebanon Valley are down to hard work again. What they want now is revenge for the old handed them at Huntingdon by the fast travelling Juniata quintette. This the Blue and White expects to experience on Thursday evening of this week in the Annville gymnasium, where a return match is to be played.

Juniata has one of the best college basketball fives among the state's smaller colleges, and presents a stiffer proposition than Lebanon Valley will encounter at home unless Gettysburg is accepted.

Last year they got away with Lebanon Valley both here and at Huntingdon. Already they have taken the first of this year's events.

If practice and hard work can accomplish anything, the Annville basketeers will take Thursday's game.

On Friday Coach Joe Hollinger takes his pupils to Selins Grove for a tilt with Susquehanna.

Saturday afternoon the Lebanon Valley College Junior varsity defeated the Franklin and Marshall Academy basketball quintet, 37-24, at Annville. The collegians were too strong at every department of the game for the Academy boys and led all the way. Stabley, Musser and Smith played well for the Annville team, and Lowell and Glass excelled for the visitors. Three men left the game because of the personal foul rule.

F. & M. A.

	Foals	Fouls
Glass, F.	1	14
Lowell, A., F.	3	0
Little, C.	0	0
Lowell, J., G.	1	0
Grosh, C.	0	0
Messick, G.	0	0
Gallatin, L.	0	0

Lebanon Valley Jr. Varsity

Smith, F.	5	0
Snavey, F.	0	0
Stabley, C.	7	0
Perry, G.	0	7
Musser, G.	1	0
Dowhower, F.	1	0
Whistler, C.	1	0
Douglas, G.	0	0

The Lebanon Valley Reserves defeated the Y. M. C. A. Archers in a hard fought game on the Y floor on Saturday night to the tune of 24 to 22.

Lebanon Valley took the lead from the start of the game, but the Archers soon crawled up on the visitors and a hot battle ensued with one team leading then the other until the final whistle blew, with the Y team on the short end of the score.

Stauffer, the star of the visiting team, scored three field goals and displayed unusual ability in his floor work. This tall shifty forward gave a good exhibition of passing and dribbling around the local team's guards time and time again.

Musser also performed well for Lebanon Valley team, holding Hoy, the Archers' flashy forward, scoreless and caging one two pointer from the field, which was not a bad night's work.

The game was close at all times, and was in doubt until the last fifteen seconds, when Dowhower shot a long one just before the whistle

blew. Schaeffer and Eldridge played well for the Archers. The score and line-up:

Archers	L. V. Reserves
Forward.....Roy	Stauffer
Forward.....Eldridge	Downower
Center.....Dech	Stabley
Guard.....Schaeffer	Musser
Guard.....Clemens	Perry
Field goals—Eldridge, 3; Dech, 4; Schaeffer, 2; Clemens, 1; Perry, 2; Musser, 1; Stabley, 2; Stauffer, 3; Dowhower, 3; Snively, 1.	
Foul goals—Schaeffer, 2-12; Stauffer, 0-1.	
Referee—Jones.	

MUSIC

On Tuesday, January the thirtieth, the following semi-monthly recital was given:

Kinssella	Hunting Song
Coerne	Miss Lucile Beatty
Logan	Miss Mary Gossard
Rheinberger	Miss Verna Seitzinger
Haendel	Mr. Ira Ruth
Woodman	O Sleep, Why Dost Thou Leave Me
Reinhold	A Birthday
Cook	Miss Kathryn Hopple
Salter	Miss Sarah Lindermuth
Schubert-Liszt	Two Marionettes
Spross	Her Love Song
Haendel	Miss Dorothy Sholly
Duvernoy	Hark! Hark! the Lark
Grieg	Miss Ruth Baker
Wagner	Come Down, Laughing Streamlet
Schubert	Miss Miriam Oyer
	The Village Blacksmith
	Sous Bois
	Miss Helen McGraw
	Morgenstimmung
	Introduction to "Lohengrin"
	Miss Ruth Rockafellow
	Theme and Variations in B flat
	Miss Gladys Bossert

On January sixteenth, at eight o'clock in the evening, Haendel's "Messiah" was rendered by the Lebanon Valley Choral Society before a large audience of music lovers. Dr. Johann M. Blose directed the presentation, and Mrs. Edith Gingrich Harnish, Mrs. Edith Frantz Mills, Prof. Frank Hardman, all of Annville, and Prof. W. H. Harclerode, of Harrisburg, were soloists. Miss Harvene Le Van presided at the piano, and Prof. R. Porter Campbell at the organ. The following members of the society aided in the production.

Sopranos—Meredith Rice, Anna Bodenhorn, Anna Bomberger, Mrs. C. R. Gingrich, Ethel Saylor, Annetta Boltz, Ruth Behney, Betty Leachey, Elsie Clark, Maude Wolfe, Kathryn Nissley, Elizabeth Hopple, Claribel Nissley, Helen Hostetter, Verna Seitzinger, Mary Hershey, Helen McGraw, Emma Meyer, Mabel Rice, Mrs. Edith Harnish, Elizabeth Kreider, Mrs. John McClure, Mrs. C. G. Dotter, Mrs. Paul Cooper, Mrs. T. B. Beatty, Elizabeth Kettering, Edith Nye, Anna Noll, Kathryn Hopple, Dorothy Sholly, Dorothy Wolfersberger, Permelia Rose, Gladys Bossert, Bertha Longenecker, Laura Millard Williams, Mrs. M. E. Saylor, Mrs. W. W. Mish, Mabel Light, Mrs. Fred C. Peters, Florence Whitman, Mrs. S. O. Gimm, Miriam Oyer, Ruth Rockafeller, Esther Gilbert, Yvonne Green, Quebe Nye, Mrs. G. R. Kreider, Jr., Priscilla Baylor, Sarah Kreider,

Betty Stauffer, Sarah L. Miller, Susan Graybill, Mrs. H. S. Heifner, Mrs. Lillian K. Snroyer, Ruth M. Whiskeyman, Marion E. Light, Margaret K. Romig, Louise French, Ida E. Trout, Elizabeth Waters, Mrs. H. O. Spessard, Estner Kaadenbush.

Altos—Mrs. D. E. Saenk, Ruth Heilman, Hannan Wisaburn, Cartna McCracken, Della Herr, Ruth Baker, Kathryn Long, Verna Pell, Edna Yake, Mary MacDougal, Mrs. Oscar Blouch, Marge Clem, Grace Bauder, Margaret Knodes, Mrs. Johann M. Blose, Eva M. Branner, Flora Wynn, Emma Gingrich, Lucina Fry, Jennie E. Kurr, Rosa Ziegler, Mary Kreider, Mrs. J. H. Gallatin, Estner Beyerie, Violet Walters.

Tenors—Poulin C. Van Horne, Cyrus Sherk, Isaac B. Knoll, Robert Knoll, Herman Spangler, W. R. Hartz, Charles Runk, Paul D. Baylor, William Grill, Richard Beard, Clayton Detweiler, Amos Martin, J. C. Hemmerly, Adam Miller.

Basses—S. Meyer Herr, Ray Deck, Ray A. Troutman, Abner Hummel, E. J. Smith, Russell L. Gingrich, Eugene Sanders, John Deibler, W. O. Herr, B. Rusk Matterness, Paul H. Longenecker, David K. Shroyer, E. D. Williams, Albert H. Keichner, John S. Light, Newton Blouch, Homer Yeakel, Lester M. Leach.

OPEN HOUSE

After days of hustle and bustle, after spending much of "Dad's" hard earned kale at the various stores in town, purchasing brooms, mops, scrub brushes and various other unheard of (?) things, the men and their Dormitory were ready for inspection.

Exactly at four o'clock on Tuesday afternoon a bevy of girls chaperoned by Faculty members stormed the realms of men. For one hour the groups of boys and girls inspected and explained every room open for inspection in the building.

There were many things worthy of note. We are pleased to mention that several of the boys are really able to fix the covers on their beds properly. This in itself looks hopeful. However, the presence of burning incense and heathen idols in some of the rooms offer explanations for otherwise unexplainable conditions. We marvel at the artistic ability of some of our members. Do some of us travel to African jungles in our dreams, and others to —?

We hope that by this time Messrs. Boyer, Stambaugh and Welty have been able to find suitable cooks among the numerous applicants for the advertised vacancies. Mr. Troutman is to be complimented for the home-like atmosphere that the geraniums in his room create.

Messrs. Charles Smith and Lester Williard undoubtedly deserve first place in the rank of housekeepers, while the Messrs. Martin run a close second. Messrs. Stabley and Cooley, Allen and Kessler, Reed and Beard deserve honorable mention. For uniqueness of atmosphere we needs must surrender the prize to Messrs. Wenner, Mutch and Wenner.

We sincerely hope that those individuals who have been suffering from the dread maladies "chicken pox" and "measles" will be recovered sufficiently to return the calls when North Hall and South Hall hold "Open House".

P.S.—Upon second thought, it might be observed that C. C. Smith and Lester Williard, in their eager rush to gain first place, spent all of their time polishing the lower panes in their windows and necessarily kept the shades lowered all during the inspection to hide the dirt on the upper panes.

Special Feature

THE MORAL EFFECT OF STUMPING ONE'S TOE IN THE DARK

A tradition has always existed among the sanctimonious and railfaced christians of yore, that a man's relation to his God could be judged by the weight of his spirit of patience. I shall agree with this doctrine, if the suppression of inward emotion does not have an undesirable effect upon the individual's physical or moral being. Or that the reigns of self government can be so tightly drawn that the being in question shall not be in the least effected by any uncongenial circumstances within his natural surroundings, I would consider a man at least with in the limits of the circle of well known domesticatable beings, if after he had wacked his thumb with a hammer; he could sit down and sing a gospel song, or call upon any other God than the God of vengeance or a contemporary of the same. Consider an automobile mechanic, who, while pulling upon a wrench, has that peculiar experience of the said tool slipping from its hold thus allowing his hand to strike against some obstacle which in turn, knocked off a patch of epidermis about an half inch square and bruised his hand. If this man shows no sign of inward emotion and looks sober and prayerful, then I consider him a stoic. But if upon the arrival of a friend this same man would slip on his sneakers and walk into a dark room to get a comfortable rocker; and by some misstep, would knock his unprotected toe against the pointed end of a rocker. I suppose he would calmly and meekly acknowledge that this tribulation had worked his patience.

Man is a moral being, and amidst all the petty struggles of life; often finds himself confronted by the undesirable. Sometimes when we are thus confronted, we are apt to forget our former instruction, and attempt to appease our wrath by an offering of the most elaborate and emphatic adjective phrases. But it is not so drastic a thing for a man to desecrate his religious vocabulary, if within his soul this vile of bitterness, on condition that he does not give vent to passion, threatens the mortification of his moral status. Now if trying experience stimulates passion; and passion stimulates action; and action stimulates energy, and to possess energy is to possess power then I would say that it would be profitable for some folks to stump their toes in the dark; and the moral effect must be good.

The Irish Philosopher.

OUR FAILURES

Verily "Pride cometh before a fall". Yet what is so exhilarating at times, as a failure? We have felt the thrill of success upon success and so are keyed up to the point where we feel that the universe is ours for the asking. Then there is nothing in the world so effective in bringing us back to terra firma and a common sense view point as failure. I mean a flat, overwhelmingly, unlooked-for failure—a fizzle.

Of course the blow is hard and we get some mighty bad bruises sometimes, but when we recover a little how good we feel to be just an ordinary human being again, convinced once more that we are no better than those about us. Then

again we have the privilege to know what it means to work for recognition, what it means to work up through the tournament that we may be champions. We are no longer on the peaks but down among those who are trudging upward.

I would not say that the peak is not exhilarating—no but it is lonesome up there away from the people and we have no one to think of but ourselves and our works and so we become egoists. And then comes that sweeping slide down the hill in full view of everyone. And they laugh at the ridiculous picture we make and we feel that our lot is harder than we can bear. But when we jump up again they clasp our hands and we are comrades once more, all working toward the same goal—the same old mountain tops. And then we are happy in thinking of the happiness of those about us and so unconsciously climb higher.

So I would say—Blessed be our failures, that we may see our weakness and so rise to greater strength.

"Its too deep for me," grumbled the college Prof., as he fell into the open manhole.

* * *

"I'd like to get off something sharp," said Leach, the Joke Editor.

Roommate—"Did you ever try sitting on a tack?"

* * *

Mildred—"Babe, I'm afraid I shall never see you in Heaven."

Babe—"My goodness! What have you been doing again?"

* * *

We would like to pull that one about the mouse trap, but we are afraid it is too snappy.

THERE'S A REASON

The ad. read thus—"Hines Honey and Almond cream. Guaranteed to keep the chaps off."

"Oh" she sighed. "I understand now." I'll never use it again.

* * *

"Rats!" shouted Mae, as she dropped a handful of beautiful brunette hair.

Watch for
the Big
Alumni Number
Next Issue

A little nonsense, now and then, Is relish'd by the best of men.

SCENES FROM "MAC-BETH"

Act I. We nominate the following for positions of honor.

1. The sophs. who pour our most expensive perfume on our pillows.
2. The fellow who judges a girl's character by the way she holds her hands, and others by the way they hold her hands.
3. The people who borrow our favorite "horses for trotting."
4. The fellows who boast that they can eat a couple of horses without taking a single soda-mint.

Act II.

THE CHAPERONS

Here's to our chaperons!
May they learn from Cupid
Just enough blindness
To be sweetly stupid.

NOTICE—A woman who has reached sixteen and never been kissed is going to reach sixty in the same state.

Act III.

"What have you in the shape of cucumbers, this morning" asked the customer of Ted Rupp.
"Nothing but bananas, ma'am," Ted replied.

She—"You raised your hat to that girl who passed. You don't know her, do you?"
Nubbins—"No, but my brother, Hinky, does and this is his hat."

Claude—"Have a nice vacation?"
La Pointe—"Yes, but it's nice to be back in class where a fellow can catch up with his sleep."

Sara—"How did you ever get in such a compromising position, Pete?"
Pete—"Well he wanted to see what color my eyes were."
Sara—"That's harmless enough."
Pete—"Yess, but he's so darn near-sighted."

Prof Bender—"Can any person tell me anything about Pasteur."
LeRoy Dowhower—"No Prof. I cannot. I was not born on the farm."

GRAVEYARD BLUES

Here lies my spouse,
Pray let him lie.
He lies at rest,
And so do I.

"I'll beat you up" said Hungry Herb to his roommate as he arose for breakfast.

Sub. Editor—Let's put the next Crucible out without a cover.

Editor—That would not be true to life, this is winter time.

The W. S. G. A. is like an umpire
How is that Olga?
They never believe I am safe when I am out.

IN THE PENWAY

Frances—"You've got to pay this bill."
Martha—"My word."
Felix—"No. I want cash."

Cooley—"Not going to bed are you Stabe."
Stabe—"No Cooley, I am only getting ready to dress in the morning."

Prof.—What are the uttermost parts of the earth

Goose Kreider—The parts where there are the most women.

Prof.—What do you mean.

G. K.—I mean where there are the most women there is the most uttered.

Judge—I must charge you for murder.

Prisoner—All right. How much do I owe you?

To be college bred, means a four year loaf, requiring a great deal of dough, as well as plenty of crust.

Frosh—"Why does a date with a co-ed resemble a Ford?"

Jr.—"Because its fierce when she won't go, and sometimes fierce when she does go."

LOST—An Eversharp lead pencil by a Sophomore with a ring top.

Big Bluffs from little study grow.

Tests are like the poor. We always have them with us.

The only course in which some people graduate is the course of time.

Martha, "After all Weik love is nothing but a chemical recreation."

Luther—"Yes, and aren't the laboratory experiments interesting."

Esther Brunner—"I dreamt I died last night."

Agnes—"What woke you up?"

Esther—"The heat."

The dictionary is strangely misinformed on some points. For instance it defines a flapper as a young bird not yet able to fly well. Oh! Innocent Webster!

Some people barely get the wedding cards out before they want to shuffle for a new deal.

?—"I think there are microbes in kisses."
??—"Have you tried one of mine?"

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A Restricted Sale

After unraveling the usual red tape connected with the process of interviewing the buyers for one of the country's largest department stores, a young chap, who gave his name as Michael O'Hoolihan, succeeded in being ushered into the sanctum sanctorum of the hos- iery buyer, to whom he displayed a box of silk stockings.

"Phwat de ye tink o' dese at \$4 a dozen?" he demanded.

A casual inspection of the merchandise convinced the buyer that the stockings were exceptionally fine of the grade selling in the open market at about \$10 a dozen; so he replied, without hesitation, that he could take 5,000 dozen, immediate delivery, at the usual terms.

"The divil ye will!" replied Michael, "Them is the only ones fell offa the wagon."—Judge.

Woman—You say you met my father on the field at Gettysburg?

Tramp—Yessum. He was running a sight-seeing bus, and I was selling sandwiches.—Judge.

It was a well-known writer of verse to whom a lady said: "I have seen your wife for the first time since your marriage; but I had supposed she was a taller woman. She seems shorter than when I saw her last."

"Certainly," said the writer solemnly. "She has married and settled down."—Public Ledger.

A Tragic Tale.

Two men stood looking up at a small mountain. "So that is the Black Mountain?" asked one of the men of a native who was passing.

"Yes, sir," replied the native.

"Is there any story or legend connected with this mountain?" inquired the visitor.

"Lots of 'em," was the reply. "Two men went up that mountain once and never came back again."

"Indeed!" exclaimed the visitor. "What became of them?"

"Why," drawled the native, "they went down on the other side."—Harp- er's.

Accommodating

Two young ladies boarded a crowded tramcar, and were obliged to stand. One of them, to steady herself, took hold of what she supposed was her friend's hand. They had stood thus for some time, when, on looking down, she discovered that she was holding a young man's hand. Greatly embarrassed, she exclaimed, "Oh' I've got the wrong hand!"

Whereupon the man, with a smile, stretched forth the other hand, saying: "Here is the other one, miss."—Tit- bits.

Professor's wife—John, you haven't kissed me these last three mornings.

Absent-minded Professor—Is that so, my dear? Then whom have I been kissing?—London Punch.

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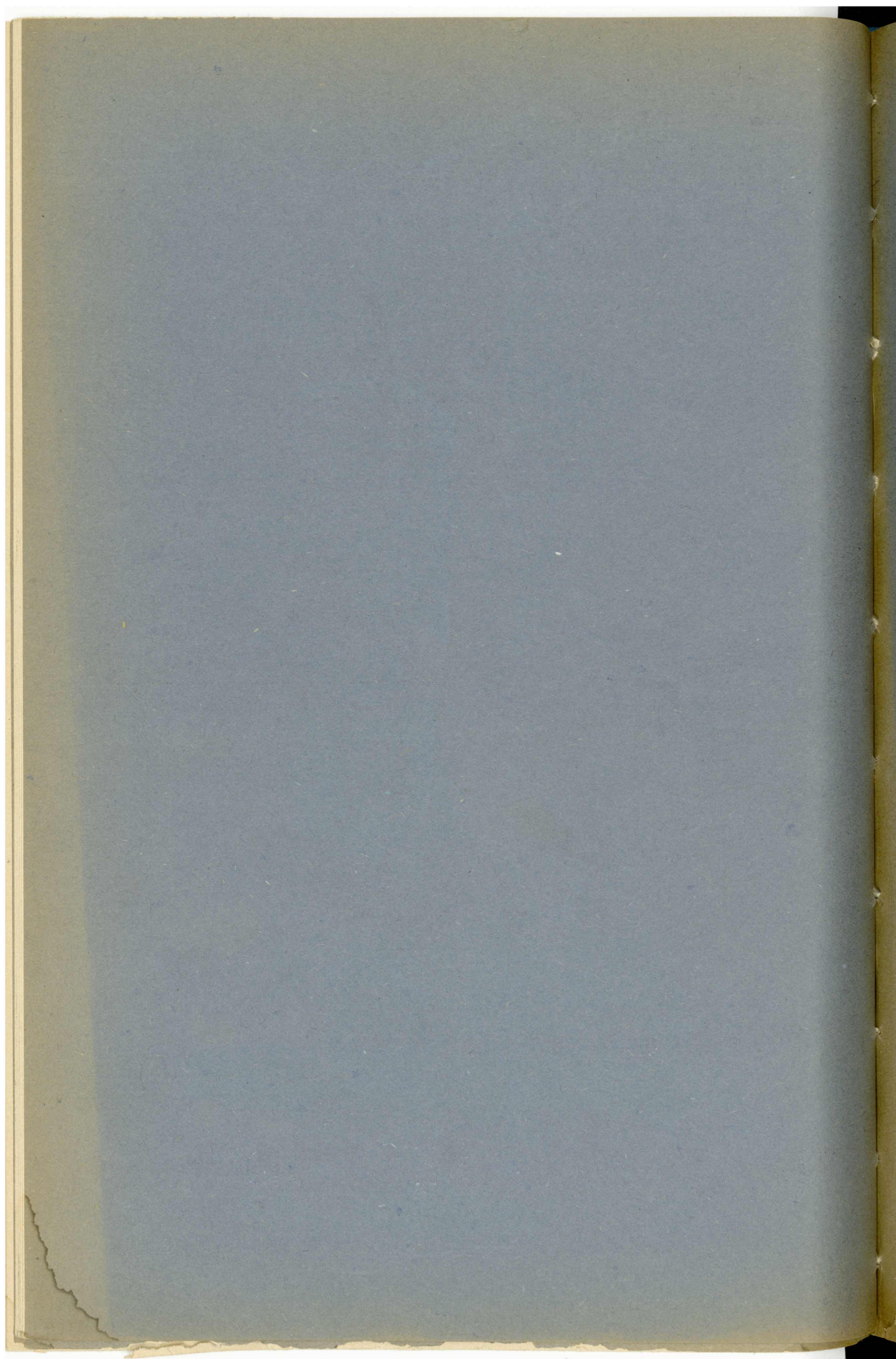
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LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 9

FEBRUARY 20, 1923

"He that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites,
His judges than his friends.

—Sir R. Howard

LITERARY ISSUE

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"He that writes,
Or makes a feast, more certainly invites
His judges than his friends."

—Sir R. Howard.

OUR GREAT MEN

It is February—the birthmonth of our two—shall I not say—greatest men? Once more a nation's thoughts turn to Washington and to Lincoln, the founder and the preserver of our country. Year after year we have sung their praises and recounted their deeds until we ask ourselves, "Has all been said, or is there yet some new note of praise and grateful memory that we can sound to their names?" Everywhere monuments rise as a mark of homage to them. In our Capitol a plain massive shaft peaks high over the roofs of the city—a constant memorial to the man whom we have come to call "The Father of his Country." And in that same city, the battleground of so many of his great struggles and victories, is the memorial to Lincoln, so suggestive of the great man himself in its vast, unornamented simplicity, overlooking the Capitol which is the symbol and embodiment of the land he did so much to save. Their names are revered in every institution of the country, preachers quote them, orators de claim about them. Yes, it seems as if every known honor had been paid them and yet—there is one tribute that transcends them all that we may still lay as an offering upon their

shrine. Let us say, "Deeds not words."

These men loved their country. Theirs was a love that led them out of themselves and inspired them to do immortal deeds. What then could be a more fitting tribute to them than a service to the land they loved? America, like the rest of the world, is upset, seeking out the path of right, readjusting herself, and little by little, unwinding the way of chaos. Everywhere we hear of lawlessness and of the destruction that men are working by their selfish interests. It is time when the honest conscious effort of the individual counts immensely. Every man, directing his efforts toward a better regime helps his own town and ultimately benefits the nation. The sphere is too small, you say? You long for wider fields, a broader influence? But it is not the lot of all of us to become leaders of public thought, and after all, America is a nation of individuals.

In spite of the confusion and the self-interest, we all feel that underneath, somewhere, there still lies the America of Washington and of Lincoln. Let us keep her so, or rather let us go one step further, and in so doing raise the greatest and best memorial, let us make our land the America of the visions and dreams of our honored Washington and our sainted Lincoln.

GOATFEATHERS

"Every day in every way I'm getting better and better, every day in every way I'm getting better—, this stuff is nothing but pure nonsense," I could not help bursting out.

Dorothy was stunned. She gazed at me a moment woefully and then burst into tears. I was completely helpless before the storm for I can stand anything in this world but a woman's tears. Through the cloudburst came a wee, small voice bearing all the disillusionment of a betrayed faith. "Oh, Hueston, how could you? You have been saying it every day for a week and I know you look better already. But now you have gone and spoiled it all."

"Nonsense," I cried, determined to end it at once, "it's sheer imagination and nothing else. I stand here every day like an animated dummy trying to impress upon myself the fact that I am improving and deep down in my heart I know it is just a huge—joke. I'm thru, I never did have any faith in the stuff but tried it to please one of your fool whims."

That was the last straw. The weeping Dorothy sobbed herself out of the room. At once I was repentant for I realized that I had been actually cruel to my little sister. After all, wasn't she doing her best for me? I didn't need to act as if she were a quack trying to sell me patent medicine and furthermore, maybe there was something in it. A week is hardly time enough to test a new theory. But no—hanged if I would make a fool of myself even for Sis. That was alright for some poor little souls who believed in such stuff, but not for me. So I swung between the two opinions until I sought relief in a quiet smoke. However, I determined that at the first opportunity that presented itself I should make up at any cost. When one is thirty-five years old and a hopeless invalid with a little sister fifteen years his junior to look out for, one has a tendency to submit helplessly to the tyranny of said sister. "Besides," I ruminated, "where in the world could you find another such adored and adorable child as Dorothy?" When she came dancing up to me with some wild-cat enterprise I could only listen and approve and await the time when she should land in some other direction.

I had arrived about so far in my delightful dreams when their subject entered as sedately as a portly Dowager Duchess of forty-five winters. She had her sewing with her, which was a bad sign. I notice that Dorothy never sews unless she is in a state of mental perturbation or justifiable indignation as she expresses it when I accuse her of losing her temper. "Ah," thought I, "I will win the little lady with a bit of witticism," so I began, "Well, Sis, every day in every way my pipe is getting comfortinger and comfortinger." No reply. "And also, if I may say so," I continued, "my little sister is becoming silenter and silenter." Reply—swift, silent, sewing. "Dot," I pursued, terrified, "what are you making? You seem so industrious. In fact, every day in every way—"

Then the storm broke. I bent my head before its fury and prayed for strength to see home again. I quote in part:

"Hueston, how can you be so unkind, sitting there making fun of me like that? You always do, no matter what I take up—a sob—(Heavens, she was crying again) you never en-

courage me or help me and you know that I am all alone except for you"—another sob—"you always act as if I were a mere nobody with no brains (I noted that she forgot her grammar)—nor nothing."

More followed and I was feeling like a beast. She held up before me all my guilty sins and I could not deny them. A long, long time before she finished, the little tyrant had me completely under her thumb, helpless, craving only peace at any price. When the first lull came I tried to speak gently but I fear my voice was tinged with huskiness.

"Dorothy," I said, "won't you come here and talk it over with me? I'm sorry, you know, but"—I was consciously cruel for I knew that any reference to my health melted her to tears—"I left my cane in the other room and it is so—"

"Oh, Hueston," she cried, and was on the arm of my chair in an instant. Then peace reigned again and the kind big brother gave his little, petulant, but beloved sister the best of fatherly advice. I censured her for wasting her time and energy in the gathering of useless goatfeathers. I reminded her of how she had first taken up Egyptian art and when she tired of that had delved into Spiritualism which in turn gave way to New Thought and Psychoanalysis. And now it was this new fangled auto suggestion or Coueism or whatever it was they called it. Once again I had my self esteem in hand until she began to speak.

"But Hueston," she said, "you thot I ought to take up art of some kind, you know, and you went with me to several Spiritualist seances and don't you remember the night you took me to hear that great Mr. What's-his-name lecture on complexes and all sorts of Psychoanalysis? You told me you liked it a lot. And you even tried Dr. Coue's treatment, you know. I don't want to be impertinent, dear, but you think you have your share of goat feathers too—and don't they just about match mine?"

I was crushed. She even dared to hint that she had been impertinent, she who never spared my feelings any day in any way. It was useless for me to try to get ahead of her—but she was talking again—

"Besides, woman has been suppressed for so long that it takes her a great while to find herself. It is not so easy for her as for you men and so I have been all this time seeking out my true self or as the poet says:

"Trying with uncertain key
Door by door of mystery"—

Ye gods—where did she get that and what next? I had a vague apprehension that perhaps I should guide this young mind along better lines than it was marking out for itself. But at present she was demanding an answer.

"Well," I said, as gravely as I could, "that was about the time you were becoming interested in Dr. Lord. Not that I objected to him in particular, you understand, for he is a mighty good friend of mine, but because I didn't want you to get your head filled with all sorts of foolish notions about love. By the way," I grasped at a straw to change the subject, "I haven't seen him for a long time, how is he?"

There was another shock in store for me which

she delivered with all the solemn sagacity of fifty years." Of course I do not notice him any more for he is merely a physician of bodily ills—I do not care to associate with a person so back-numbered as to believe that the mind does not have full power over the body."

I gasped—for I was afraid for a minute that I had lost my little sister, the happy, impetuous, creature I loved was invisible in this self-possessed prophet of the all-powerful intellect.

"But, Dottie, remember our father was a doctor so we want to think well of them. You wouldn't discredit Dad, would you?"

The little sister I loved was at my side again and there were tears in her eyes as she said, "Hueston, you know I wouldn't do that."

"And, Dot," I added, "I wouldn't give up Jimmy Lord entirely if I were you—he is rather old for you, but he is a fine chap for all that, and I think he would be able to make my little sister happy—some time."

She stared at me speechless. "Well, what on earth has hit you?" she exclaimed, "you just said you didn't want me to think about love."

"Oh, but you are older than you were then," I said lamely.

I couldn't explain to her that within the last month I had had a very definite and final interview with my physician which had left me with no doubt that her big brother would not be with her much longer to give her the care she needed. I had not the heart to let her know that I was wondering who would be the best person to take my place.

She fairly gurgled with laughter. "Just about six months older, oh august brother of mine," she said.

"Dot," I whispered, "You know that I just want you to be always happy."

Then she threw her arms about my neck and said softly, "Dear Hueston, won't you forgive me for getting cross at you? You are so good to me and I love you so much, but I just can't help losing my temper now and then," and the kiss she gave me buried deep every remnant of hard feeling between us.

But Dorothy had by no means given up her pet theory, for the next day she came to me with dancing eyes and informed me that she had invited a few of her "more intellectual friends," as she called them, and a wonderful man who was an ardent admirer of Dr. Coue to come to the house that evening.

"A sort of testimonial meeting, I presume?" I asked.

"Well, I suppose you might call it that," she said curiously, "but we won't ask you to talk if you will only come down. Please won't you?"

She did not know that I welcomed the announcement with relief for Dot had, of late, not been going out with the young folks enough to suit me.

"Is Dr. Lord coming?" I spoke casually, but I hoped with all my heart that he would.

"No," she answered, blushing, "I don't believe he would care to."

It was indeed a testimonial. To me—half pathetic and half humorous. Our Coue friend sat farther back among the shadows than the others, so I could not see his face as one by one the young folks rose and told of the marvels of Coueism. What vast stores of knowledge they displayed—anything from the curing of a nervous headache to the choosing of a life career was placed to his honor and glory. In solemn ritual-like voices they praised his name—and believed every word they said.

Then the great apostle of the greater prophet, by name, Mr. T. Lewis Thomas, gave a short speech. It was very short indeed and quite to the point. He merely said:

"My dear young friends, I am glad to be with you this evening and to hear Dr. Coue praised as he has been. You have all spoken so extensively on the subject there is little left for me to say. Believe me, this evening has been a rare treat to me."

I quite agreed with him that they had exhausted the subject, but I hadn't been quite prepared to hear him say so. I was a bit disappointed for I was beginning to have the least glimmering of interest in this miraculous power that had so changed my sister's friends. I had only taken Dorothy's word for it before, but now I was quite willing to investigate for myself. I wondered if hypnotic suggestion might not be applied to some of my sundry difficulties that I might see visions and experience miracles as these youngsters had.

I was immensely pleased with Dot's little speech of thanks and the way in which she informally entertained her friends. She was like our mother had been, so dainty and charming, I could scarcely see why they did not all fall in love with her on the spot. How I wished Dr. Lord were only there.

When the guests had left Dorothy came and sat on the arm of my chair as I smoked and we talked it over. I couldn't disillusionize her when she was so happy in the thought that at last she had brought all her doubts to confirmation, that she had at last "found herself." She added, "Brother mine, I don't think you will ever again have any cause to blame me for gathering goat-feathers."

"Well, Sis," I answered, "I am glad of that." But I had my doubts.

The next morning I saw her open her mail. She eagerly tore open a long white envelope, and the next minute let it drop like a hot coal and rushed from the room, her face aflame. Without stopping to question, I seized the letter and read it. Frankly—I roared.

"My Dear Miss King: (it read)

"I need not tell you that I enjoyed the evening in your home immensely. However, I fear that some of your friends are a bit misled as to the true teachings of Dr. Coue. So I am sending you a few of the simpler things he has written. Hoping that your ardor will not be diminished by a more careful perusal, I beg to remain,

Yours sincerely,

T. LEWIS THOMAS.

I sympathized with the poor child too. It was intolerably humiliating to one of her nature. He certainly had not tried to spare her feelings. Then I heard the outside door slam, and caught a glimpse of Dottie as she jumped into the machine and drove away. Then I collapsed again—it was so funny.

"Ha, goat feathers," I thought to myself, "I dare say she will soon be after some others in a week or two, but if I know anything, Sister Dorothy is off of Coue for life."

Then a positive inspiration descended upon me en masse. I limped to the telephone and called Jimmy Lord. I had hardly mentioned Dot's name when I thought he was going to jump straight through the phone.

"No, she isn't ill," I informed him, "but she is mightily disturbed. She took the machine and drove away like mad. She usually goes up the—" the receiver on the other end banged up

and I was left talking into space, just a wee bit nettled to think that Jimmy knew as well as I the places Dot liked best.

She came back radiant, and I must say, swept me off my feet for I hadn't expected such a sudden and complete restoration. If you want a thing done right just leave it to Jim. I feigned innocence, as I said in a hurt voice, "Why, Dot, you didn't say good-bye before you left."

"I am so sorry, Honey," she said, and hid her face on my shoulder.

If the conversation that followed were written down it would look something like this:

Dorothy: "Brother—"

Hueston: "Well?"

Dorothy: "I—I met Dr. Lord this morning."

Hueston: (Smiling inwardly) "Well."

Dorothy: "I like Dr. Lord—immensely."

Hueston: "Another goat feather? I suppose one might even call it 'the last of the Goat Feathers?'" (teasingly but not wishing it desperately.)

Dorothy: "I have given up Coue and his line."
(I was shocked at the sacrilege.)

Hueston: "H'mm—"

Dorothy: "Brother, dear—"

Hueston: "H'mm, h'mm—"

Dorothy: "I am going to—I mean Dr. Lord is going to—I mean we are going to marry each other."

Her face went down on my shoulder in a flame of blushes. In answer I could only whisper thankfully in her ear:

"Dorothy, my dear, your big brother wishes you all the happiness in the world—"

They have gone away together now—my sister and my friend—and I suppose you might even say, "Every day in every way I'm getting lonelier and lonelier."

C. R. D., '24.

THE LAW OF THE NORTH

The short day of the Land of the Midnight Sun was rapidly drawing to its close as two men toiled across the waste lands of the north. The biting wind hurled its challenge to all living creatures as it swept down leaving the streams locked securely under a covering of ice; of living creatures there were none to be seen save the two men and their dog team plowing their way through the deep drifted snow.

Smoky Joe Munroe and Long Jim Saunders had left their mining claim on the banks of the Little Beaver two days before after having spent almost a year laboring to clean up their claim. Four hundred ounces of the yellow metal had rewarded their efforts, a small fortune for each of them when it should be changed into the gold twenties of the Yukon. Now, after their months of effort they were making all speed to reach the mining town of Yukon before the winter should set in in earnest. All day long they had taken turn at breaking trail and now both men and dogs were exhausted, the chill air was beginning to find the vulnerable spots in the furry armor of the men and the perspiration congealed and chilled them through and through.

Long Jim, who was breaking trail, at last halted near a small clump of evergreens. "Let's call it a day. We can't make many more miles or the dogs won't be able to go at all tomorrow, and I'm plumb tuckered out."

"Spits me, 'cause I think my toes are nipped a little anyway," responded Smoky Joe.

No further words were needed and without waste of time the two men set about making camp. Long Jim went to gather wood and left Smoky to feed the dogs and to break out the grub. Smoky Joe threw the dogs their ration of dried fish and leaving them, snarling and biting at each other, he went over to the sled to get the food for himself and his partner. As he uncovered the supplies his eyes fell upon the bags which were packed in the bottom of the sled. Instinctively he reached down and picked one up and loosening the draw string, allowed some of the yellow dust to trickle into his palm. As he did so a look of avarice came into his eyes.

"Ain't hardly fair I should split this stuff two ways when I did most of the work. Me'n Jim worked together, but I did all the hard work," he spoke to himself. Hearing the scunch of Long Jim's snowshoes on the crisp snow as he returned with his load of firewood, Smoky Joe hastily poured the yellow dust back into the sack which he placed in the bottom of the sled.

The fire was started with some difficulty and after a few minutes the scant meal of bacon, sour-dough and coffee was ready. The meal was eaten in silence and it was only when their pipes were lighted that there was any conversation. This was the land of silence and the men in it were usually silent. Finally Smoky Joe knocked the dead ashes from his pipe. "Guess we'll have to mush fast if we are to reach the Big Town day after tomorrow. I'll sure be glad when we are in civilization again with plenty of red licker and women and all the trimmings."

"Well, it's me for the states and God's country agin, 'cause I'm bout ready to settle down and quit my rammin' round," responded Long Jim. "Guess if we're goin' to travel tomorrow we'd better turn in."

The men arranged their sleeping bags and without further comment they turned in. Long Jim fell asleep at once, but sleep did not come so readily to Smoky Joe. In his mind he was figuring some way in which to get those ounces of gold for himself. Greed usually overcomes a man's better self, and Smoky Joe was none too good at the best.

Waiting until his partner was asleep, he slid out of his sleeping bag and made his way to the dogs where they lay in their nests in the snow. Quietly he harnessed the dogs and hooked them in the traces. A slight noise behind him caused him to turn and he saw Long Jim looking at him with sleepy eyes. Defeat of all his plans stared him in the face, and with an oath he snatched his gun from its holster and a spiteful crack slit the cold night air and with a groan Long Jim sank from his elbow to the ground with his white face turned upward.

Quickly Smoky Joe threw his remaining traps on the sled. "Mush, you Malemites," and his dogs sped on down the white trail. Hour after hour he sped across the white wastes, giving no thought to the endurance of his dogs nor to the fact that they had traveled hard and fast for two full days and with only scant rations. To head for Yukon he knew would be foolish because it was well known that he and Long Jim had left together and he would surely be questioned as to why his partner did not return with him, and he did not feel either inclined or anxious to answer too many questions. His plan was to strike out cross-country north of Yukon until he came to the sea and from there

he would catch the mailboat for the states, keeping out of sight when the stop was made at Yukon.

On across the trackless waste he urged his dog team and when morning came he had left the spot of his crime many miles behind. The next night found him still on the trail pushing his dogs to the limit of their endurance. No rest now for either dog or man. Behind him lay the dead partner and before him many weary miles if he was to catch the mail boat. His supplies were somewhat low, but to them he gave little thought. Then his dogs grew restless under his fierce urging and lay down in the harness on the snow trail and all his blows and oaths could not bring them to their feet and he was forced to make camp. But his conscience would not let him sleep and at an early hour he harnessed his team and drove them on.

Noon came and with it a dimming of his sight which caused him no little anxiety. Time after time he passed his mittened hand over his eyes but the mist would not be dispelled. This rapidly became worse as he trotted behind the sled. Finally came the realization that he was being struck blind by the continuous white wastes which met his gaze on every hand. To the trail-hardened veteran the affliction of snow blindness is terrible, for it leaves him helpless in a land of terror. Hastily the stricken man pitched his camp, but the snow fields became dimmer to his sight and he was hard pressed to make his fire. His dogs sensed that something was wrong and their howls of hunger sounded on the frozen air, and from a distance the howls were echoed by their wild relatives, the wolves, for the pack had gone long without food and at last the hated man-smell had tainted the air. Swiftly they gathered and silently they closed in upon the silent camp. Gone, now, was the training of the dogs, for they were hungry and the wild called them and traitors to their master, they joined their wild brethren.

Night came and with it came additional suffering to Smoky Joe; his sight was nearly gone, and yet he must strive to keep his fire burning or the grinning faces in the wide wolf circle would close in upon him. He knew this, and he called upon his fast diminishing strength and eyesight. All night long he kept them at bay with his huge fire, yet he knew that it was useless because in the end his strength would fail and he would fall beneath their rush. Murder was on his soul, and he feared to meet his death. "Why did I do it," he kept saying to himself. Finally, nearly bereft of his senses, he staggered to the sled, and pulling at the gold bags he threw them at the grinning wolf faces ranged about him. "Curse you, take it 'cause you'll get it in the end," he yelled as he threw each bag.

Had Smoky Joe but known it, there was no murder on his hands because his aim had not been true and his bullet had merely creased Long Jim's scalp rendering him senseless for a time. When he recovered consciousness he was nearly frozen and somewhat dazed, yet his mind took in all the details of what had happened.

"Durn close shave that. He came mighty near puttin' out my lights for good, the onery skunk."

Without further waiting he slid on his snow shoes and set out on Smoky's trail. Mile after mile he followed it. He was tired but the spirit of revenge led him on and he read a story in the snow that told him that all was not well with Smoky Joe. "Reckon he's a pushin' them

dogs too fast an they ain't a standin' it. The durn fool."

All night long he followed the dim trail and his eyes told him that he was not so very far in the rear; he pushed on relentlessly, realizing now the goal for which Smoky was aiming. Suddenly a note came to his ears which caused him to shiver. He had heard the wolf-pack gathering before and he knew that some quarry had been sighted. With the discovery his revengeful attitude disappeared. "They'll get Joe sure, if I don't hurry." He had seen the wavering tracks in the snow and he knew the reason. He wanted revenge upon one who had wronged him, but to leave any man to his doom when he was blind was another matter. He hurried on as fast as his strength would allow him to.

Slowly the wolf pack drew in its grinning circle; lolling tongues hung from between slavering jaws as the beasts carefully surveyed the victim before them. A wild light had come into the eyes of Smoky Joe. He saw death in that waiting circle but he resolved to sell his life dearly. Snarling, the leader of the pack rushed in and snapped at the waiting man. Death was the leader's portion, but at his movement the whole pack sprang into action. The dimmed eyes of Smoky Joe saw but hazily the onrushing pack and his pistol suddenly clicked on an empty chamber. The pistol was empty and he had no time to reload, but he snatched up a stick of the firewood and faced the rush bravely but in vain.

Long Jim heard the howl of the leader as he sprang into action and met death from Smoky's pistol. Faster hurried Long Jim to his partner's aid, but his tired muscles did not respond as readily as they ordinarily did. Finally in the distance he saw the fighting pack of wolves, and raising his rifle he fired at the pack. As cowards always do in the face of danger, the wolves turned and fled.

Long Jim hastened to the scene of the recent tragedy, but save for a few gnawed bones and the ruined sled there was nothing to be seen. After a search he found the bags of gold which his partner had thrown to the wolves. Slowly he gathered them up and packed as many as he could carry on his back. It was his—all his—the immutable law of the north still held—the strongest had survived, and the man who played fair was entitled to the rewards and to the treasures of the waste lands of the cold and barren region.

K. AND R., '23.

ALL'S FAIR IN LOVE

"Good morning, Jimmie, nice weather this morning," said Richard Wallace, Jr., to his office boy as he entered his law office on Main street right in the heart of the business section of St. Claire. However, his thoughts on this particular spring day were not in accordance with his greeting. Young Wallace was one of few who can carry a lot of anxiety and worry in his head and let nobody detect it either in countenance or manner. He believed in keeping his troubles to himself; other folks had enough bother with their own.

Richard was a promising young lawyer. His father was a man of moderate means and had succeeded in giving his only son the financial backing to go through Yale. It had taken sacrifice on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace to give Richard an education, and realizing it, the boy had worked hard. The result was that he had turned out well.

After sending Jimmie for his mail the young lawyer seated himself at his desk. He was in no mood to work, so he filled his pipe and began to puff. He always smoked when he wanted to think, and he was thinking now. In the first place, he wasn't altogether delighted with the results of his last case. He had been engaged to defend young Brewster, who had been accused of having shot a citizen of St. Claire. The victim of the shooting was not mourned for by the good people of St. Claire, for his character had not been an enviable one. The fact remained that Wallace had lost his case. "But then," he mused as he blew out ringlets of smoke, "it wasn't altogether my fault. Brewster didn't tell me everything frankly. I still feel that he was trying to shield someone, probably a girl."

At that he dismissed the subject only to hit upon the real cause of his anxiety. Jeanette hadn't been treating him right lately. Jeanette was the Girl, as far as Richard was concerned, daughter of a quite wealthy merchant and the prettiest and most popular girl in St. Claire. The two had been sweethearts since their high school days. He had always believed that Jeanette cared for him, but ever since that pussyfoot Percy with a Count in front of his name dropped from nowhere into their peaceful city he hadn't been able to get a decent engagement with her.

"What right has he to butt into my affairs," he addressed his pipe. "He comes sailing into town with a French moustache which curls at the ends, a gift of gab, rents an expensive suite in the most fashionable hotel in St. Claire and the ladies fall all over him. Such a wonderful catch for dear daughter! What a vast estate he owns in France, and of course the more important is his family tree."

All would have been well if Count de Vinci hadn't begun paying attention to Jeanette. Jeanette's mother was absolutely dazzled. She always did go wild over tilted people. She did everything in her power to urge Jeanette to receive his advances. No wonder the girl had lost her head for the time being. Richard had asked to take her to Mrs. Van Buren's reception that night, and she had replied, "I'm so sorry, Dick, but the Count has already asked me and mother insists that I accept. Of course, I'll see you there?" Dick had not answered her. As usual, this reception was in honor of the new society lord and he had fully decided not to go.

"And yet, why shouldn't I go; might at least get a chance to have a little chat with Jeanette while that young jack-a-napes raves to the credulous hostess about his royal ancestors. No doubt he descended from the royal house of monkeys," Dick muttered as he emptied his pipe and laid it upon the mantel.

Young Wallace was the last guest to arrive at the Van Burens. He wasn't so sure that he was going to enjoy the evening; in fact, he knew he wouldn't when he saw Jeanette being monopolized by the Count. He tried to be as pleasant as possible, but he wasn't very successful. Then came the irresistible desire to be alone, and he went out into the garden and sat down on a bench near the fountain. It was a beautiful evening, but Richard found little satisfaction in it. He had not been sitting there very long when he heard voices which were gradually becoming more distinct.

"Ah, ma Cherie, you will be my wife? My people, how they will adore you. You will be the most beautiful countess in France."

It took all of Richard's self-control to prevent himself from springing up and throttling the dandy. He decided to remain quiet and hear

what Jeanette had to say, but she had begun to move away. He noticed that the Count was continuing to display his persuasive powers but he was unable to hear what was said. After awhile they returned. Richard was quite safe from being seen for there was a rambler bush between himself and the fountain toward which the couple were going. As they passed he could hear the Count murmur:

"Tres bien, one o'clock, then at the Central station, n'est ce pas, ma Cherie?"

Jeanette nodded, and Richard noticed that she looked very pale.

The scoundrel! He had not only succeeded in getting the girl to consent to marry him, but he had the audacity to ask her to escape with him. Something had to be done at once. Furious and sick at heart, he sprang up and entered the house. He was undecided what course to take.

"Well, old timer, you look as if this was your last day on earth." It was the voice of Bob Carroll, his former room-mate at Yale.

"Wouldn't mind if it was," Dick responded listlessly.

"Come on, Dick, why not unburden yourself to your old pal. We've always been the best of friends. I'm sure I'll be able to help you. Two heads are better than one, you know. We'll just take a little ride in my car."

The two chums were soon speeding along on a pretty country road and Dick was pouring out a tale of woe.

"Phew," blurted Bob, "I guess it's soon time to do something desperate. You say the big show is coming off at one o'clock tonight, and it's eleven bells already."

"Guess there's no use trying to prevent it, Bob," was the despondent reply.

"Nonsense, old crepe-hanger, we'll both do our prettiest thinking right now. We've always been famous for— I say, Dick, did you see that poster we just passed. Puts me in mind of a great scheme."

"If it's got anything to do with my happiness, spill it quick."

"Well, that sign offers five hundred iron men to anyone capturing 'The Slippery Eel.' He's the gent who is going from one city to another forging checks. He lives in royal style from the cash he appropriates. Chap must be deucedly clever in disguising himself or he'd have been caught long ago. Why not pretend this Count fellow is the 'Slippery Eel' and drop a hint kind of unintentionally to Jeanette tonight at the station?"

"It wouldn't be quite fair, though, if Jeanette really—"

"Nonsense, Dick, all's fair in love and war. We'll turn around now and go directly to the station. I'll speak to the ticket agent and you'll attend to Jeanette. Don't hesitate to use my car."

As the two young men drew up to the Central station they sighted a young lady stepping from a taxicab and entering the waiting room. She wore a heavy veil and her hat pulled over her forehead. Dick was not deceived though, for he could have picked her out in any crowd. He remained outside while Bob entered and walked over to the ticket booth. He began a conversation with the agent, taking care to talk loud enough so that the young lady might hear everything distinctly.

"This Count de Vinci hasn't left St. Claire yet, has he? Heard he's been identified as the 'Slippery Eel,' who has been forging checks."

Dick from the outside, could see Jeanette give

a little start.

Bob, becoming quite interested in his story, added some news of his own origin.

"Yes, and the worst of it is, he has a wife and three children living in some town up-state who are in abject poverty."

Jeanette put her hand to her mouth to suppress a scream. She hastened outside and began walking in the direction of her home. Dick now began to play his role and followed her in Bob's machine. I was informed that when the couple returned to Jeanette's home sometime after one o'clock, the young lady was wearing on her left hand a ring which had lodged in Dick's pocket ever since the advent of the Count.

The next day when Bob dropped in to see Dick at his office he found the latter very thoughtful and looking somewhat worried.

"Say, Bob, I'm rather troubled about that little act of ours last night. I'm afraid Jeanette will soon find out about our trick and then I'll be out in the cold more than ever."

"I believe you were born to worry. But never mind, that's just what I've come to see you about. I learned this morning that the Count really is the 'Slippery Eel.' That little story of mine about him being married isn't true, but that won't be necessary to convince Jeanette."

Dick grasped Bob's hand as he sighed a great sigh of relief.

K. M. L., '23.

THE RIGHT OF WAY

A blue-coated messenger boy, almost invisible because of the enormous box he was carrying, struggled up the steps of a beautiful mansion on Cote Brillante Avenue, St. Louis. Before he gained the last step the huge oak door was thrown open and a beautiful young girl rushed out. Thud! The boy and box were lying in a heap on the pavement. A few seconds later when the boy opened his eyes he looked straight into a pair of the most beautiful eyes he had ever seen.

"Oh, are you hurt?" the girl anxiously inquired, and those blue eyes filled with tears.

"No, missus," the boy replied, "but if ever I seen stars in day time, missus it was a while ago." Then he laughed and scrambled to his feet.

"You are a very plucky fellow. Here, take this for damages," and those blue eyes were laughing now as the girl dropped a new, shining, silver dollar in the little brown hand.

"Oh, all," the boy managed to stammer, and ran whistling down the street.

The girl picked up the box and ran lightly into the house. As she passed the library she spied her father reading and ran in to give him the usual morning greeting. Then she ran upstairs to her own boudoir. Here she glanced hastily at the card on the box. "For Miss Florence Le Graff, from Vincent Mark." She rang for her maid and idly watched her untie the box and put the American Beauties in a vase. Another maid brought her a box of candy from Ted Marshall. A valet laid three boxes of flowers on the table. Clement Alexander came in person this morning with two of the latest books. They were so very late that Clement said the pages should still be wet from the printer's ink.

This was the morning routine of the Le Graff household. Terence was the much admired daughter of Colonel Le Graff. The name alone was as weighty as gold for every one in St.

Louis knew the aristocratic Le Graff family. The mother died when Terence was a little girl, so the Colonel and his daughter with a regime of servants kept the household going.

Terence did not inherit the pride and haughtiness of her beautiful mother. But instead she had the laughing blue eyes and sunny disposition of her father. The two were the best of pals. The Colonel's friends were the friends of Terence, and if the Colonel ever disapproved of any of Terence's young friends, she was never seen in their company again. Terence enjoyed her father's companionship so much that she refused to listen to the pleadings of her numerous suitors and admirers.

She liked the young men; she accepted their gifts of flowers and candy; lunched with them; motored with them, and in short, spent most of her time with them but never neglected her father. Unlike most debutantes, the popularity bestowed on her did not turn her head but she was the same sweet girl as in former days, when boys in the "bloomers" age carried her books from school.

On this particular morning when Terence had so hurriedly rushed from the house and collided with the messenger boy she was in a serious mood. She and Vincent Mark had quarreled the evening before all because she had refused his eight hundred and eighty-eighth (as she teasingly termed it) proposal. The result of the annoying affair was that Vincent left the house in a most grieved frame of mind. She really didn't want to hurt poor "Vince" for she liked him next best to her father; and her father liked him the best of all her friends. Indeed, not long ago her father had talked to her very seriously in regard to her future life. He had even hinted that he would be very glad to see his daughter the bride of Vincent Mark, whom he termed a very worthy gentleman. And now this morning his flowers bore a very formal card instead of the little personal touch of poetry of his own making which was so characteristic of "Vince". Besides, there was no phone call from him which usually followed his flowers. "Vince" must be truly angry, Terence thought to herself. But Terence was tired of thinking. She longed to go out in the open and forget all about Vincent Mark and the quarrel. So she rang for her car to be brought to the drive and in a few minutes she was speeding down town in a beautiful Stutz roadster.

Traffic cops all along the way knew her. Many of them had formerly stopped her for speeding, but she always won them by a smile and a twinkle of her laughing eyes. Finally, they argued among themselves that it was no use stopping or arresting her because she'd keep on speeding any way; and she was such a pretty thing they didn't have the heart to make her frown. Terence did not think this unusual that the traffic policeman should let her have her own way. She was always used to having men give in to her every wish—no matter in what station of life they were—be they wealthy or poor, they all worshiped at her shrine.

So Terence Le Graff received the surprise of her life when she came to one of the busiest corners of St. Louis—the corner of Bellevue and Grant avenues. She expected to go straight through the crowd as usual. But—she heard a deep masculine voice demand her to stop. She could not disobey this voice. It held some strange attraction for her. She turned and gazed deep into the honest, brown eyes of a handsome traffic cop. He was a new man on the force, and Terence tried her ever-winning smile, but this

time it failed her. She received no smile in return. But instead the young man motioned for a little worn-out Ford to pass directly in front of the blue Stutz. Terence's cheeks were a flaming red. Her blue eyes flashed an angry glance at her offender as she stepped on the gas and sped away from the terrible scene of embarrassment. This was the first man who had ever taken a bold stand against her wishes. Humiliation, surprise, and interest all took hold of her, and she found, in spite of herself, that she was admiring this man who could not be won by her smile.

An hour later when she reached her home, her father was waiting in the library for her with a message. He had just received word from headquarters that his daughter was to pay a fine of twelve dollars for speeding at the intersection of Bellevue and Grant avenues. So Terence related the incident to her father, not neglecting a description of the Ford and also of the handsome young traffic cop.

"Daddy dear," Terence reminisced, "he had beautiful, honest, brown eyes. His forehead was brown and stern. He was tall and dark, and to think," she added, "my smile could not win him."

When Terence left the library she carried in her hand a check for fifty dollars. Twelve was for the fine and the remainder for the damages to her injured spirits. But Terence laughing called back that money could not heal her disturbed mind.

She would not forget the handsome face and the commanding voice. That night she scarcely slept. What foolishness was this, she said to herself again and again. No man had ever awakened such an interest in her as this unknown traffic cop. When she had started down town it was to forget about "Vince" and now it was another man she wanted to forget.

Early the next morning Terence dressed in a most becoming blue linen dress which matched the blue in her eyes and went out for a spin in the blue roadster. The color scheme was beautiful, and if this would not attract the handsome Napoleon then nothing would. Was it by mere accident that a blue Stutz came to the corner of Bellevue avenue just as a little Ford coupe came to the corner of Grant avenue? Was it by mere accident that without a glance at the big car the traffic man signaled the Ford to move on and then turned and with a smile that showed strong white teeth gave the blue car the right of way.

Terence's heart thrilled, and all day she carried with her the memory of that smile.

That evening Vincent took her to the theatre. Terence was very quiet and seemed so occupied with her thoughts that Vincent in despair gave up all attempts at conversation. He had never seen Terence in this mood before, so as he thought it wise not to interfere. This was just what Terence wanted, so she was free to dream.

When the first act of the play was over Terence was startled upon seeing the hero of her dream enter the box opposite the one she and Vincent occupied. The man was in evening clothes and with him was a gray-haired man also in evening clothes. They were busily engaged in conversation until the lights went out and the curtain was raised for the second act.

It was not until the play was over and Terence was leaving the theatre that she managed to attract the attention of the handsome stranger. Upon seeing her the man smiled and then turned at once to talk to his companion.

He was, indeed, a mysterious man. He was a

traffic cop during the day and at night he attended the best theatre in St. Louis. But what troubled Terence most was that he was so indifferent to her. Heretofore, she never had to go out of her way to make a man notice her. Indeed, the fault she found with most of them was that they were too attentive to her every wish. But now the man who attracted her was the man whom she could not attract.

But then another thought presented itself. Why should she, Terence Le Graff, be so interested and concerned about a man whom she does not know. "Vince" was a dear fellow, and he was devoted. But there, that was the trouble she always wanted a man who would not show his admiration and devotion so plainly. There would be much more charm and romance about being in love with a man who was just indifferent enough to make you wonder if you really have won him. And with this thought in her mind, Terence fell asleep on the second night after she had met the new traffic cop.

The next day being Thursday, Terence insisted that she take the housekeeper to market and that John, the chauffeur, be given a holiday. She planned that this being one of the busiest days at the Le Graff mansion, she could have more than one chance of driving down town—with John out of the way. So it was settled that Terence should be the family chauffeur for the day.

She looked strikingly attractive in a dark brown sweater and tam to match and she could certainly handle the dark brown Packard in a praiseworthy manner. The housekeeper sat in state on the soft cushions of the rear seat and looked extremely proud of her beautiful chauffeur.

Terence noticed, not without a degree of pleasure, that more than one pedestrian looked at the passing car with an admiring glance. And she was more than pleased to see the twinkle in the brown eyes of the young traffic cop as her car neared Grant avenue. Somehow or other, Terence had lost all desire for speeding and rather enjoyed slow driving. So now she was stepping on the gas as lightly as she could and the next minute the car jerked and stopped.

Would she ever do anything right? One day she was fined for speeding and the next day she might be fined for blocking traffic. She either drove too fast or too slow. And to top her vexation she caught the young officer actually laughing at her. He was indeed bold. But she'd show him. She started the car and it darted forth at such a terrible rate of speed that it made both the chauffeur and the occupant of the rear seat look ridiculous.

Would disappointments never cease? Terence had planned such a lovely day driving past the handsome traffic cop several times and finally winning him over to her side. But now she did not have the desire to go down town again and spent the rest of the day in the privacy of her room even refusing to answer Vincent's persistent phone calls.

However, by the dawn of the next day Terence had new courage, and taking her father into her confidence, she told him all. Her father always helped her out before, and now she told him her happiness depended upon making the acquaintance of this stranger. The Colonel, good old scout that he was, did not censure his daughter, but decided he would make her see the folly of this "affair."

So they decided that together they would pass this young traffic cop and then have her father

pass judgment on his appearance. The Colonel would not look down on an honest man who worked, but rather he esteemed such a man more than the idle rich of his associates.

It was late morning when a Packard limousine drove up to the entrance of the Le Graff home and the Colonel and his daughter stepped into it. Terence wore a dark blue twill suit and a blue, close-fitting hat. Her father admiringly remarked that she looked as though she just stepped out of the "vogue." But Terence had no thought this time of her appearance. But what occupied her mind was how will he impress her father. She wanted her father to like him because she had already made up her mind that this tall and handsome man was her ideal. She was excited and thrilled as their heavy car neared the scene of her keen interest.

But fate had decreed that another hand should signal the Packard the right of way that day. A hand that was chubby and short instead of long and straight. A hand that belonged to a fat, red-faced Irishman instead of to the tall, handsome American.

Terence felt that this was more than she could endure. To think that when her hopes were the highest they should be dashed to pieces. And she decided that she could and she would forget all about this man who had stirred her heart so strangely. And she determined that to please her father she would be her old self—care free and happy as she used to be.

She planned a little party for her father for that very evening. Most of her afternoon was spent at the telephone—calling up her father's old friends and ordering flowers and delicatessens. During her busy hours occasionally the thought of the handsome brown face, she was trying to forget, caused a lump to rise in her throat and a heavy feeling around her heart. But Terence was bound to be happy, so she kept busy. She helped to decorate for the evening party and she also helped Manda to make delicious salads.

When the first guests arrived that evening Terence and her father were ready to receive them. Both were very happy. The Colonel was very fine looking in his full dress and Terence was beautiful in a blue pan velvet evening gown.

Senator Washer's car arrived next. As he entered the room, the Colonel stepped forward eagerly to greet his good friend. Terence was right back of him. The Senator turned to introduce a friend whom he had brought along and the Colonel found himself shaking hands with one of the finest looking young men he had ever seen. The next minute Terence placed trembling fingers into the dark hand of the traffic cop of Bellevue and Grant avenues. But the traffic cop did not show a sign of surprise or recognition. So Terence calmly acknowledged the introduction and turned to greet her other guests.

Dancing started after the last guest had been received, and Terence danced away on the arm of Vincent Mark. She noticed, with delight, that Senator Washer's friend, Mr. Maxton Crandt, was busily engaged in conversation with an elderly matron.

It did not surprise Terence one bit when Mr. Crandt asked her for the next dance. She knew it was the only proper thing for a guest to ask the hostess to dance. He was doing it for courtesy's sake only. She wanted to refuse him, but she could not resist the desire to dance through the strains of the old waltz, "If You Could Care for Me," with the man of her dreams.

So they danced together. His strong arm encircled her slim waist and his brown eyes

looked down into her laughing blue eyes. But neither of them spoke a word. The music ceased and he led her to a secluded corner of the ball room.

Then he spoke in a deep voice, "I want to apologize, Miss Le Graff, for the boldness of Senator Washers in bringing me along tonight without your permission. I plead guilty of his offence, for I insisted that I come along. So I am the one to be punished. Ever since I saw the owner of the blue Stutz roadster I have wanted to meet her. This evening has been my golden opportunity, for I have not only met her, but I have danced with her, so now I am content to take my sentence. May I hear your verdict?"

A dozen different ideas popped into the head of Terence, as usual. She could send him away, but no—she couldn't. So she decided to punish him by making him talk. She loved to hear his deep voice. She answered him.

This is a very serious offense, and your sentence shall be that you tell me why you are a traffic cop during the day and a gentleman in the evening."

The man indulged in a rich, melodious laugh. "I shall be only too glad to tell you why I was a traffic cop the last few days. The members of the Lockwood Club decided that before I could be taken into their number I should be initiated—a traffic cop for three days."

Then he added as an after thought, "Tomorrow evening is a reception for the new members of the club. Would it be asking too much if I could have the honor of taking you?"

Terence demurely replied that she would go. She felt sure her father would approve of any of Senator Washer's friends. She knew that the Lockwood Club was a distinguished one.

The remainder of the evening slipped by as though on wings. Mr. Crandt monopolized Terence for most of the dances and reluctantly left her at the door after the last guest had departed.

The next evening was the reception. The following evening was a formal call on the Colonel and his daughter. Indeed, Mr. Maxton Crandt was a very welcome and very frequent visitor after the evening of the party.

One beautiful moonlight evening just one week later a red racer stopped at the entrance of the Le Graff mansion. The valet ushered Mr. Crandt into the spacious reception room. Terence dressed in gray chiffon came down the steps two at a time and ran straight into the arms of the man she loved.

He tenderly called her name, "Terence," and she answered in a muffled tone to his coat collar. "Yes, Max." Then he gently released her and told her in a husky voice that she was to get her cape.

She left the room and returned in a few minutes with a dark blue cape thrown over her shoulders. They left the house and Max helped her into his racer, and then hopped in and started the car. Neither of them talked, for mere words were useless compared to the strange, happy feeling that possessed both of them.

Terence moved a little closer to Max and then settled down in the seat content to go where he directed. Finally she broke the silence.

"Max," she inquired sweetly, "where are we going?"

Max put his arm around her and answered, "we are going to one of my father's friends—"

a minister who lives on the corner of Bellevue and Grant avenues.

"Oh, but Max, we can't We—"

But Max interrupted her.

"Yes, we can, dear, because we have the right of way."
H. M. H., '23.

One bright morning in June the figure of a stalwart, broad shouldered man was seen standing on the wild and rugged promontory which rears its rocky bluff high about the Ohio river, at a point near the mouth of the Wheeling Creek. He leaned long on the rifle he carried with him. In contempt of the glorious scene that stretched before him, a smile flashed across his bronzed cheek, and his heart bounded. Then he thought of the time soon coming when this beautiful scene would be marred by the hustle and bustle of a busy city.

In the river below him lay an island so round and green that it resembled a huge lily pad floating placidly on the water. The fresh green foliage of the trees sparkled with glittering dewdrops as diamonds in the sun. Back of him rose the high ridges of the rocky promontory, and in front as far as eye could reach, extended unbroken forest. Beneath him to the left and across a deep ravine he saw a wide level clearing. The few scattered and blackened tree stumps showed the ravages made by a forest fire in years gone by. The field was now overgrown with hazel and laurel bushes, and intermingling with them were the trailing arbutus, the honeysuckles and wild rose, and their fragrant perfume was wafted upward to him. A rushing creek bordered on edge of the clearing. After a long, quiet reach of water which could be seen winding back in the hills, the stream tumbled madly over a rocky ledge and white with foam, it hurried onward as if impatient of long restraint, and lost its individuality in the broad Ohio.

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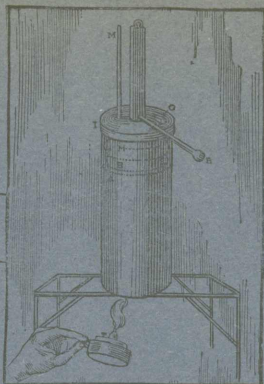
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They Weighed Air— *and* Charles II Laughed

SAMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members "for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat."

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam

condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

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LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 11

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—Spencer.

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SPRING HOUSE CLEANING

With the coming of spring many of us are accustomed to being confronted with the proposition of house cleaning. Physical house cleaning, removing dirt from spots untouched by sunlight since autumn, and generally overhauling the entire structure. We overhaul our automobiles, we clean our yards and paint our houses, and we take old relics and time-worn articles of furniture from their hiding places in our attics and polish them, only to return them to their dingy resting places until the time comes round for another house cleaning.

Among the Pennsylvania Germans, who are scrupulously clean, this house cleaning habit becomes a rite. So much for this conception of house cleaning.

In our government, national and state, the time seems to have come when another house cleaning in political and national life is needed. At the beginning of any presidential or gubernatorial career a change of policy seems to be essential. The faults and misdeeds of predecessors in office come to light, and it is the ambition of the successor to right all wrongs and place the government upon a basis where it may develop and not hinder or be hindered by the wheels of progress.

In our state government a change in policy and the usual house cleaning has come with the election and inauguration of a new Governor. We are not in a position to challenge or accept every new doctrine that a new leader offers us.

But we are looking forward to a new era when it will not be necessary to house clean every time that a new leader takes a position. However, our state seems to be passing through a transitional period, and just what will result from the revolutionary tactics employed is uncertain. We do know that nothing progresses without occasional revolutions and radical moves, and that for the benefit of society such methods of development must be put into play. So we are looking forward to the years that are to come, to Pennsylvania in the future.

Across the waters the nation of France is indulging in a spring house cleaning. All the notes, promises and pledges made by the German government to the French have been cleaned up, and France has taken drastic steps toward clearing up the German matter by her occupation of the coveted, rich, Germany valley of the Ruhr. It is impossible again to ascertain just what will come to pass through the enforcement of this measure by France. Shall we pursue a course of "watchful waiting"?

Coming back to the United States, we have the important measures taken everywhere to enforce the Prohibition Amendment. Every day we read of the confiscation of liquor somewhere and the arrest, in consequence, of law-evaders. If we may ascribe the adage, "History Repeats Itself," to this condition, we will conclude that the amendment will not be enforced fully until the generations that now know the taste of the banned liquor have passed on.

(Continued on Next Page)

Mirror

EMANCIPATION

You, who have read, have tasted of the cup of the everlasting gods. No man has passed through more years than a century or so. And yet, you who have read know the very men who did live ages ago. They have spoken to you. And you, having heard, do listen to others and wiser, who come later. You, who have read, have lived in lands where your body will never set foot—in ages which can never come back again.

Oh, you who have read, know you not that the knowledge of thousands of years is thine? Yet, oh man, how little of that knowledge dost thou use! Whereof art thou afraid?

Look back to the beginnings. Does it seem chaos? At one and the same time a great man teaches his people the truth and just across the mountains another great man teaches his people truths also—but neither teaches the same truth. And numberless times others come to you and tell you this and teach you that. You, who have read, know what each of them taught and more than any one of them. But even before the time of man, does there seem to be chaos? Ah, take a look through the ages! Look through the eyes of a product of eons. Was ever a more well-ordered process presented to you?

To you who have read, can any one person or group of persons come to control your life? You attend meetings—you are told many things; you who have read can go serenely on your way. Let those who will—who have not read—accept these views for truths. You are to suffer eternal damnation and torment for not submitting. What are these petty fears and superstitions to thee?

You who have read know the past. You know the future too, if you look in the mirror of the past. So much has come forth—will not even more come forth? Make ready, oh, man, and know and think and help the future to come.

* * *

Shall Lebanon Valley College as a Christian Institution allow to circulate, unchallenged, opinions and beliefs which undermine the very fundamentals of our religion?

A recent statement made in a class room questioned the necessity of a personal knowledge of Christ as the means to salvation. Every one, of course, is allowed freedom of thought and of speech, and we claim this same right when we say that such a statement cannot but bring doubt to the minds of many. As a Christian school it is our purpose to strengthen boys and girls for the battle of life and there are some who are weak enough, even with the help and encouragement they receive, therefore, we beg of you, GO EASY in trying to knock away the crutches from a cripple.

* * *

Miss Myrl V. Saylor '20, who is studying music in New York City, was privileged recently to sing before Madame Amelia Galli-Curci, leading soprano of the Metropolitan Opera Company. Madame Galli-Curci told Miss Saylor that she possesses a big, beautiful dramatic voice and arranged an interview for her with her own teach-

er, Prof. Frantz Prosehowsky, of Berlin fame, who has come to America since the war. At the Madame's advice Miss Saylor will join the great teacher at the summer colony, Higamont, New York, this season. Her many friends wish to express their delight at her success in the musical world.

* * *

Miss Pearl Seitz, '22, was a week-end guest of friends here.

* * *

SPRING HOUSE CLEANING

(Continued from Preceding Page)

So many things are being accomplished and attempted in this world today that it is a privilege to live in this era of transition. Do we make the most of it? Do we read the magazines, papers and bulletins published on these subjects of world interest? Suppose we do. Perhaps we can help in the house cleaning when our turns come.

THE CLASS TEAS

An interesting precedent is being established by President and Mrs. Gossard in the Lenten Teas given to the ladies, members of the various classes.

On February the 22nd, the girls of the Senior Class were entertained, the next week the Juniors and so on until all of the classes are entertained.

The Senior Tea was indeed delightful, with the hostess costumed in the fashion of Martha Washington. The minuet by the Sophomore cousins added much toward making the Washington Birthday atmosphere prevail. Little Miss Mary Gossard and George Derickson, as Martha and George, created quite a sensation by their charming rendition of the little dialogue. Misses Isabelle Smith and Lola Desenburg, of the Sophomore Class, poured tea.

The Juniors will not forget their delightful afternoon very quickly. Miss Sara Zeillin, of the Freshman Class, read, and Miss Betty Leachy sang some vocal selections. Miss Ruth Rockafellow presided at the piano and presented some of her splendid selections. The Juniors were indeed honored by the charming entertainment, and the afternoon tea was served by several of the class.

Of course the Sophomores enjoyed their afternoon at the Gossards. The games indulged in were participated in as only Sophomores can participate. The Seniors were called upon to display their talents for the entertainment of their cousins. They responded nobly, for Miss Mae Morrow read, Miss Verna Pell played selections upon the piano, and Miss Katherine Hoppe sang, while Misses Agnes Merchitis and Della Herr presided over the teacups.

The Freshman Tea is still a thing of the future, but it suffices to say that they will spend an enjoyable afternoon at the home of our President.

In the busy days of college life it is delightful to be able to spend an afternoon with this charming hostess, and the girls of Lebanon Valley College thank President and Mrs. Gossard for the opportunity afforded them in this manner.

Literary

JUST A STORY

"Pittsfield Junction!" sang out the conductor. Then there was the shrieking of brakes, a lurch forward and the train had stopped.

Doris Alden adjusted her hat, picked up her suitcase and with a sigh of mingled anxiety and relief, stepped from the train upon the platform of a tiny station on the western prairies. She looked around hurriedly, and, as she saw no one, her face became anxious. Where was her uncle? He had telegraphed east that he would meet her on the 1.59 at the Junction and he was not there. The train whistled, groaned, and was leaving her standing alone on the platform.

"Looking for someone, Missey?"

"Yes, sir," she said, looking into the face of a middle aged man, with a shock of sandy hair and kindly gray eyes, whom she could tell was the station agent. "My uncle, Mr. Robert Mills, promised to meet me here, and I'm afraid he has not come. Do you happen to know him?" And she looked hopeful.

"Sorry I can't help you out, but you see there are so few stations out west here, and the people are scattered so. I know Mills when I see him—he comes in sometimes for the mail, but I wouldn't know how to tell you to get there. It isn't safe for you to walk alone, and horses are scarce here at the station. Suppose you go in and sit down; maybe he'll come soon—had an accident or something."

With heavy heart, Doris opened the station door and went in. Tears began to find their way down her cheeks — she seemed so utterly alone in the world. She had no idea how far her uncle lived from the station; the west seemed so big and empty, she was afraid to make a guess.

The man, looking into her frank, brown eyes, had seen the approaching storm, and now it had come. He pitied her and wanted to help her, but what could he do? He had to stay at the station. Perhaps someone who lived near Mills would come in before nightfall and could take her along, but it was a wild hope. Someone from that section had gotten the mail that morning, and it was very unlikely that anyone would come in again that day. Thus he stood on the platform thinking, then shook his head pityingly and went back to his work.

Doris sank down upon the rough bench, the very picture of dejection. Yet heartsore as she was, she found that for the first time in the last week she was able to think clearly and coherently. What had happened that she was way out here in entirely strange country, with not a friend in the world, waiting for an uncle whom she had never seen? Was she just emerging from a terrible nightmare?

Gradually, as she began to relax, her mind wandered back to the days of her childhood when she and her mother and father had been so happy together, living in the big, white house on the hill, where she had lot of little friends, and all the toys she wanted. Then she remembered that one day her father had come home

looking very white and tired, and with much effort he had said to her mother a few words which she did not then understand, being only eight years of age, but words which she had remembered very plainly to the present time — "The crash has come. Everything's lost!" She knew that he was president of their city bank, but she could not quite understand about the "crash."

As she became older, she understood too well what had happened. She not only found she could not have all the toys and pretty things she wanted, but that her little, rich friends seemed to become very angry at her. She remembered very distinctly little Cora Hampton who had stuck her saucy little nose in the air and had said, "I hate your papa; he stole our money," and her brother John, slightly older, who had always liked Doris, but who now had taken his sister's part. Her father's health failed under the great strain and after his death she and her mother were forced to leave the big white house and move to a small cottage, in a little village a few miles away.

There had been enough money left to send her to business school, after which she had secured a position in the city, but life is a lonely thing without friends. Then one day, and she shuddered to think it was not yet a week ago, her mother, the only friend she had in the big hard world, died. A telegram had been sent to her uncle out west, who, in answer, had urged her to come and live with him, and the invitation had been accepted. And here she was, waiting for him at the station, and he had not come.

The station was warm, with the hot sun shining down upon the low, flat roof, and unconsciously she had opened her coat, and slipped off her little black kid gloves. Suddenly the station seemed stifling — perhaps if she would get into the open air, she could think what would be best to do. She rose quickly, her gloves falling unheeded to the floor. Unconsciously seizing her suitcase, she hurried toward the door and thence toward the platform where she was slightly refreshed by the cool air on her burning cheeks. The storm was over, but the tears still shone like diamonds on her long, silky lashes.

In walking around the corner of the station, she came suddenly face to face with a tall young man dressed in a rough khaki suit. He looked rather surprised to see such a pretty girl alone in such wild country, but when he saw the tears sparkling in her eyes, the look of surprise changed to pity, but good breeding told him he must not meddle.

A deep flush dyed her cheeks, conscious as she was of the look of pity in his friendly blue eyes, and dropping her head, she dashed past him and was lost to sight behind the corner of the station.

The man stopped short, his hands in his pockets, amazement written all over his sunburned face. A long, low whistle escaped his lips, then he suddenly took a few long steps forward and entered the station. He had intended to ask the station agent what he knew of this pretty girl,

from whence she had come, and what had happened to disappoint her, for it was clear she was disappointed. But on his way to the ticket office his eyes fell upon the little black kid gloves upon the floor, just where Doris had dropped them. His eyes shone as he picked them up and a tiny thrill went through his body.

He seemed very sure of himself as he strode to the corner of the station, but there his self-confidence left him and he hesitated. Outlined against the horizon, her back toward the station, sitting on her overturned suit case, sat the charming owner of the black kid gloves. Should he, or shouldn't he? For some moments he studied her in her dark blue suit and little close-fitting hat, as she sat with her head thrown back, looking out toward the distant horizon. The thrill from the gloves urged him on, and with a few long strides he stood beside her.

"Pardon me, but I think these are your gloves. You dropped them in the station," and he laid them reluctantly in their owner's lap.

She looked up at him mutely for a moment, sizing him up, as it were. When she finally decided that she liked his looks she smiled very sweetly and said:

"I thank you very much for your trouble. I felt so miserable for a while that I did not miss them. If I only knew someone out here, it might not seem quite so hopeless, but—"

In a moment he was at her feet. "If I could be of any assistance, I'm sure nothing could please me better," and again her smile flashed like sunshine after showers.

In a few brief words she told him all, of the death of her mother, the telegram, and the failure of her uncle to meet her. "If I could only find the way, and get there before dark," she finished.

"Well," interrupted the young man, "I know your uncle, Robert Mills; he's a wonderful man, been almost like a second father to me; I live only a quarter of a mile from him myself. But he had an accident—hurt his leg, and is laid up for a time, so one of his neighbors told us this morning, so he won't be able to come. I'm ready to go home too, but—" and he hesitated, "how we'd get you there, I don't quite see. It's pretty far to walk. I walked in this morning, had a little business a mile or so away, then I thought when I was in I might as well get the mail. It'll save somebody a trip tomorrow."

The girl jumped up quickly. "Oh, I think I could walk. I'm used to it, as I often used to walk from my home into the city. How far is it?" she ventured.

"About ten miles." Doris' face fell, but determination was written upon it.

"I'd rather try it," she said, "than sit here. This doesn't get me anywhere. How soon do we start?"

"I'm ready now, if you are, but—"

"No buts. I'm going."

The young man picked up her suitcase and away they went. The station agent saw them go, and smiled a very broad smile.

"I suppose," the young man began, "we'd better introduce ourselves. The folks out here call me Jack."

"And my name is Doris," she said sweetly.

They walked along silently for a while, Doris studying the country and Jack intent upon watching the lithe figure by his side. At last

he broke the silence. "Well, Doris, what do you think of our country out here?"

"It's rather monotonous, until one gets used to it, I guess. It's so different from our country in the east. We have big high mountains—" she explained.

"Yes, I know. I've been east myself, but I prefer these big, open stretches. I don't feel so shut in."

Then they talked about the east, about their childhood, and one thing and another until the sun began to throw long slanting rays across the prairie, and the air began to grow cooler. Doris' watch said ten minutes till six. As she looked at it, she became conscious of two things, that she was very tired, and that she was hungry.

Jack looked at her admiringly and muttered between his teeth. "She certainly has grit. Beats lots of our western girls."

Doris looked at him questioningly. "Beg pardon?"

"I was just saying," Jack concluded hurriedly, "that I guess it's about time to eat."

"But where can we eat?" queried Doris. "How much farther is it?"

"About two miles. My uncle, Mr. Hampton, lives on this ranch; it adjoins ours, by the way, and your uncle's is next. We'll stop here and ask Aunt Cora to give us a bite to eat."

"Hampton? Aunt Cora Hampton?" she repeated slowly. "Why I used to know people by that name when I was a little girl, while my father was living. Mr. Hampton's two children were my favorite playmates—especially John. I often wonder what's become of them."

"For goodness sake!" exclaimed Jack. "You're not Doris Alden?" She nodded.

"Well," he added, "Mr. Hampton is my father's brother." Doris' jaw dropped and her eyes widened. They looked at each other in silence for a moment and then both laughed long and merrily.

"My, but you're big! You've grown so much! I've always pictured John as the little boy he was when I knew him." And again they laughed. "But how do you happen to be living out here?"

"Well, when we lost our money," here Doris winced, "we moved out here to my uncle, and when we had made some money, we bought the ranch next to his." He laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, and added— "And please — I don't want you to feel that way about it. When I remember Cora saying such hateful things to you, I could shake myself, for letting her go. But come, let's go in and get something to eat."

They went up the steps to the porch. "Aunt Cora," he called, "can we get a bite of supper? We've walked all the way from the Junction. Here—I want you to meet Doris Alden. We used to play with dolls together."

Doris never ate such a supper as that. Hungry as she was after the long walk, sitting beside Jack, reminiscing, she enjoyed every minute of it.

When they left the house, the sun was setting in all its golden splendor. The sky was ablaze with brilliant pink and gold. Doris stopped in mute wonder and admiration.

"Why," she said softly, "that's just the kind we have at home. Isn't it just wonderful!"

(Continued on Page 9)

Activities

SOPHOMORE CLASS ELECTION

On January the twenty-fifth, the Sophomores assembled for the purpose of electing class officers for the third term. As a result of the election, Wilfred Perry became President; Mary Hair as Vice-President; Martha Schach, secretary; and Lester Leach, treasurer.

PHILO

On January 26th, a brief program was rendered by Philo. Mr. Arthur Frock cleverly brought to mind some of the most important events recently taking place. Mr. Roland Renn made an extemporaneous speech on the subject of Osculating, a well-chosen subject. An original story was read by Mr. G. P. Sechrist.

In the business session new officers were elected. The new president is Mr. Raymond Hutchinson. The new corresponding secretary is Mr. Ray Troutman.

On February 5th, after the installation of the officers and the president's inaugural address, an illustrated lecture upon coal mines was given by Mr. Robert Allen. He was greatly assisted by a large collection of slides that were projected upon the screen. Several of the co-eds visited the society to hear the lecture.

DELPHIAN

If you want to spend an hour or more of real enjoyment, come to Delphian Hall some Friday evening. You will always be sure to find an interesting, original program on hand. A few weeks ago, we brought winter indoors, that is, we played the game of "make believe" and entertained each other with all kinds of imaginary icicles, snow storms, coasting, and winter fairies.

Our next program was called "A Dream of Fair Women." It can be described most vividly in the words of our critic:

"Ladies fair and ladies sweet
Meet in Delphian Hall,
Guests as sweet and just as fair
Tonight meet with us all.

"Merry tinkle of the keys
By a lady fair
Music thrills us to the tips
With Madge at the piano there.

"Tributes to fair women
Dot has read so well,
Of ladies from far and wide
O'er many a hill and dell.

"Women lawyers, women doctors,
Women in all tricks,
But our debaters proved to us
Women can't be in politics.

"Songs of beautiful women
Stir us now and then.
Betty sang the songs
Written by handsome men.

"A fair lady's dreams sometimes we see,
No matter what her station may be.
Whether her dream came true or nay,
We hope she'll come back with Jack
and stay."

For the evening of February 2nd, we had scheduled a "Ground Hog's Annual Convention," but, due to the strenuous activities of semester exam. week, we had to postpone this program. The next Friday, however, we discovered that even a postponed convention of Ground Hogs may be worthwhile attending. The program was certainly unique, especially the sketch, called "Silhouettes." We went home that evening feeling that it would never pay to miss a Delphian meeting.

CLASS ELECTION

The class of 1926 met to elect their second group of officers. The results of the election follow:

President—William Grill, of Hummelstown.
Vice-President—Dorothy Smith, of Parkesburg.
Secretary—Eva Newcomer of Mountville.
Treasurer—Charles Runk, of Annville.

STAR COURSE COMMITTEE

The Star Course Committee to plan for the Star Course programs of the school term 1923-1924 includes Misses Dora Billet, Edna Baker, Isabelle Smith, Messrs. Charles Smith, Benton Smith and Charles Runk.

KALO

Kalo has just completed a most successful half year, under the leadership of Messrs. Wenner and Miller. Under Mr. Wenner's direction fourteen new members were added to the society.

Kalo now mourns the loss of her able president, Mr. Miller, who has accepted a position to teach mathematics in the High School at Irvington, New Jersey, after completing his college work at the end of the first semester.

Good old get-together meetings, smokers, banquets, joint sessions and programs possessing numbers of timely interest were the big features in the passing of this, another milestone.

Kalo is now on a firmer footing than ever, with a definite goal in view, that of a bigger and more elaborate anniversary.

We take this opportunity to welcome Messrs. Wueschinski and Yake our newest members, to the society. Let's go Kalo, and get together to make this a whirlwind half year. We are expecting great things from you. President Ruth and we will back you up in everything for Kalo.

JUNIOR PLAY

At last, the great event has taken place. On the night of February 23rd, the Junior class presented to a large audience one of Ibsen's great plays, "Pillars of Society." On the 22nd

they had given it for the high school students of Anville, Palmyra, and Lebanon. The play was a decided success both nights. Professor Beatty and the cast can feel that they did not spend in vain the many long hours of rehearsal. "Pillars of Society" is difficult to present, and each person in the well-chosen cast is to be highly commended. Benton Smith, particularly in the heavy, leading role, carried out his part in a way that shall make the play live long in our memories. Ruth Oyer was a typical wife, and their son, otherwise Sara Greiner, was simply delightful. Cynthia Drummond was well-suited to portray the character of the most important lady in the play. We admire "Aunt Lona" for her independence and her influence. The part of another aunt, but of an entirely different type, was well played by Kathryn Balsbaugh. Of course, every play must have a fair, young girl and a handsome lover. "Pillars of Society" found Dora Billet and Charles Smith for these roles. As for the humor, it will be a long time before we forget Ralph Martin's "ugh," Lena Weisman's knowledge of scandal, and Edward Balsbaugh's "trust in Providence."

We cannot mention, here, each character as he or she desires to be mentioned. Perhaps the highest praise we can give after all, is to say that the whole cast has succeeded in giving us the desire to learn more about Hendrick Ibsen and his plays.

DELPHIAN ANNIVERSARY

Poppies, big red poppies, tiny red poppies, poppies everywhere! A flaming basket of them high overhead, with scarlet ribbons streaming out from it to the crimson draped railings, two more baskets before a green lattice work; a puzzling arrangement of small poppies on the green background; pennants, and other poppies, fastened to the ends of green ribbons, along the wall—these things completely transformed our old gym on the night of February 16th. No need to ask what event was taking place. The poppies and the strange arrangement on the lattice, finally discovered to form the Greek symbols for D. L. S., would tell you that it was the Anniversary of the Delphian Literary Society.

All along the balcony people were, asking "Who had charge of this beautiful decorating?" And any Delphian was proud to answer, "Cartha McCracken."

We had not been in the gym long before we heard the strains of a sprightly dance. Every one's attention was attracted by the entrance of—more poppies? They looked like poppies, real, live ones, those eight girls in costume, who danced so charmingly for us. After they had disappeared, Miss Esther Gilbert sang two solos in her own fascinating way. Then came the refreshments. They were delicious, to say the least. No wonder! Chef himself had taken care of that part.

But wait a minute. I'm giving this account backwards or end-first. I should have told you about the program in the chapel first, shouldn't I? That was certainly excellent, too. The first number was a beautiful organ prelude by Miss Gladys Bossert. The next number, Kipling's "Recessional," given by Miss Helen Hughes, brought near to each one a spirit of thoughtfulness and reverence. "Out of the Past," as a subject for Miss Kathryn Kratzert's splendid

president's address was well-chosen and well-developed. Following this address, Miss Hannah Fishburn sang "The Cry of Rachel," and we were again impressed with the fact that we have in our midst, one of the future's great soloists. Then Miss Mae Reeves gave the extremely difficult, but impressive reading "Simoon," as only she could give it. The seriousness of the occasion was relieved, at this time, by Miss Frances Durbin's travelogue, called "Romance." The audience was well pleased with her original and very entertaining story. Miss Ruth Baker's piano solo, "Hark, Hark, the Lark," was beautiful, and the oration, "In Days of Old," by Miss Dorothy Fencil, proved that, in Gifford Pinchot, Pennsylvania has a leader with the spirit of the Crusaders of old. Another organ selection by Miss Bossert brought the program to a fitting close.

The program as a whole, possessed good quality and variety. We would say to the Delphians, "Keep up the record, thus begun, in this, your first Anniversary, and you will make, for your society, a brilliant future."

Y. W. C. A.

Peking, China,

March 30, 1922.

Forty years from now, after I have retired to my chimney corner with only memories and lace caps and woolen shawls to keep me company, do you suppose I shall remember as clearly as I do today each lovely and unlovely thing I have seen and am seeing while I am here in the Orient? So sharp are the jagged edges of impressions that even then I think I shall have but to close my eyes to bring it all again before me in a living vivid, fantastic procession. All of the awe, the splendor, the beauty, the mystery, the wonder and the misery of the East. Gleaming black rickshas with their white frilly cushions; soft-footed coolies with bare brown glistening backs, shaky sedan chairs carried on the shoulders of blue-clad men; caravans of camels piled high with dusty, mysterious loads coming in from Kalgan; dainty, slender, lovely Chinese maidens in rich-hued, lustrous silks, trays of jade of a green crystal clearness carried in the hands of a suave, smiling shop dealer; lustrous pearls, gleaming white above the pink satin lining of their case; sapphires, blue brocades; marvelous old embroideries; great brass urns; dainty lacquer trays; fascinating little shops set far back behind forbidding walls, palaces as sumptuous as fairy-tale palaces, beggars; overworked women; men doing the heavy labor we leave to animals; children without a chance to fight for life; poverty and filth, all of this, side by side, is the China we have come to know. All of this, it is true; but infinitely more. Just what more I shall try to make you see and understand just a little before I have finished my letter to you.

What a country this is! There are not any words in any language that would adequately describe it to you, but you will have a pretty fair idea of it all if you will turn all your preconceived ideas of China just right square around opposite to what they have always been, and that will describe China to you about as accurately as any one can. I have found not one single thing, as I expected to find it. When I get back home one of the very first things I am going to do is to hunt up some of those folks who told me

"all about China" and argue it out with them. The country is so big (in so many other ways than mere territory), so complex, and so fascinating! One of the French delegates at the conference, when asked for his impression of China, replied "It is so wonderful, so great, so complex, that the biggest impression I have is that I have no right to any impression at all," and after a few days here I feel as if his reply indeed was more than apt. And that feeling grows stronger as I stay longer in the country. I have a feeling constantly as if I were sort of a modern overgrown Alice in Wonderland, so that I'm only asleep and dreaming over a great heterogeneous mixture of all the fairy tales I ever read before, with a mixture of Robinson Crusoe, Treasure Island, and a few other tales thrown in for good measure. You can find everything here you ever read about in story books, from the great earthen jars of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves, down to the old pirate ships of Wiking days, and the camels of the Three Wise Men. It is, as I've said already a number of times in this letter a great and marvelous country. There never was another like it, and there never could be again.

At last we are in Peking! It is, in a sense, you know, the end of our journey. Here the conference is to be held at Tsing Hua College and here we will remain for a number of days. We arrived here two days ago and we have been busy ever since, madly trying to see as much of this great Chinese capital as it is possible before the General Committee of the Federation goes into session tomorrow night. After that time we shall be far too busy to think of sight-seeing or shopping, or visiting until after the conference is over. Do you remember how we used to play make-believe when we were in grade school together; and how Peking even in those days was the key-word for us that unlocked a realm of romantic fancy that led us through some rather dizzy flights? Little did either of us dream then that one of us would see this old oriental capital that had for so long held so much of romantic fancy for us. I have always felt that I had rather come to Peking than any other city in the world, and now that I am here I have not changed that way of thinking in the least. How I love it all! And it does embody all the splendor, the magnificence, the romance of the Eastern World. It is, in every little narrow street, in every marvelous palace, in every sombre temple, and in every humble little home, the very essence of romance. The most delightful part of it all, the peculiar spirit or the air that hovers over the whole place, is impossible to tell about or to make you see and feel but I can describe something of the physical part of the city and let you imagine the rest.

It is good, I think, that Peking should be the first Chinese city at which we have really stopped. We entered China by rail, as you know, through Manchuria, stopping for a few hours at Mukden, the stronghold of China's great war-lord, Chang-Tso-Lin. But Mukden shows strongly the Russian influence, and is much more foreign looking, as well as much more modern looking than the city of Peking. Of course, as we traveled across the country and made short stops at the different towns and villages our train passed through, we got some idea of the Chinese people, but only enough to make us feel that we had not really entered China until we arrived

here last night. At every station where our train stopped on our way to Peking there were great crowds of curious people lined up to see the train come in, and innumerable beggars waiting to have a copper tossed to them. We had heard, of course, of the internal unrest in China before we reached that country, and we had been especially interested in learning about Chang-Tso-Lin while we were Mukden, but we were nevertheless a little surprised to find that at every large station where our train stopped there were Chinese soldiers standing at attention with drawn bayonets, to protect the travelers and the trains from the war-lord's soldiers.

It was evening, not yet quite sunset, when our train drew into Peking. I shall never forget the thrill that shot through me as we passed inside the great wall that encloses the city, and I realized that at last we were really there. It was like arriving at home, in a way, for there were the ones of our party who had gone on ahead of us waiting at the station to welcome us to Peking. It seemed to us then as if it had been months since they had left us away back in the city of Tokyo, although in reality it had been only a very few weeks, but these days of ours had been crowded so full, and had gone by so rapidly there had seemed many more of them. Besides Dr. and Mrs. Mott and their party at the train to meet us, there were several American Young Women's Christian Association and also the Young Men's Christian Association workers and also a number of Chinese Y. M. and Y. W. people to welcome us and to send us out to the places in which they had arranged for us to stay the few days before the conference began.

It happened that I, with two other undergraduates, was sent to stay these few days in the Nurses' Home of the Rockefeller Foundation. That first ride in a ricksha through the streets of Peking just at sunset, with strange new sounds ringing in my ears and strange new sights meeting my eyes on every side, will stay in my memory, vivid and distinct, I think, as long as I shall live. And the first sight of the lovely, lovely grounds of the Rockefeller Foundation, with the green-tiled Chinese roofs and the gleaming white-stone buildings, the imposing entrance, and the rows of rickshas waiting out by the gateway, is no small part of that memory. Nor is my first introduction to Chinese bargaining a negligible part of it. I was puzzled that first evening at the heated argument Miss Vance of the Young Women's Christian Association had with our ricksha coolie over the fare he should charge us, but since then I have learned that this is only a part of the game. The Chinese love to bargain, and from the ricksha man up to the most dignified shop dealer, they will stand and argue price with you for hours. How I would like to take you shopping with me! It usually starts off by the dealer saying "Price \$20.00 Missee, what you pay?" And if I'm wise I say very indifferently "Oh, I pay you \$5.00," he comes back at me with "Oh, no, Missee, you cheat me. You rob my children!" I tell him I don't think so. Then, as if a happy thought strikes him he says "Last price, Missee \$15.00. What you pay?" And it usually ends by my paying him eight or ten dollars. It is loads of fun, but rather trying at times. Not being skilled in bargaining, I often come out bested in the deal, and it does give such a sinking feeling, doesn't it, to find you have paid many

times too much money for an article? We have been fortunate, however, in having some of the American women who live here and who are "on" to those things go along with us when we shop.

As much as we did in Japan, we are enjoying the fascinating shops here and the many lovely, lovely things they have to sell. I've lost my heart already to more than one mandarin coat and more than one strand of beads. Yesterday we went out to a fair they have here every ten days. The Chinese call it "Lung Fu tsu" and here all the shop dealers in Peking come with their wares and sell to folks who come to buy. I wish you could have seen the marvelous things there, and the great crowds of people who were buying. There was everything imaginable there for sale, old Chinese prints, hammered brass, Chinese lanterns, amber beads, mandarin coats, and everything else you could find anywhere in China, I think.

I have visited the Young Women's Christian Association house here and came away charmed with the place, feeling as if I would like very much to live there too. The place was once a Chinese home, and of course the houses are typically Chinese, behind a typical Chinese wall, with a lovely little court inside. We have already met Miss Katherine Vance, Leila Hinkley and a number of others whom you either know or have heard about.

Speaking of walls, have I told you yet that everything in this old Chinese city is walled in? The homes, the mission compounds, a great many of the fascinating little shops, and the great city itself. In fact, yesterday, as Dr. Woo of Tsing Hua College showed us around over the city he explained that Peking was really a great city made up of five smaller cities. First of all, in the very heart of Peking, and set apart by one of these walls I've just told you about, is the Forbidden City, where the old Manchurian emperor lived with his court. We have visited the Forbidden City already, and have seen the old throne room, the marvelous carvings, the lovely courts, and all that wonderful abandoned splendor. Part of the Forbidden City is still forbidden to the tourists and to the public, for in one palace lives the "Little Emperor" who was in line for the throne at the downfall of the old Empress Dowager; and in another palace the president of China lives.

Outside of the Forbidden City is another city walled in apart, where, according to Dr. Woo, in the old days the guards of the emperor, their families and their servants lived. The third city was just outside this and the fourth outside that, and then the last, which is the fifth. Do you wonder that Peking is interesting and romantic?

At the close of our tour of inspection Dr. Woo took us to a Chinese feast in a Chinese restaurant. We entered, as is the custom, through the kitchen first and then on into the place where tables were laid for us. And here we were given chop sticks, our first introduction to them in China, although, as you remember, we had met them before in Japan. The Chinese chop sticks are longer and slightly larger than the Japanese, and I found I had to learn all over again.

Just how awkward I was you can easily guess, and I was glad that Chinese etiquette allows one to spill or drop whatever they please on the table. We were very hungry and the food was delicious, so those of us who didn't know a Chinese feast was really a feast, began to eat

heartily at first. You can imagine how the sight of food looked to us by the time the last course was brought in when I tell you the courses of that feast numbered exactly thirty-eight.

Here, as in Japan, tea is served to us wherever we go and at whatever time of day. Yesterday I visited one of the government schools and the head of the school, a man with the most gracious dignity I think I have ever seen met us and although it was ten in the morning, insisted that we have tea with him before we went in to see the class rooms. It seems to be kept constantly ready and mysteriously appears just at the right time whether we are in a school building, a shop, or a temple.

I shall write you again before I leave Peking. There are many, many more things in this famous old city that I haven't even mentioned, and here I have written countless numbers of pages. This will never do at all, and I simply must stop. But I promise you another soon.

Humor

Miss Myers in English 42.

"Fanny Burney was the first person to make a hero from a girl."

We'd like to meet this Fanny Burney.

* * *

Weik—"May I print a kiss on your lips?"

Martha—"Yes, provided you don't publish it."

* * *

Ed—"Would you consider it improper if I would kiss your hand?"

Helen—"No, but decidedly out of place."

* * *

Welty—"Why does a girl always close her eyes when she is kissed?"

Leach—"Why, do they really? They don't in Virginia."

* * *

Mary Hershey translating literally in French—"He carries his feet toward you."

* * *

Economics 54.

Prof. Gingrich—"What are some more G's."

Marie Steiss—"Jordan."

* * *

Floss walking through the hall of the Girls' Dormitory humming.

"In the spring a young man's fancy lightly—"

Ruth Oyer, wistfully—"Say, bring on the spring."

* * *

Prof. Shenk—"If we were to name the most important men of England in the 19th century we would begin with Queen Victoria."

* * *

Prof. Beatty—"We need a fan or some kind of hot air to keep these things going."

Tiny—"Let 'Cyn' talk."

* * *

Mary Hershey to Helen who is day-dreaming—"Helen do you think you are in Heaven?"

Helen H.—"I thought I was till I saw you and then I knew it was a mistake."

Humor

Dot—"Midge, are you going to curl your hair?"

Midge—"No, I'm going to Physics' class tomorrow and I don't believe in wasting my perfume on the desert air."

* * *

Prof. Butterwick—"All that society people can do today is to sit around and play four hundred."

Heber Mutch—"Make it another hundred, Professor."

* * *

Lucile Shenk was planning to spend a week-end with Esther Brunner in New Bloomfield. The following conversation took place:

Esther—"Remember, I'm not coming back until Monday."

Lucile—"But Esther, I must come back on Sunday."

Esther—"No, wait and come back with me on Monday."

Lucile—"No, I'll come back alone on Sunday, what time does the train leave?"

Esther (reluctantly)—"The train doesn't run on Sunday."

Lucile—"What kind of a place do you live in any way?"

* * *

Prof. Butterwick—"There was a certain young girl who lived with an Uncle and Aunt both of whom were old maids."

* * *

Chief—"That Andrews is gone."

Clarkin—"Do you think so?"

Chief—"Well, judge for yourself. He thinks Walter Camp is where the football players train."

* * *

Reed—"Say, Roper, you guaranteed this watch to last me a life time."

Roper—"Yes, but you looked pretty sick the day you bought it."

* * *

Shoe Clerk—"Say, what is your size, Miss?"

Lola—"Well, four is my size, but I wear sevens because fours hurt my feet so."

* * *

Heard Beneath Dot's Window.

Dot L.—"Get me up at seven tomorrow for sure."

Strayer—"By persuasion or by physical force?"

Dot—"Oh, persuasion will do, I guess—I may not want to get up."

* * *

In the Parlor.

Mae—"What does incongruous mean?"

Nig. (Who had kept his hands in his lap all evening)—"Out of place."

Mae—"Could you say that your hands are incongruous then?"

* * *

Comley—"I haven't been with a single girl this year."

S. Early—"I'm surprised at you. How many married ones have you been with?"

What do the Seniors Mean?

A senior class meeting will be held in room five of the Ad. Building today at 12.45.

* * *

Troutman—"I feel so frisky, I don't know what they will do with me on the Glee Club trip."

Gruver—"Put a ball and chain to you and a sign with the words, 'Look what we have conquered.'"

* * *

Prof. Beatty in Eng. 26: "Dinner is coming, so you need not be so restless."

Voice from rear: "No, we have to go after it."

* * *

M. Strayer: "I can't sing, for my voice is not fertilized."

* * *

Kat. Kratzert: "Are late hours good for one?"

Birdie: "No, but they are great for two."

* * *

Dave: "May I call you revenge?"

Dache: "Why?"

Dave: "Because 'revenge is sweet.'"

Dache: "Certainly, if you let me call you 'Vengeance.'"

Dave: "And why should you call me Vengeance?"

Dache: "Because, 'Vengeance is mine.'"

* * *

Negrelli (walking by a grave): "Wouldn't it be ghostly if all the dead people here came to life?"

Betty Stauffer (yawning): "No, indeed, I wish one of them would."

* * *

Hannah: How many men are there in the Freshman class?"

Maryellen: "About ten."

Hannah: "Is that all?"

Maryellen: "Yes, but the rest will grow up eventually."

* * *

Kate Balsbaugh: "Prof. Gingrich is sick in bed today."

Ruth Oyer: "That so? What's the complaint?"

Katie: "No complaint, everybody's satisfied."

* * *

Elsie Clark: "I hope this rain keeps up."

Maud Wolfe: "Why?"

Elsie: "Well, it won't come down if it does, will it?"

* * *

Frances Durbin (Correcting themes): "Are you sure this is absolutely original?"

Claribel: "Well, you may find some of the words in the dictionary."

* * *

Al Stine: "I lost my Syllabus."

Allen: "Lost all you know?"

Al: "No, all the Prof.'s know."

* * *

Sara Z.: "I went to a Fortune Teller and she told me that I would die soon."

Yvonne: "What a relief."

If some of these girls do not have a sense of humor, how on earth do they ever pick out these funny things that they intend to follow to the altar?

* * *

Prof. Wagner: "What has been done in the matter of world peace that reminds us of our first statement in mathematics?"

Toomey: "Nothing plus nothing equals nothing."

* * *

There are splinters in the ladder of success, but you don't know it until you begin to slide down. Keep climbing.

* * *

Years ago
They took the
Buggy
And went sparking, but
Now they get out the
Automobile and
Go parking.

* * *

Wiser at 7:20 o'clock: "Say, Riedel, are you going to breakfast?"

Riedel: "No, I don't have any classes before eight o'clock."

* * *

Miss Hughes: "You dropped something, Kathryn."

Miss Nisly, noticing her handkerchief on the floor: "Oh, it wasn't much (Mutch)."

* * *

Miss Durbin, in a pensive mode: "What will I ever do when I am out in the cruel, cold world with only a poor little husband to support me?"

* * *

Elsie: "Martha, if you put any more pictures of Weik on this bureau I won't have room for Dick."

* * *

Every day, in every way
"Nittie" grows fatter and fatter.

Every day, in every way
Pete Corle's cheeks grow rosier and rosier.

Every day, in every way
Izzy grows cleaner and cleaner.

Every day, in every way
Cynthia grows subtler and subtler.

Every day, in every way
Sam Early grows shorter and shorter.

Every day, in every way
The meals grow better and better.

Every day, in every way
North Hall parlor grows busier and busier.

* * *

M. Leech: "Who are the Spark Plugs?"

D. Longenecker: "According to the funny sections of the newspapers, they are old plugs."

* * *

Elizabeth Hopple (while kicking off her muddy rubbers) "What is that which sticketh closer than a brother?"

Sara Dearwechter (awaking): "Meyer (mire)."

(Continued from Page 4)

Jack was watching her. "It certainly is. Something tells me this is going to be the most wonderful night I have ever spent on the prairie, and that I'm going to like it better than I ever did."

The pink had become very delicate; the gold had disappeared entirely from the sky. The pink gradually turned into purple.

The two stood watching the fading colors; and she slipped her hand into his as she said softly,

"I think I'm going to like it quite well, myself."

—M. F. H. '23

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LA SORDA OF SEVILLE

Galli is perhaps the best interpretative dancer in the cabarets of America today. She is of Spanish birth. She has straight, abundant hair and great, appealing eyes. She always has an admiring audience around her when she takes a table in the corner where she can watch all comers and goers. While she sips her red wine she talks in Spanish, French or English about anything from cooking to politics.

There are always women in her admiring crowd. These are wealthy women, who are completely fascinated by this charming dancer. To them she talks about the dance.

"What about the gipsy dance?" asks one of the women. "Have you ever tried that?"

"I have tried it, madame, and failed. The gipsy dance is for the gipsy heart. I went from Madrid to Seville once to take lessons. I tried. Long days I rehearsed. But I could no more do it than—not dance. The gipsy dance is locked in the gipsy heart. But the gypsies of Spain are gypsies no longer. They live among us in towns. They marry with us. They work at trades. Only one remains. From her I took lessons."

"She is an old woman and stone deaf from her birth. That is why they call her La Sorda, the deaf woman. She dances by her sense of vibration from the guitars, or she makes the guitars follow her steps. The gipsy heart lives in her. She dances in a cheap den in Seville, where working men and soldiers go to drink their wine on Saturday nights."

One of the women asks:

"Can women go there?"

Galli answers: "Yes, Spanish women could not go, but rich Americans can. They go to see the pretty Spanish dance, just pretty—so. But La Sorda dances for Seville. If you wish to see her—Here"—she wrote on the fly leaf of my guidebook an address. "Go," she added, "late at night."

Nothing at the time seemed less likely than that I should visit Seville, but after I finished my work at Madrid, I found the French border closed for a week. So I traveled south to look for German influence. I had forgotten all about La Sorda for several years had elapsed since I saw Galli in New York.

But one morning I found Galli's note on the flyleaf of my note book. I have a guide, Jose. He is a useful person. I showed this address to him.

"Oh, yes, La Sorda," said Jose. "My wife is a gipsy. She is what you call a distant relate to my wife. I will take you to see La Sorda tonight, if you will take an American man. I will bring La Sorda from the stage, and will what you call eentroduce her."

That night at nine o'clock, Jose guided my brother and me by narrow streets, under overhanging balconies to a quarter of small shops, and wide open cafes, where drivers, farmers and

soldiers sipped coffee and wine. He led us along a narrow passage to a very small, very crowded theatre. He led us into the upper box tier. Below were tables filled with talking dark Spanish men. The tables were so close and tight that the waitress could hardly get around. Above this floor was another row of boxes. In these were the town dandies and their girls.

An orchestra of guitars sat at a table before the stage. The little curtain arose and showed a little Spanish girl who danced the Spanish dance with its full steps. Soon Jose, who had been exploring, returned to our box and brought with him La Sorda.

She seemed at first rather fat. Her step was light and she was in her working clothes. She had on an old silk dress that looked as if it had been cleaned and recleaned. She wore a skimpy Spanish shawl and red satin slippers with pompons. In her black hair, bound tightly around her head was a faded red carnation.

She was unusually dark skinned. Her nose was small and straight and she had a broad, expressive mouth. Her eyes were black and seemed veiled as gipsy eyes often seem. I liked the woman at first glance.

"You must speak to her through me," said Jose. "She watches the mouth."

La Sorda poured the drinks which a waiter had brought. The crowd below watched, and when she raised the glass to her lips a cry arose on the floor. She stood for a moment with her eyes fixed on a far corner in the room. Then her lips began to move though she made no sound.

"She reads their lips," said Jose. "Now she is talking to them."

She excused herself, through Jose, to go on with her act.

She came out on the stage in an old black evening dress and her skimpy white shawl. Two guitarists struck up a rhythm in a minor key. And La Sorda danced the gipsy dance. She began with a low, crouching movement and a stamping of her feet. Then she straightened up and whirled into a wild step. You saw the gipsy heart Galli talked about. La Sorda made me see the long, free nights under the stars. Then she slid into a series of grotesque poses, and you saw the gipsy selling bad horses or whispering over people's palms. Then the dance beat wilder and wilder and you were the free gipsy with all his longings fulfilled.

There was a sudden roll of applause. Soon we saw La Sorda bowing and panting a little.

La Sorda of the gipsy heart had finished the gipsy dance.

E. M. Y., '24.

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A "PEP" MEETING

Everyone knows that when an auto gets into a deep rut it is very hard to get out. Some of the fellows of the school, and particularly from the dorm, climbed out of the old rut during the revival. Sometimes after one is out of the rut it is hard to keep from slipping in again. The Y. M. C. A. became active and engaged "Shorty" Miller, State Student Secretary, to give the fellows a "real" talk. "Shorty" was at the steering gear on Thursday evening, March first. The meeting was opened by an orchestration by an assorted orchestra. Some old songs, such as "The Swanee River" and "Old Black Joe," were sung. A few reports were made which were short and to the point. Two real hymns were sung to make the fellows think. Then "Shorty" gave a snappy talk which brought to light the idea that "men must work if they would win". After the meeting, pretzels and snaps were served; everyone received seconds. Some feed! The orchestra then gave another orchestration with many encores. Mr. William Beattie, the clarionetist, gave an additional bit of "pep" to the meeting by making many intentional discords. Those fellows that thought that to be a Christian one has to be a "goody goody" certainly had to change their ideas that night. Every fellow enjoyed that evening very much. We hope that another meeting like that will be held sometime this year.

Almost everyone saw the Y. M. C. A. room during open house. For those who have not seen it, we want you to know what has been done. A heavy brown rug covers the floor. The walls and wood work have been painted a cheery color. A piano and victrola furnish music for those whose savage breasts must be stilled. Two cosy corner seats have been built into the room. A library set, a neat table and four chairs, and a suite, a large chair, rocker, and settee which is very comfortable to lounge on, are the furnishings of the room. A few pictures adorn the walls. The room is lighted by a beautiful five-bulb chandelier and a table lamp. A recent addition is the Bell Telephone.

Three news-papers have been subscribed for, so that the fellows might know the news of the times. Here's hoping we can soon have a few magazines such as The Literary Digest, The American, The Outlook, and some others which are worth while. Thanks to those who have made these things possible, to the Y. M. C. A. cabinet, and to each fellow for his hearty co-operation.

ATHLETIC EMBLEMS

On March 1, 1923, at the General Assembly Hour in Chapel, Dr. G. D. Gossard, President of Lebanon Valley College, presented gold footballs to the following men: Captain-elect Fred Lauster, Captain Ferdinand Beck, Roland R. Renn, Richard Smith, Edgar Whistler, "Hennie" Homan, Fritz Heilman, Bill Wueschinski, Zeke Perry, Joe Danker, Cleon Musser, "Chief" Metoxin, Jerome Frock, Manager "Nig" Faust, and Howard Burtner. Gold baseball emblems were presented to Walter Wolfe, Leon Witmer, "Bob" Yake, "Wack" Finn, and Porte Wolfe. Sweaters for Walter Krause and "Red" Clarkin did not arrive in time to be presented with the gold footballs and baseballs.

After the presentation of the emblems, Coach Kelchner gave an inspiring talk on the coming baseball season.

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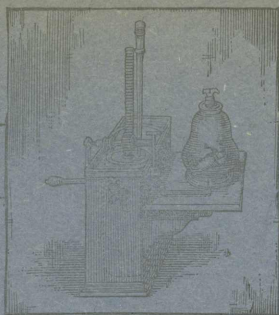
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The "*PRACTICAL*" Alchemist and "*THEORETICAL*" Robert Boyle

THE alchemists wrote vaguely of "fluids" and "principles." Copper was potentially silver. Rid it of its red color and the "principle" of silver would assert itself, so that silver would remain. With a certain amount of philosopher's stone (itself a mysterious "principle") a base metal could be converted into a quantity of gold a million times as great.

This all sounded so "practical" that Kings listened credulously, but the only tangible result was that they were enriched with much bogus gold.

Scientific theorists like Robert Boyle (1627-1691) proved more "practical" by testing matter, discovering its composition and then drawing scientific conclusions that could thereafter be usefully and honestly applied. Alchemists conjectured and died; he experimented and lived.

Using the air pump Boyle undertook a "theoretical" but sci-

entific experimental study of the atmosphere and discovered that it had a "spring" in it, or in other words that it could expand. He also established the connection between the boiling point of water and atmospheric pressure, a very "theoretical" discovery in his day but one which every steam engineer now applies.

He was the first to use the term "analysis" in the modern chemical sense, the first to define an element as a body which cannot be subdivided and from which compounds can be reconstituted.

Boyle's work has not ended. Today in the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company it is being continued. Much light has there been shed on the chemical reactions that occur in a vessel in which a nearly perfect vacuum has been produced. One practical result of this work is the vacuum tube which plays an essential part in radio work and roentgenology.

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*Dr. D. G. Gossard,
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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 12

MARCH 21, 1923

Alumni Number

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

ANNVILLE, PA.

THE ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Clair Foster Harnish, '12	President	Thomas Bayard Beatty, '05	Term expires 1923
John Henry Sprecher, '07	Vice-President	Hiram Herr Shenk, '00	Term expires 1923
Mrs. Lillian Kreider Shroyer, '00	Recording Secretary	Joseph Lester Appenzellar, '08,	Term expires 1924
Ruth M. Evans, '20	Corresponding Secretary	Morris W. Brunner, '01	Term expires 1924
Alma May Light, '99	Treasurer	Edward Heilman Smith, '14	Term expires 1925
		Boaz G. Light, '13	Term expires 1925

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WELCOME

Welcome 1923, greater Lebanon Valley College, greater Alumni and more faithful, greater Student Body, better Scholastic Standing, greater publicity and prosperity!

Those possessed with a prophetic nature declare a greater prosperity for the Nation commercially and nationally in 1923. Is it not practical to suppose that Old L. V. C. will reach out and grasp some of that anticipated prosperity? We are optimistic enough to believe she will.

All Ye "Old Grads" and Young! just come "scampering in" on June 12th and enjoy with us the fruits of this prosperity. Alumni Day will be yours to enjoy and celebrate. Let us make it one for the historians to discuss. The whole day will be devoted to Alumni Activities, and every minute will be filled with life — come and experience the thrill of "New L. V. C. Life" in your veins.

The Alumni Executive Committee has been meeting regularly and conscientiously every month with the express purpose of helping the Grand Old Institution into a sphere of greater usefulness. "Come across" with your good suggestions — we shall welcome them.

In behalf of the Alumni Association of Lebanon Valley College the Committee wishes to extend a cordial welcome to the old and new students, and the Faculty both old and new into the fellowship of our beloved and gracious Alma Mater. May your year within her scholastic walls be most pleasant and profitable.

The Association is looking forward with pleasant anticipation to the welcoming of her "embryonic" Sons and Daughters of 1923 into the fold. It is our wish that the members of 1923 will develop into faithful, enthusiastic and loyal Alumni. "Drink her down."

—C. F. HARNISH '12
President, Alumni Association

WHAT'S DOING?

"What's doing" has been during the last two months the constant and persistent inquiry of a host of old grads. Your interest in the success of this day has not only been appreciated but also spurred the executive committee to work. As the result of these factors, the committee now announces, first, that there will be "big doings" on June 12th; second, the indications are most promising that "Alumni Day" this year will be observed by the largest gathering of graduates in the history of Lebanon Valley College.

"Alumni Day" is a day of commencement week used exclusively for and by the Alumni. The faculty has kindly set aside all other college activities, literary, athletic and social, to avoid any possible conflict with the reunion of the graduates. The executive committee of the Alumni Association has arranged a program of attractive events for this occasion. Frequently, it has been necessary at the last minute to adapt the program to the demands or inclination of the group, or to special requests for class reunions or literary societies.

The program is as follows:

10:30-12:15—Round Table Conference.

Vital interests of the college are considered by the Alumni in this conference of Educational and Administrative problems. Prof. H. H. Shenk has procured several Alumni to address the conference. During the general discussion an opportunity is given to any member to speak. Last year seventy-five graduates assembled, and their suggestions have helped greatly to make Lebanon Valley better and greater.

12:15-1:15—The Alumni will be the guests of the College at the luncheon in North Hall. Mrs. A. E. Shroyer will gladly reserve tables for classes holding reunion.

1:15-2:00—Reunion of Literary Societies. Former members will meet in the different halls.

Active members of the societies will be present to receive.

2:00-3:00—Annual Reunion, Engle Conservatory. The group will be entertained by the best comedians of the Association. If stunts and "stunters" should be announced before that day, it would be necessary to reserve seats. Don't miss it.

3:00-4:00—Business Session of the Association. Reports of various committees will be received. Term allotted for new business will be limited in order to adjourn promptly at 4:00. Resolutions must be presented to the committee appointed at the Educational Conference.

4:00-5:00—Reception by Pres. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard. All Alumni and friends are invited.

7:45—Alumni Banquet, Hotel Weimer, Lebanon. The spacious banquet hall of this hotel has been engaged for this evening.

To the many graduates of Lebanon Valley who have previously enjoyed the entertainment afforded—this splendid program overflowing with events will prove irresistible. To those who have missed these occasions—the enumeration of the activities of Alumni Day should create within everyone an irrepressible spirit to be present on Tuesday, June 12.

—J. L. APPENZELLAR, '08.

PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

The alumni of any college constitute in great part its out-put. People judge a college by them, for they are supposed to represent the ideals and principles for which the school stands.

Just as one born in any community almost unconsciously takes on the thought, the language and the various elements of his surroundings, and then reflects them without effort wherever he goes, so also the graduate after years of thought and study along certain lines finds himself, consciously and unconsciously, standing for certain ideals, holding definite standards, fighting against questionable conditions, allying himself with constructive forces, and ever reflecting the lessons he learned and the atmosphere he breathed when mingling in, and being part of, a college community.

Our thoughts in great part determine what we shall be. Solomon said, "For as he (a man) thinketh in his heart so is he." Another when speaking to a body of students said, "What you will eventually be, you are now becoming."

Lebanon Valley College is rich in her alumni. They are no exception to the general rule, for they very faithfully represent their alma mater in thought and practice. Their devotion and loyalty to her cannot be questioned as has been proven not only in the plain every-day living, but also in the times of stress and storm, when the emergencies and the crises came. They have watched with eager eye the steps in her history, their hearts growing warm with every upward move, and their feelings of commendation and pleasure were voiced with every newly-gained victory. There were times of discouragement and fear, when the clouds gathered and the days were dark, but their faith and prayers and courage failed not. Putting these into action, with every move for better things, soon the clouds were routed, the darkness dispelled, the light came and there emerged a greater and better Lebanon Valley.

The alumni have proven themselves a tremendous source of strength and power, of influence and inspiration through all her history. Their

assistance in every administration, and in all our forward movements, coupled with the administrative and other forces, downed every obstacle and won for the college. Without their aid the great endowment campaign of 1917-18 could not have been put across, and without their fullest co-operation in 1924 we cannot reach the \$700,000 goal fixed by the Board of Trustees. Knowing them as I do, however, I am confident that we can count on them for one hundred per cent efficiency, for they "shall be more than conquerors," and the goal will be reached.

The alumni have been an army of offense and defense in all the years for the college. The splendid development and growth, and the present standing in great part may be traced to them.

We take off our hats to the energetic and faithful presidents, faculties, boards of trustees and others who labored under severest difficulties to lay foundations and build a college that would endure. We are the heirs of their labors. These have brought their obligations and we must meet them.

Thanks to the alumni and all others who in any way have helped, for the college has developed until it now has the highest standards, the strongest faculty, the greatest number of students, the largest endowment, the most influential alumni association and the most loyal constituency in its history.

Lebanon Valley is now on the list of standardized colleges accredited by the "Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools of the Middle Atlantic States and Maryland" and its work is accredited everywhere. Every graduate can lift up his head and point with pride to his Alma Mater.

Our faculties generally have been over-worked and under-paid, yet they produced fine results as is shown in the records made by the alumni. The present faculty is the best all-around faculty we have ever had. Seven members have had at least three years of post graduate or specialized training and six have the Master of Arts degree. Ten years ago only one man received more than \$1,000 salary while now two receive \$3,000 each, one \$2,750, six \$2,500 each and only two receive less than \$2,000.

In 1905-06 the number of students in the college department proper was 86, in 1909-10 it reached beyond the hundred mark and stood at 101. The number this year is 274 with eleven additional in the sub-freshman class. (The Academy has been discontinued.) The total number in all departments, College, Music, Summer School and College Extension, is about 500. Our facilities will not permit an increase in numbers so that we must limit the freshman class to 100 students. After this year the senior classes will number above 50. The class of 1916 with 51 graduates in the college department has been our largest class to date. After that the war cut down our numbers. Lebanon Valley, among United Brethren Colleges, as far as I can learn, had the honor of enrolling the first freshman class that numbered more than one hundred students.

We need more buildings very much just now. However, we have determined to build up an adequate endowment fund to meet current expenses and then erect buildings.

All alumni and other friends are interested in the endowment development. They have had much to do with it. Financial efforts had been made to erect buildings and then pay for them so that not much energy or money could be turn-

ed toward endowment. Twenty years ago there was practically no endowment fund. Ten years ago it amounted to \$57,000. Today it stands at \$356,000 with from \$20,000 to \$40,000 still to come from the 1917-18 campaign. Our aim is to increase the endowment to \$1,000,000 at the earliest possible moment. In harmony with that thought the Board of Trustees has authorized, and the co-operating conferences have ratified, a plan to put on a campaign in 1924 to raise \$700,000. (The Executive Committee will fix definitely very soon the exact dates for the campaign.) Of this amount \$600,000 will be used for endowment and \$100,000 for debt and improvements.

The proposition looks big, but not too big. "We can do it if we will." Let every graduate and friend say "We can do it AND we will." Then I am sure that we can say with Coue "Every day and in every way Lebanon Valley College is growing better and better."

The President has been authorized to interview prospective givers for larger amounts. So that the campaign in that sense is really on now. Recently he received a pledge of \$2,000 from an alumnus.

The General Education Board (Rockefeller) has been helping the College the last two years with \$8,000 annually toward faculty salaries. Truly this has been a godsend and we are very grateful. We are appealing to this same Board to help us with \$200,000 toward a total goal of \$600,000 for endowment. This Board with its officers is composed of influential men with big minds and hearts and we are hoping that they will grant our request.

Now what can the alumni do for their alma mater? Much indeed. We have seen how they have been linked with every great movement for better things in the college. Their interest, sympathy, loyalty and service have been most valuable. Without their aid the college would be in the mire and clay or would not exist at all. Judging their spirit in the future by the past, we believe they will help with a hundred per cent efficiency. I shall mention some ways in which they can help, though there are thousands of others, for the opportunities are as numerous as the stars in the skies, the leaves on the trees and the grains of sand on the seashore.

1. They can help by upholding the standards of their alma mater, by being living examples of its ideals and teachings, by disseminating the truths learned, and by bringing or sending others to be under its influence and power.

2. They can assist in carrying on the great enterprises in which the college is interested whether it be for students, standards, finance, strengthening the faculty and equipment or anything else.

3. They can organize by counties or in larger or smaller units, if that will bring greater efficiency and afford larger opportunities for service. If the alumni will organize thoroughly and co-operate with college and endowment officials in our coming campaign for \$700,000, they will prove that the day of miracles is not past, and show also a magnanimous spirit and real Lebanon Valley College "pep".

4. By organization and as individuals they can send to the college office the names of prospective donors and also state such facts about them as would need to be known when canvassed by any solicitor. They themselves can often influence such men or women to contribute by holding before them the many needs of the institution, and the fine opportunity to be of great

service, by investing their money where it will be converted into trained and consecrated young men and women, whose influence and real value only eternity can reveal.

Many persons have money which they would like to give to a good cause while they live or by bequest when they pass away. Many of our alumni and friends can and will give in this way, of their own means, if it is brought to their attention.

It is rather remarkable that so few of our Church people in their wills leave money to colleges and other church activities. The Catholic Church has trained its people to do this and they look upon it as a privilege to have their lives, in the form of money, go right on doing good when they have gone to their reward. Here is a wonderful field of opportunity for our alumni.

5. Wherever possible let each graduate help and get others to do so, not only in the larger financial campaigns, but also with special gifts, large or small, for scholarship funds, equipment, funds or books for the library, current expense, improvements or other special needs. For example one of our graduates, who has been giving \$100 a year to a needy student, for the last four years, this year assisted very materially another student, and recently, when realizing the great good to be accomplished along that line said, "I would like to give the college \$2,000 in bonds bearing seven per cent interest to help poor, but worthy students." Of course we most heartily accepted it. There are many others who can give larger or smaller amounts to special causes, and they would find great pleasure in doing so. Their gifts would always be used just as the donors directed.

6. The college last year gave to students, preparing for the ministry, and to children of ministers about \$3,600. It is giving a similar amount this year. The object is not only to help the students, but also to help train ministers for the conferences, in return for the great assistance the conferences are bringing to the college. Here the alumni can render valuable service by building up a fund to meet this need and by assuming a part of the expense of ministerial or missionary students. Again, if a thousand or two thousand dollars were put into the hands of the President or a committee to dispense to needy students, it would prove the turning point in many lives and make a college course a possibility to twenty more young people every year.

7. Alumni can be of great service by sending the names of prospective students and telling us about them. Pastors and teachers especially are in strategic places and have proven themselves, in many instances, to be regular recruiting stations for their alma mater. Every graduate can help along this line by talking to both parents and students. Nine-tenths of our students come because of a personal touch from a friend of Lebanon Valley. One of our alumni, a teacher, says he feels very unhappy unless he has two or more of his graduates here.

8. Let every graduate and friend of the school be a booster and not a knocker. Boosting helps, knocking hinders. Friendly criticism is welcomed for it is always constructive. Fault-finding, however, never built a college, a church or a home. Magnify our strong points, talk about them, boost them, for we have many of them. Minimize our weaknesses to others. We know we have them, but not nearly so many as we used

to have. They are growing less every year. My request is that all our friends pitch in, and like giants, help us overcome our weaknesses and make them to be mighty points of strength and power, and then instead of being stones of stumbling these will become stones of help. Practically every criticism can be met and solved with one word of five letters — M-O-N-E-Y. I am sure we can depend on our alumni and other friends to help get the remedy.

Colleges are not perfect. Neither are churches, nor homes. Indeed I have met some individuals who showed some signs of not quite reaching perfection. The reader may know a few also.

The treasurer's report shows that the school year closed last year with only \$1,128.10 of a shortage. The indications are quite favorable for a report equally as good this year. We would like to add several professors and possibly some new departments but must forego this pleasure because our finances will not warrant the additional expense.

9. Paul said "Help those women who labored with me." I shall be pleased indeed if the members of the Alumni Association will all help the Women's Auxiliary of Lebanon Valley College by becoming members. These women are rendering a great service to the college by making the parlors in the dormitories for the young women more comfortable and homelike. They also help in other ways. Their dues are one dollar annually.

10. Boost our summer school. It will be held in the college buildings and run for two terms of five weeks each. The faculty will be very strong and full college credit will be given for work done. Write for catalog or further information.

11. The alumni can help very much with their sympathy and prayers. Yes, we need it and we want it. Mountains that cannot be removed can always be tunneled with prayer. Our God has heard and he will hear again.

12. The Alumni can render a great service by visiting the college and bringing the inspiration of their successes in their various fields of activity. They can talk over the work and give information and advice. It will always be courteously received. Let me suggest that the alumni attend the various functions of the college whenever possible. Make it a rule to come to Commencement, and come THIS year. Remember this is YOUR college, OUR college. Let us make it the best possible.

—President G. D. Gossard.

PROGRESS IN THE ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT

That noticeable progress has been made in the Academic Department of Lebanon Valley College even a casual observer may see. Any one familiar with President Gossard's policy during the past four or five years knows that he has urged his teaching staff to acquire the higher degrees at their earliest convenience. And upon my arrival here three years ago I understood that I must get the Master's Degree as promptly as possible.

One has only to make a survey of what has been accomplished in three years to note what progress has been made and to note whither we are bound.

In 1920-21, there was a student enrollment of 175 in the College Department with a teaching staff of eighteen; of these, six had the A. B. degree, four had the A.M. degree, three the B.D.

degree, while two possessing considerable technical skill had no academic degree, one had the Ll. B. degree whereas but one Ph. D. graced our catalogue.

Today 275 students are enrolled in the College Department with 11 more in the sub-freshman class, and the teaching staff has been augmented so that now there are three with the Ph. D degree, six with the A. M. degree, four with the A.B. degree, three with the B.D. degree, one Ll. B. degree, and one with no academic degree. Three of the four with the A. B. degree have done considerable work toward their Master's Degrees.

It is not the thought of the writer that every professor in the college should have a Ph. D. degree for there are degrees and degrees. And to be highly specialized is not always an assurance of fitness or efficiency. But a college should afford the broadest training possible to its students and the teaching class must have the largest possible number of collegiate contacts and this can be accomplished only by graduate study of one, two or three years and furthermore the teaching staff must be recruited from as great a variety of colleges as possible so as to avoid inbreeding, as it were. Our teaching staff represents eleven colleges and universities. For the purpose of comparison a summary of the faculty of one of the leading educational institutions of the state was made and it was observed that thirty-four members of the faculty have the Ph. D. degree but some of these hold executive positions and never come in touch with the student body in the class room. The enrollment of this college is about 3,000 or one Ph.D. to each 88 students whereas at Lebanon Valley there is one for every 78. Furthermore, at L.V.C. there are two Masters' degrees to one Bachelor's degree, while at the larger college there are 1.1 Masters' degrees to 1.7 Bachelors' degrees.

In passing, let us observe that a trained librarian has been added to our staff so that we are now in a position where we have a well-regulated college library and when more funds are available we will be equipped to do the work we have longed for years to offer.

When one takes our college catalogue and goes through it department by department and compares the courses offered with the courses offered by other colleges of our own class it will be found that we compare very favorably and in some departments we compare very creditably with the larger colleges.

For the purpose of this article let us run through our catalogue, making observations in passing.

The Department of Bible is handled by Professors Spangler and Butterwick, both men being especially prepared by their College and Seminary training and years of experience in the ministry. Under the group system of majors and minors recently adopted this department will be considerably extended.

The Biology Department is crowded to the doors and very soon an assistant must be added to this department, whose work has for years passed unchallenged, and both the General Biology and the more highly specialized courses of the Pre-Medical students have won for Lebanon Valley a place and a name.

No one knowing Dr. Bender's training and his official associations during the past years doubts that the Department of Chemistry is efficiently handled. A glance into the class room and laboratories shows the reorganization that has

taken place there and both graduate and undergraduate students speak his praises loudly.

The Department of Economics and Social Sciences is well nigh overflowing, proving that our one-time arrangement of History and Political Sciences was inadequate. The specialized courses of the department are proving truly popular.

Perhaps the most rapid stride has been taken by the Department of Education. Until this year the work in Education was crowded upon two members of the faculty who were otherwise overloaded, and as a result History, Philosophy, and Physics had to suffer. But under the enthusiasm of Dr. Hoke our state's requirements are being amply met and the new demands for practice teaching are being temporarily met by an arrangement with the local high school. The establishment of the Department of Education in itself justifies the assumption made by the writer that even a casual observer can note our progress.

In three years the English Department has increased its enrollment almost seventy-five per cent, but on account of the crowded condition of the department this year the department could not give several courses catalogued. The work of the department has been so re-organized that the Oral Composition and Advanced Public Speaking courses are now within the English Department proper. With the addition of the Public Speaking Department the total enrollment is 354, and the teaching staff consists of one full-time professor, two part-time professors and a theme reader. For efficient work in another year the department must have at least one other full-time professor.

The French Department is especially efficient with Madame Green and her fourteen years of actual contact with the French people in Paris and the provinces. Her work in the beginners' classes has rendered her indispensable to the college. With the co-operation of Mrs. Bennett in the French Literature courses we have a department that any college might envy.

The war called Miss Seltzer from the German Department of Lebanon Valley into war work in Washington, D. C. But during the past year she has returned and has given the college the benefit of her personality and graduate study in German with the result that this department is doing a very creditable piece of work.

The Greek Department still continues to be under the direct supervision of Professor Spangler and his enthusiasm for the department has not waned. This coming year Dr. Bennett of the Latin Department will assist in the Greek Department and thereby very materially strengthen it.

Some years ago the History Department with a recognized head did not exist, but now although we have but the part-time services of our former friend and teacher his department functions again and in the very near future an additional Professor of History will be required to assist in the department for Professor Butterwick, whose valuable assistance has strengthened the department, will be required by his own department.

The one endowed chair of the college—the Latin chair—has not been an active department until the present year but now under the inspiration of Dr. Bennett it is becoming a real department, and a dead language is now very much alive. The academic standing of the college has been especially enhanced by the addition of Dr. Bennett to our faculty.

The Mathematics Department so ably handled

by Professor Lehman through so many years has suffered through his retirement to a part-time professorship. Then, too, the department will suffer a still further set-back by the leave of absence to be granted Professor Wagner who will spend the year 1923-24 at Columbia University completing his graduate work in Mathematics. By the introduction of a strong man into this department during the coming year and by retaining him upon Professor Wagner's return the department will be very materially strengthened as it must be for under the new group system of electives Mathematics will receive a heavier enrollment than in the past.

The Department of Philosophy and Religion under Professors Butterwick and Spangler has been considerably extended and enlarged to meet the needs of certain groups of students.

Since the establishment of the Department of Education Professor Grimm has been free to extend and intensify his courses in the Department of Physics and to offer work in Mechanical Drawing—a much-needed departure. And now, too, as the Registrar, Professor Grimm can devote more of his time to the records and the clerical work that falls to him. The Alumni will find remarkable progress being made in the organization of this work and when the Registrar's office is equipped with a fire-proof filing safe our files will be second to none.

But the catalogue does not reveal all, neither can one in so short a space tell in how many ways the school is advancing academically, but in conclusion let me add one or two words more.

By means of recorded reports made every six weeks a rather close watch is kept on the student body and when the student gets below par he is put on a thirty-day probation or if his case is flagrant he is asked to withdraw at once. Thus the students are kept fairly well up to the notch and the student body does a rather evenly excellent grade of work.

The faculty may continue to hold up the standards, students may continue to do excellent work, the President may employ only the most competent teachers, but when particular courses are submitted for introduction into the college curriculum, our constituents have their share, too, in the responsibility of maintaining standards.

The Alumni and friends of the college must bear in mind that we are in a transition stage in our growth, passing, as it were, from the small small-college to the larger small-college, and as our enrollment nears 500 we must begin the employment of at least two professors for each department.

Professor T. Bayard Beatty, '05.

THE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC

It is gratifying and encouraging to note the marked growth and improvement of our Conservatory this season under the efficient and most energetic directorship of Dr. Johann M. Blose, assisted by his able corps of chosen associate teachers.

Facts talk louder and carry more weight than eulogistic generalizations, and we are glad to be able to record a number of substantial demonstrable facts in support of our statement.

First, the attendance has increased thirty per cent over last year.

Second, the standard of excellence in both theoretical and applied music has been raised at least fifty per cent, as is proved by the grade of compositions and the character of their pre-

sentation in our students' recitals.

Third, there has been introduced an innovation in the form of these semi-monthly students' recitals in which all properly prepared students can participate, thus gaining experience and self-reliance, as well as nerve control and creditable stage demeanor by frequent appearances before an audience; and in which also all students and others who are interested in music can gain a much wider acquaintance with piano, organ, violin and vocal literature than would otherwise be possible.

Fourth, the character and behavior of the audience attending such recitals shows a very noticeable and commendable improvement over last year. Excellent attention and apparently increased appreciation have been secured and the most objectionable and indecorous custom of indulging in general conversation during the rendering of musical numbers has been practically eliminated. In passing we may say that while this rigorous insistence upon silent attention may have seemed a little arbitrary at first to some, it is a necessary part of general culture. Talking about irrelevant matters while a good composition is being presented is fully recognized by educated people as an insult to the performer and the composer, and a serious annoyance to all those who attend a musical event for the purpose of hearing the music and not the meaningless chatter of others in the audience.

Fifth, the Lebanon Valley Choral Society has been organized and has already presented one of the world's greatest oratorios in a highly satisfactory manner, reflecting great credit upon the chorus members and their able conductor. It is intended that this organization will remain a permanent factor in the educational work of L. V. C.

Sixth, Engle Hall is for the first time being used exclusively for conservatory purposes, the third floor having been taken over during the holidays to supply the growing need for more studios and practise rooms. Some repairs have already been made and others are contemplated, and the whole available space will soon be in use, thus making Lebanon Valley College one of the few institutions of its kind which utilizes an entire building for musical purposes.

Seventh, the musical and academic faculties of the college are in full accord, co-operating harmoniously for the mutual advantage of both; and the Conservatory has come to be regarded not as a minor appendage, but as a fully recognized educational factor in the broad and liberal system of education and culture which is the aim of this institution.

This is perhaps the more gratifying and commendable as it is by no means universal.

In considering the value of music in general education we may add that it is rapidly becoming more generally recognized not only as the most cultural of studies but as the best mind trainer on the list. It certainly requires more time, concentration, will power, memory, analytic capacity and discriminative ability than any other one study in any college curriculum. Moreover, it demands and develops the taste, the imagination and the emotions in any serious student more than does any study that can be named, except that of the best literature. That these statements may be doubted, even denied by some who have not tested their validity, does not in the least militate against their truth.

Professor Henneman, of Minneapolis, is in receipt of a letter from the Director of Music in

Magdalen College, Oxford University. It is this college which teaches all the music at Oxford, and confers degrees, a few being in music, but most in other branches. The letter contains the following statements:

"Ten per cent of the students of Magdalen College take music. Ninety per cent do not. The ten per cent taking music take seventy-five per cent of all the prizes and scholarships—that is, in ALL DEPARTMENTS. The ninety per cent who do not take music are content, or at least, have to put up with, the remaining twenty-five per cent of the prizes and scholarships. This rather amazing record has been the average for the past thirty years."

This is in line with the testimony of Dr. Elliot, president-emeritus of Harvard—"Music, rightly taught, is the best mind trainer on the list. We should have more of the PRACTICAL SUBJECTS, like music and drawing."

The Lebanon Valley Conservatory aims to lead its students through practical and interesting courses of study by which they shall obtain the highest available knowledge, skill and artistry that environments and conditions can make possible.

The Studies embrace Certificate, Diploma and Degree courses.

In connection with general education the three R's have been emphasized. In all lines of art we place equal stress upon the three H's—Heart, Head and Hand.

Brief mention of the Director of the Conservatory and his associate teachers who have co-operated to bring the already mentioned conditions into being may be of interest to friends and prospective patrons of musical art.

Dr. J. M. Blose, Director, is an organist of superior ability, having successfully held positions as such in some of the most prominent churches of varying denominations in Pittsburgh, Atlantic City, Washington, Pa., and other places. He is an equally good violinist who has made many successful appearances in concerts with this instrument; and also a well-trained, thoroughly intelligent and able pianist. He is equipped to teach all three instruments in a thoroughly masterly manner. He is a choral and orchestral conductor of marked ability and many years experience; and best of all he is a composer of recognized merit, some of whose larger works have been presented in England as well as America. His title of Doctor of Music was not conferred as an honorary degree by any institution but fully and legitimately earned and won in keeping with the strict requirements of the University of Oxford, England, one of these requirements being the production of a great oratorio, strictly original in material, for soloists, chorus and full orchestra, and conforming in all respects to the classical models of the past. Lebanon Valley College is unusually fortunate in securing him as Musical Director. He is also one of the best teachers of harmony and composition in the United States.

Sir Edward Baxter Perry, teacher of piano and musical aesthetics, enjoys the enviable reputation of being a widely known concert pianist, composer, lecturer and author, recognized on two continents, with the unique record of nearly thirty-four hundred successful lecture-recitals in the United States and Europe; and some ten years teaching experience in various colleges. He enjoys the distinction of being the only Knight of the Royal Order of Melusine in this country. This order was founded in Jerusalem

in eleven hundred and eighty-six by Guy de Lusignan, head of the princely house of that name, and was conferred upon Sir Edward in Paris in April of 1898 by the then head of the house and Grand Master of the Order, also Prince Guy de Lusignan.

Professor R. Porter Campbell, teacher of Organ, Piano, Harmony and History of Music, is well known by friends of the institution. He is doing excellent work in these branches.

Miss Ruth Elizabeth Engle, Instructor of Pianoforte, Theory and Sight Playing, received her A. B. from Lebanon Valley College in 1915. She is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music. She is spending the year of 1922-23 in the Study of Music at the University of New York.

Professor Frank R. Hardman is producing fine results and winning a golden reputation as head of the vocal department and is well equipped for the work, having studied for a considerable time in Philadelphia and New York after graduating here.

The future of the Conservatory, in view of results already obtained, may be regarded as assured, with brilliant promise of becoming in prominence, size and achievement second to none in the country.

REVIEW OF ATHLETIC SEASON

Ask a football player what the most tiresome and exhaustive work of the football season is and he will tell you that it is the first two weeks of the preliminary training season. During this part of the season the fundamentals of football are reviewed with a twofold purpose. First, to get the player well grounded in fundamentals and, second, as a hardening-in process. In order to hasten this work under favorable conditions a camp in the woods of Mt. Gretna was selected. A squad of twenty-five men reported. These men worked morning and afternoon to get into condition. The good mountain air, a dip in the lake after each workout, the splendid food, followed by a good night's sleep under canvas, did a lot of good for the men and more was accomplished in a week than is accomplished under ordinary conditions in twice that length of time.

Two scrimmages with the University of Pennsylvania gave the boys confidence in their ability; except Captain Beck who had his hand broken in the second of these scrimmages.

The season was opened at West Point. Our men displayed a fight that has never been surpassed by any L. V. team. The squad had no outstanding stars but each gave his best and knew how to fight and was well grounded in fundamentals. Altho this team was defeated in the three opening games, they were not outfought.

Lauster was appointed to lead the team during Beck's inability to play, due to his injury. Lauster filled the vacancy in such an able fashion that his teammates elected him captain for 1923.

Altho we started the season without a star a brilliant flash appeared in our quarterback, Hennie Homan. His strategy and individual work were an outstanding feature.

The entire squad were ardent pupils of Head Coach Wilder and the results of his undivided attention and ability as a coach and leader of men stood out prominently as the season progressed.

The summary of the season is as follows:

	Opp.	L.V.C.
Army at West Point	12	0
Georgetown at Washington	19	6
Penn. State at State College	32	6
St. Joseph at Annville	0	46
Washington at Harrisburg	0	33
Juniata at Lebanon	7	54
Susquehanna at Lebanon	0	18
Lehigh at Bethlehem	6	2
Gettysburg at Gettysburg	15	0

The basketball squad is composed of about the same men as last year. Few new faces appeared but only a few of last year were missing. Not having a regulation court at the college on which to play home games the schedule is practically made up of games away from home. To beat a team on their home court the visiting team must be from 50 to 70 per cent better than the home team.

Schedule as played to date is as follows:

	Opp.	L.V.C.
Gettysburg at Gettysburg	36	10
Lafayette at Easton	35	17
Seton Hall at So. Orange	34	31
Moravian at Bethlehem	18	46
F. & M. at Lancaster	25	34
Villanova at Hershey	30	37
Juniata at Huntingdon	45	29
State College at State College	43	18
Juniata at Annville	26	25
Susquehanna at Selinsgrove	34	19

The student body is more actively engaged in athletic contests this year than ever before. That is, the student body is so divided as to give more students an opportunity to participate. A series of interclass basketball and volleyball games have been played. At the close of the interclass schedule the student body was divided into groups. The boys were divided into six groups and the girls into three groups. Leagues are organized in basketball, volleyball, indoor baseball and hand ball composed of teams representing these groups. The students, both as participants and as spectators, are showing great interest in the games.

—Joseph K. Hollinger, '16

THE FUTURE OF ATHLETICS AT L. V.

Of course it is hard to prophesy — it always is. And when we attempt to do so, we must weigh carefully what seems to be the predominant factors in the shaping of the predominant tendencies that make for the success or failure of any particular proposition. Whether or not Athletics are becoming more and more successful at Lebanon Valley we will not attempt to say. There are those of us who would enthusiastically affirm such an assertion; there are others who might not feel the same way about it. In each case it depends upon what we expect — what we are looking for as our ideal standard for our Alma Mater. Were all opinions to be considered they might be as varied as the colors of the rainbow — with probably fewer mergings. So we must select the average — the mathematical mean.

One of our first and foremost goals is the establishing of better relations between the schools we play and ourselves. Our coaches' constant slogan to the various teams is, "Be men — and play the game." It would be inhuman to claim immunity from infractions or short-comings — but we do know that we are making rapid strides toward our goal — and we may, therefore, prophesy more success in this endeavor.

Another way we attempt to maintain better relations is by developing better teams so that victories are more or less decisive with minimum room for argument or dispute. When we compare our last few years we see we are improving—but not without conscious effort.

Athletics are a considerable financial drain to any small Institution—especially to one which cannot rely on gate receipts to take care of guarantees. However, we were fortunate enough to break even last year—and hope to do the same this year.

What, then, shall we say for the future? It is only fair to say that our policy is one which is aiming at continuity—a system which is cumulative. Building each year on what we already have—and preserving carefully—is the only way we find we are able to progress. So we are zealous for our cause and without hesitancy predict its success if it is permitted to function continuously as the years come and go.

—Paul S. Wagner, '17

THE CLIONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

During the first semester of the school year 1922-1923 the Clionian Literary Society has accomplished much. In September twenty-five new girls were admitted to active membership, making a total of sixty-three active members in the society.

In November the First Clionian Alumni Program was rendered by former members of Clio who reside in Lebanon County. A most delightful and unusual program was rendered, with Mrs. B. F. Daugherty, of Lebanon, presiding. Clio is looking forward to other programs that may be held in the future with Clio's alumni taking part.

The Fifty-Second Anniversary Exercises were held on November the twenty-fourth. A program unique, well-balanced and splendidly developed was presented to a delighted audience. The special feature of this program was the arrangement made of the "Trial of Anne Hutchinson" by members of the Program Committee. The Puritan atmosphere prevalent created an unusual sensation, for each Clionian was garbed in the costume of three hundred years ago.

Three joint-session programs, one with each of the other societies, added variety to the general programs. Perhaps the most unusual was the Clio-Delphian program when the sister societies met in Clio Hall.

During the Christmas Holidays, Clio Hall was frescoed and before the school term is over Clio expects to replace various fixtures in the Hall with new ones so that by Commencement time the Alumni will find a bright and pleasant room to welcome them.

Our appeals to the Alumni have been generously answered although there are numerous ones who have not been heard from. It was difficult for the committee to make a roster of former Clionians since no record has been preserved naming Clionians before 1912, so that the rather difficult task of selecting names from the general Alumni Roster had to be dealt with. If some former Clionians who wish to contribute to the fund have been overlooked Clio will be glad to have them send contributions to Miss Agnes Merchitis, L. V. C., Annville, Pa.

We thank the Alumni for their staunch support of Clio in the past and bespeak a continuation of their support for the future. We thank you!

REMEMBER JUNE 12.

DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

Oh, yes! Alumni, we are writing this for you; that is, especially for you. Most of us know something and some of us a great deal about Delphian. You have seen and read snatches about it in the Crucible during the last year and a half, and it is just about time someone informed you fully concerning the whys and wherefores of this new society.

In the Fall of '21, we, the old students, came back bringing with us a host of new students. All were full of life and "pep" and ready to take up our occupations for another school year.

The first Friday Clio had a literary session the hall was filled to overflowing. Goodness! What would happen if all these new students clamor for admittance into society? Sure enough, most of the new girls expressed a desire to join a society. There being only one society for girls, something had to be done, and done quickly.

We could build an addition to Clio Hall, on either the north or west side, but surely that would ruin the appearance of North Hall from the campus. Or we could follow the men in this respect and organize a new society. They have had two societies for years—and competition inspires harder work. We followed the latter idea and, with the aid of the faculty, the old students who were willing to leave Clio formed a new society.

The meetings were held in the Oratory room above the library. The President reclined on a one-armed chair. The Secretary and Critic and other officers used books for desks. The society proper reposed on all sorts of old chairs, "cast-offs" from various rooms of the college buildings. But we managed to survive and some wonderful programmes were witnessed by the ardent supporters of the cause from their backless chairs.

February came and in order to celebrate the progress made thus far the society gave a Public Program. No one could distinguish it from a real Anniversary. It was glorious—and oh! how hard we worked. Was it a success? Of course—everything Delphian does is a success. Why, Philo thought so much of our efforts that they contributed the first articles for the betterment of conditions; namely, a stone and mallet to keep us in order. The school year ended with every one enthused with the new Girls' Society. As we left for our summer vacations we made a solemn vow to return in the fall filled with new ideas for the further development of the cause.

Yes, everything was just as we left it, when we returned in the fall—the same old tin piano, broken chairs, "borrowed prayer meeting" song-books, and the dirty floor. We had three nice things—the President's mallet, the stone, and the first illustrious picture of our society. Really they looked so much out of place that we began thinking we ought to buy other things to correspond with the few "real nice things."

First of all most needed was something to sit on; and right then and there we determined to get good chairs while we were getting. Oh, no! No one would give us any chairs from their rooms; so we had to buy them. We saw the Honorable Frantz of Lebanon and his line pleased us so much we ordered a whole equipment to be delivered in time for our "First Anniversary" in February. Then the trouble began, mainly of two issues: (1) Where were we to get the money to pay for this equipment? (2) Where were we to put it when we did get it?

You see, we were only given the Oratory room for a temporary meeting place. We thought we would settle the latter issue by going to our dear President—so off we went. But, alas! "You must see the Finance Committee," he said. We timidly approached these great men. No, they couldn't see any use in it, and they would never consent. Horrors! What were we going to do now? Well, all the other societies had their halls, and were heartily approved by the Faculty, Finance Committee, and all other authorities. Why couldn't we? We decided we could, so we kept hammering at them. F-i-n-a-l-l-y, we obtained their consent. One trouble out of the way.

Money! It is a worry when you have it and a worry when you don't. We didn't, we don't and never will. We worked hard to obtain that desired article. We sold the right to have one's name on a silver plate on the back of our new chairs for the price of "Ten dollars." We didn't sell many, you say? Well, we did, over "Three Hundred Dollars" worth of such rights. And what's more, we expect to raise the other "Three Hundred Dollars" within a month.

If you could stroll into the Library Building now, and walk into the Delphians' room, you would be dazed for a minute. It is transformed; it is as desirable as any other society hall in the college. The wonderful furniture is there. We use it every Friday evening with ease and comfort.

Most of our worries are over now. For, surely if we could undertake such a tremendous task and progress so rapidly, we can undertake and face any other battle that may face us. We feel like giving a roaring "Racha-Chacka!" for the Faculty, Alumni, and other friends who have aided us in our progress thus far.

Don't forget, Alumni, we invite you all to see us and our hall when you come back to dear old L. V.

PHILO

When school opened in the fall Philo was first in the hearts of her returned members. And she has held first place since. The year was opened with a series of brilliant literary programs. Debating has regained its old-time importance. Philo Hall often rings with the strong masterful voices of men who are shaping their characters to become men of action in the very questions which they debate.

The membership list of Philo lengthened by leaps and bounds at the beginning of the school year. Only once or perhaps twice in her history has Philo had a larger number of members. Every activity in the college is represented—Philo is represented in every activity.

The innovation, introduced last year, of giving three special scientific programs, one for each of the Departments of Biology, Physics, and Chemistry, is having a splendid success. It is being supported with enthusiasm by the members of the faculty and the student body. The three programs given last year were truly indicative of the best in Philo. Thus far in the present term only the biological program has been rendered. Plans are being made for programs representing the Physics and Chemistry Departments that will surpass those given last year.

The Hallowe'en Party given in the fall surpassed all similar events of the past. Never before was such a crowd of rubes, hay-seeds, and milk-maids collected together in the gym.

The good old-fashioned games, the dispensal of superfluous propriety, the pictures thrown on the screen, the eats, and all the rest — did they not infuse among the entire student body and the faculty a feeling of "I like you; you're my brother" that made us all sisters and brothers?

Whenever Philo and one of the sister societies hold a joint session Philo Hall is certain to be crowded. It is useless to question why. The programs arranged for these sessions have been the means by which the best in all the societies has been called forth. Clio and Delphian have both given their best efforts to make the joint sessions most delightful. The other joint sessions to be held this year are being looked forward to with great expectations by all Philos.

The Anniversary Program given last year marked the summit of Philo's achievements. The indoor and the outdoor programs—did they not surpass Philo's previous standard? And this year's program, depend upon it, will surpass even the new standard set last year. We are expecting many alumni members to be present when it is rendered.

Dear old Philo is fulfilling the fondest expectations of her members. Philokosmianism is a force vibrant with energy and power and doing. It makes its name known whithersoever one may go in our college.

KALO NOTES

The climax of the year is rapidly approaching for the Kalozetean Literary Society. On April the sixth will be held the forty-sixth anniversary of the founding of this society at this college, and all Kalos are looking forward to it as the great event of the year. All members are responding in a fine spirit, which augurs well for the coming event. Everybody is putting heart and soul into the work and the work is maturing nicely. As we glance back over former anniversaries, we recognize that the standard of attainment has been set high for us, but confident of the good will of our fellow students and of our own modest talents, we feel hopeful that we shall not cause old Kalo shame.

Owing to Glee Club and other activities, the spring election has been deferred, but will take place shortly. Heber R. Mutch, '23, will be the Anniversary President. Interesting and helpful programs have been rendered, in spite of difficulties, and we feel that the year's work has been very satisfactory. Our new men have shown their worth and the society feels justly proud of them.

Kalo hopes to make some radical changes in its hall within the next year. Extensive plans are in process of completion for beautifying the hall and making it the real center of Kalo friendship and fraternal spirit. But above all we are striving to further the good name of our Alma Mater, the object and aim of every true son and daughter of Lebanon Valley.

A MISTAKE

When last year's catalogue was published a mistake was made in regards to the date for the Forty-Sixth Kalozetean Anniversary. Instead of being held on Friday, March the twenty-third, as therein scheduled, the Anniversary Exercises will be given on Friday, April the sixth. Alumni please note.

* * *

BE HERE ALUMNI DAY!

ALUMNI NOTES

At a week-end house party at Dallastown, on February 9th, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Raab announced the engagement of their daughter Minerva V. Raab, to Stewart Shenberger. Miss Raab is a graduate of the Lebanon Valley Conservatory of Music, Class of 1922. Mr. Shenberger is a prominent merchant of Dallastown.

The following L. V. people were present: Miss Meta C. Burbeck '22, Erdean Lerew '22, Verna Hess '22, Marian Heffelman '22. Other guests included Misses Rae Albright, Almerna Reachard, Helen Raab, Hazel Linburg, Gladys Raab, Mrs. C. A. Heckert and Master John Frederick Heckert.

* * *

Rev. M. R. Fleming, '10, who had been down with an attack of the grippe is now able to be up and is recovering rapidly. Rev. Fleming is pastor of our church at Red Lion, Pa.

* * *

Miss Verna Mutch '20, is teaching at Moravian Seminary, Bethlehem, Pa.

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In our last publication of the Alumni Register we published the name of Karl Milton Karnegie '01, among the list of those concerning whom we had been unable to secure any information. We are glad to say that we have just received a letter from Mr. Karnegie stating that he has been teaching in the state of Virginia for the last 12 years. His present address is 504 North 33rd Street, Richmond, Virginia. Mr. Karnegie also says: "I am an Armenian by nationality. My name in College was Karnig Kuyoomjian but since I have become a citizen my name has been legally changed to Karl M. Karnegie and I wish to go by this name."

* * *

Paul S. Ensminger, '23, is now teaching in the High School at Bayne City, Michigan.

* * *

Elwood D. Heiss, '21, is teaching at Media, Penna.

* * *

Grant W. Nitrauer, '21, is teaching and coaching at Stroudsburg, Pa.

* * *

Reuel Swank, '22, is now teaching History and coaching athletics in the Reynoldsville High School. His address is 512 Main Street, Reynoldsville, Penna.

* * *

Clippings from a letter received from Ralph E. Crabill, '16: "I come to life again. Am back with Strock. Came here in 1916-17, went to war, came back in February, 1919, stayed until June 1920 and came back last September. I teach Chemistry, my favorite; trigonometry and handle intramural athletics. Used to coach here, you know. * * *

Work in this sort of school is very hard * * * It is very different from work where it is all up to the student. Here we try to make them complete every day's work successfully. They learn to know they must do the work although it takes several months.

"Must tell you of an experience (because I'm proud of it) which I had last year. Left Hammond High School to work for the Balolean and Katz Corporation, in Chicago. They are theatre people—the biggest in the world. I was assistant manager at their Chicago Theatre, the largest and most magnificent in the world. Seats 5,500, and cost \$4,750,000.00. My work of course

was with the house itself. The entertainment, pictures, and the best vaudeville is supervised by a special department of the main offices. In July and August we handled an average of 125,000 patrons at this one theatre each week. I was directly responsible for the house force, consisting of 60 ushers and about 75 operators, maintenance men, etc. These ushers before being employed must be schooled 15 hours. I employed and supervised the schooling. This corporation admits of no standard of service higher than their own. They had five theatres in Chicago, all magnificent. Each of them is run on the same scale as is the Chicago. The organ there cost over \$100,000, the orchestra was composed of 75 pieces. You see the extensive outlay of the thing.

"I was with them five months, received good pay and was progressing splendidly, they said, but I worked from 10 to 15 hours every day, averaging about 12½. It was the most intensive work. Imagine that we had on rush hours as many as 2,000 people waiting for seats. Was go, go, go. Sometimes I spent one-half hour getting two meals for the day. Grab and run. I was never home except from 12 to 8.30 or 11.00 o'clock a day. I lost 18 pounds. These people offered me this job and so I left.

"How did I get that place. Well my best qualification was that I had no theatre experience. I had been an army officer, a college graduate, and was experienced in handling and training men. They gambled on the rest. I was one of 191 applicants. I say I'm proud of the experience because of the quality of people and the enterprise."

Mr. Crabill is at Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Missouri. Mr. J. Clyde Strock, '10, is quartermaster at the same place.

* * *

The following is a letter received from Elmer C. Thomas, Class of 1880: "I infer from your letter that it is your desire that I give you a part of the history of my life. I was born in Boonsboro District, October 12, 1859; spent my boyhood days on the farm and at the age of 18 years I entered L. V. C., completing what was then called a Scientific course, receiving the honor of B. S. The faculty was then composed of Pres. D. D. DeLong, Prof. Eberly, Bierman, McFadden and Mrs. D. D. DeLong. The majority of the above have passed away. * * *

"After my graduation, on the 14th of December, 1882, I married a Miss Line. To us were given five children, two girls and three boys, now all married and rearing families of their own. After marriage I resumed farming and continued for thirty years, and for the past 12 years I have lived a retired life in the beautiful and historical town of Boonsboro, Md. * * *

"Whatever I have given you that may help in the work you are doing you are welcome to. * * *

Josephine Stine, '22, Russell Shadel, '22, Forrest Hensel, '12, Deleth Weidler, '09, were among those present who gave the Boys' Glee Club a hearty welcome at Lykens. * * *

Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Hilbert announce the birth of a daughter, Marcella Louise, on January 29th. Mr. Hilbert was a graduate of the Class of 1919, and for the past few years has been living at Red Lion, where he is assistant principal of the High School. * * *

MEET YOUR OLD CLASSMATES AGAIN.

After more than a year of inquiry, we have been unable to obtain any information, not even a rumor, concerning a number of our fellow alumni. Their names follow. DO YOU KNOW ANYTHING concerning them?

Ray C. Bender, '07.
 Curvin E. Brenneman, '15.
 Florence Copenhaver, '07.
 Herbert Crawford, '05.
 Mary S. Kulp (Kennedy), '81.
 Enid Daniel (Phillips), '00.
 Charles S. Daniels, '73.
 Lida Ebright, '07.
 Elizabeth Eckenroth, '07.
 Benjamin Fritz, '93.
 Charles Adam Fry, '06.
 Malcolm Angel Fry, '84.
 Thomas W. Gray, '02.
 Ray Y. Grube, '18.
 Erwin Hatz, '08.
 Jesse M. Hostetter, '05.
 Verling M. Kamison, '15.
 Samuel Burman Long, '08.
 Isaac F. Loos, '02.
 Laura A. Mayberry, '09.
 Oren G. Meyers, '00.
 Artie Wesley Miller, '02.
 Louise Rouse Miller (Mason), '98.
 Charles W. Mills, '09.
 John H. Oliver, '82.
 Violet Prout (Toole), '09.
 John Christian Rupp, '06.
 William Carson Shoop, '11.
 Charles E. Snoke, '00.
 Paul Mowry Spangler, '06.
 James M. Van Meter, Jr., '81.
 Mary A. Van Meter (Funderburk), '81.
 J. Lon Whitmoyer, '79.
 Blanche Wolfe, '05.
 Guy R. Yarrison, '20.
 Alice Martha Zuck, '08.

Jacob Francis Shenberger, '16, is practising medicine in the State of Illinois. His precise address is still missing. Can You Supply It?

* * *

Four of the Alumni of Lebanon Valley College are now at the head of colleges at various parts of the United States. Walter S. Clippinger, '99, is President of Otterbein College, Westerville, Ohio. Donald J. Cowling, '02, is President of Carleton College, North Field, Minnesota. William S. Ebersole, '85, is acting president of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa. J. Balmer Showers, '14, was recently elected president of Kansas City University, Kansas City, Kansas.

* * *

Much constructive criticism in regard to the Crucible has been received from the following persons: Mr. Isaac Boughter, '18, Salem College, Salem, W. Va.; Mr. R. E. Crabill, '16, Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Missouri; Major J. C. Strock, '10, Missouri Military Academy, Mexico, Missouri; Mr. Harold Lutz, Baltimore-Sun, Baltimore, Md. Their interest and frank criticism is much appreciated.

* * *

Miss Mary E. Shettel, '21, visited friends at the College over the week-end. She is teaching at York, Pa.

* * *

WILL YOUR CLASS HAVE A REUNION?

* * *

COME AND WELCOME THE NEW ALUMNI.

CO-OPERATING WITH THE REGISTRAR

Last June we published the Alumni Register but it failed to appear until several weeks after commencement time. We had hoped to be able to have this new edition ready for distribution during commencement week of 1922. Various conditions prevented us from doing so and it was therefore brought up to date by including the class of 1922, together with the new officers of the Alumni Association as they were elected at the June session.

Copies were sent to the addresses as given for every living member of the association. We trust that these have been received and read with care. We spent much time in the preparation of the book so that it might be reasonably accurate. In a number of cases members of the association have written us expressing their approval of our efforts, and offering suggestions for the improvement of this register when it again appears in published form. We wish that there might be more suggestions along the same line.

Preliminary to the publication of this list we had the best assistance of certain members of the association who furnished us with information concerning other members who could not be located. With their aid we got into touch with the greater portion of the list. The asterisk in the list is evidence of the fact that we were unable to locate the folks whose names they precede. A small number of these "lost" alumni have since been found. Concerning several others we have definite information, but as yet the greater number of these have not been heard from. It does not seem possible that in any case any individual has so completely disappeared that some one member of the association does not know of his or her whereabouts. If this assumption is justified, then it is fair to assume that if we all co-operate we can complete the list with comparatively recent information for all.

We desire, therefore, to urge that all members of the Alumni family look up the pamphlet we sent you last August and scan the names marked with the sign of the unknown. If any of these persons have come within your experience, will you not kindly write us giving us the information as to where they are and what their occupation or advise us as to where we may be able to get that information.

We desire also that you scan this book with care to detect the errors that will inevitably creep into such a list, with especial thought for omissions that may have occurred. We have discovered one such mistake to date in the class of 1912. There may be others which you will be able to detect at once thru your acquaintance with the personnel of your class. Such errors we trust will be reported to us at once. Even though we made use of every bit of documentary evidence available we soon learned that the publications of the past were not always in agreement with fact. These errors can only be corrected if those who recognize the existence of the errors will report the same to us.

At this writing plans are being completed for making an addressograph plate for every member of the association now living. This will involve some expense. If many errors remain the cost of correcting them will be pure waste of funds. Your aid right now will enable us to conserve by making the necessary corrections before the plates are made. This information can be sent us on an ordinary postcard addressed to the Registrar. Samuel O. Grimm, '12, Registrar.

The Varsity Basketball Team were glad to find that at the game played with Gallaudet at Washington, D. C., the rooting wasn't all for the home team. Among the cheerers for Lebanon Valley were Mr. and Mrs. Hubert Snoke. Mr. Hubert Snoke, '20, is a chemist in the Bureau of Standards at Washington, D. C. Mrs. Snoke was formerly Elizabeth Gallatin, Class of 1919.

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 12A

MARCH 30, 1923

"Eternal Spring, with smiling verdure, here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful
year."

—Garth

Spring Issue

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SPRINGTIME

In all her glorious splendor Spring has come come again. The birds, the flowers, the bees, the trees and every living thing has taken on new life and all the world is clothed in a garb of freshness. The winter's snows have vanished, the ice, the storms and all the blustery gales have passed. The oak once barren now shoots forth its leaves and makes a shelter for the birds and shade for the animals of the field and also for the weary traveller. The brook babbles on cheerfully to the river and on to the sea where stately ships move o'er the wave with a keener grace,—for Spring has come. The hearts of all mankind are blithe and happy and their minds and thoughts carefree. The cares of other days are all forgotten, and only the future lies before, great and unexplored, promising yet threatening—but the spirit of youth responding to the call of Spring is restless and forebodings and threatenings are only challenges to dare and do.

Spring is here, and every vein receives a tingle that quickens the spirit to action. We feel it everywhere, from the thrill in the song of the lark in the meadow to the beauty and glory of the far-distant mountain daisy. The spirit of nature and man respond and there is life, joy and gladness everywhere. "All nature rejoices and why should not we?" There is new life and vigor in the old and joy and happiness in the new.

'Twas but one year just as the early breezes of Spring were stirring all nature with beauty and enthusiasm, that we assumed our duties. With ambitious eagerness we started upon our tasks, but all too soon the summer, then the fall, and slowly the chilly grasp of winter laid bare all forms of life and the storm-swept snows covered all the once-beautiful foliage and cheery freshness of warmer days. The birds had flown and the trees having cast off their leaves upon the ground to protect the seeds (their future

selves) which fell beneath them, with unprotected limbs withstood the bitterness of unrelenting winter. Thus we went on with time, attempting to do our duties until now, for Spring has dawned and now our tasks are over. Like the leaves which fall upon the soil and become nourishment for future plants, just so our acts lie buried beneath the soil of time. Perchance they shall help nourish greater and better things and acts than they have been themselves. But they have passed; nothing can live except it die, and we commit our efforts to the unrelenting grasp of Time. The past has gone and Spring is here again, and while all nature is budding forth into the fullness of its greatness, we allow our past to be carried away with the last water of the melting snow and give to you the places we once held.

May the spirit of Springtime, when the heart and mind is always gay and the year is always May, be yours eternally. The Spring is here, the day is just begun, and he who would win must ever press on and on. Ever do your duty, do it well for only the ending dismisses you. The end, not the beginning, marks your achievement, yet the end is only determined by your action all the way through. Do your Best, remembering that your Best is not too good for your Alma Mater.

We challenge you, not to do better than we have done, but to do your duty to your Alma Mater and yourselves, through a larger, a better Crucible.

Spring is here, but it shall pass as others have. When the wintry storms prevail, do not give up, but strive ever on, for Spring shall come, when others will in turn take your places and you shall pass on with time.

Surely no other time could be more appropriate than now for you to assume your duties and responsibilities. May the spirit of Springtime be yours forever, and may your skies ever be bright and fair. Farewell.

THE CRUCIBLE STAFF.

Mirror

OUR FRIENDS OF THE FIRMAMENT

Dear friends at L. V. C., have you noticed the splendor of the heavens during these wondrous Spring nights? If not, why not become an enthusiastic stargazer—albeit an amateur,—for surely we can be none the worse for a few heavenly acquaintances, who, aside from their mysterious influence, will ever remain an unending source of pleasure and satisfaction to the painstaking observer, as well as a real comfort to those afflicted with “wanderlust”.

It is, of course, impossible for everyone to at-reproach, that in these days of nautical almanacs, “the man in the street knows not a star in the sky, the solstice he does not observe, of the equinox he knows as little, and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind.”

Yes, astronomers with theoretical and scientific precision are so far beyond the vast majority that the layman looks askance at the slightest attempt to infringe upon their mental catering, and “day by day” becomes less appreciative of the infinite grandeur of the universe.

It is, of course, impossible, for everyone to attempt scientific thoroughness; yet it is possible for every normal person to become familiar with the planets, the constellations and the most conspicuous of the christened fixed stars. The majority of first and second magnitude stars thus met will be found to have been christened by Arabs and Phoenicians, after some of their mythical gods and heroes; while constellation names almost invariably depict some fantastic figures associated with these ancient myths. The “lesser lights” are given Greek letters, in order of their magnitude and importance in the constellation.

Whatever the appearance of the star groups in ancient times, the present day observer finds it practically impossible to locate and trace the various figures, which are or were supposed to be represented. For instance, the person who goes stargazing and expects to see such fanciful images as the Fox and Goose, Noah's Dove, Swan (apparently so named because it in no way resembles one), Great Bear, or the Winged Horse will doubtless fail; whereas even the most casual observer can not but perceive that certain stars are grouped, assuming very apparent forms, mostly geometrical.

It is better to throw over these fantastic figures as so much imaginary rubbish, for there are but two—Cassiopeia's Chair and the Southern Cross—that in any way deserve their name. At that the Chair is far from being an “easy” one; and astronomers tell us that the Precession of the Equinoxes has caused thousands of years to elapse since last the Cross could have been visible in these latitudes. So, while to “Cape Horners” it must be circumpolar, as our Great Bear (Dipper) is to us, the fact remains that it is very disappointing to sentimental people who see it for the first time.

Now, by choosing a good starting point, and for our latitude the Great Bear is an excellent one, first become acquainted with its movements and the names of the seven (eight, counting tiny Alcor, “the eye test”) stars. After which it

will become comparatively easy to trace and plot, by bearings upon these known ones, so as to identify many others, thus proceeding from the known to the unknown in a very fascinating manner.

This simple method of locating the fixed stars is purely graphic, whence derived the term astrogographical method, and to practice it during the ensuing Spring nights will be found not an unprofitable way of passing an otherwise dull evening in the parlor. In fact, you may find it an excellent restorative following the thrills of an evening in the local “Hip”, and should any deem the prescription worthy of trial, the purpose of this article will then have been achieved.

—D. D. D., '25.

THE SAME YET DIFFERENT

The same general plan of progress has been carried out in the fellowship meetings of the Ministerium in the last few meetings that has been used for the entire year. Yet the wonderful discussions, the spirit of fellowship and the positive testimonies have made these meetings stand out as land marks along the way to many of the ministerial students. As one can only appreciate the beauty of a country that he has seen, so one can only understand the value of the discussions of the Ministerium after having heard them and after having felt the spirit of the true fellowship that attends the meetings.

“Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free” could easily be called the motto of these discussion meetings. Those of the ministerial group who are missing the meetings are losing not only a pleasant fellowship but with it a store of knowledge that leads to real freedom.

MAKING A BETTER WORLD

Do you wish the world was better?

Let me tell you what to do;

Set a watch upon your actions,

Keep them always straight and true;

Rid your mind of selfish motives,

Let your thoughts be clean and high;

You can make a little Eden

Of the home you occupy.

Do you wish the world was wiser?

Well, suppose you make a start

By accumulating wisdom

In the scrapbook of your heart.

Do not waste one page on folly,

Live to learn, and learn to live;

If you wish to give men knowledge,

You must get it ere you give.

Do you wish the world was happy?

Then, remember, day by day,

Just to scatter seeds of kindness

As you pass along the way.

For the pleasure of the many

May be oftime traced to one,

And the hand that plants the acorn

Shelters armies from the sun.

—Young Peoples' Weekly.

Literary

MATRIMONY

"Oh, dear," sighed Betty plaintively. "Oh, oh-golly," echoed Jerry. "This life is too humdrum for words! Let's do something exciting—and wicked!" "Agreed!" said Betty, her eyes lighting. Both girls went in search of books and magazines. Five minutes later a voice came from the library. "I've got it, Jerry! I've got it," screamed Betty. Jerry hastened to the library, where she found Betty sitting on the floor, looking earnestly at something on the page of a magazine. She thumped beside Betty on the floor, crying gleefully, "Tell me."

"Look!" said Betty. Both girls bent their sunny heads to read the following:

"Marry! Best matrimonial magazine published. Do you want to marry a healthy, wealthy spouse? Ask me. Pay when married. Etc. Etc."

"Let's send our photographs to put in their magazine—let's", coaxed Betty. "No, no, what would papa say?" expostulated Jerry. "He'll never know. Oh, please, we've got to do something to keep living. Please, please, Jerry," pleaded Betty. "Well," said Jerry, wavering, "Well, let's do it"—with sudden decision—"at once."

They hunted photographs and finally found some. "Look at me," said Betty critically, cocking her head to one side. "I aren't so worse looking, are I, Jerry?" she asked teasingly. Jerry found the photograph very pleasing, and told Betty so. It was a photograph of a smiling face of a girl who had sunny hair, deep, brown eyes, a full red mouth, and white even teeth. But the most attractive thing about Betty was the tantalizing dimple in her chin. This dimple expressed all her moods. It was very deep and round now. "Let me see your photograph, Jerry," commanded Betty. Jerry had the same sunny hair as her sister, but she had big blue eyes and a firm little mouth and chin, which did not boast of a dimple. But when Jerry smiled her whole face lit up with some inner light. The girls were wont to say, "Jerry's smile will fetch 'em."

The girls put their photos in envelopes and walked to the village postoffice. They tried to do it very casually, but "I'm actually seethin' inside o' me" said Jerry. "Me, too," agreed Betty. Soon they had posted their bulky packages and were on the "home stretch," as Betty called it. "Let's go to Warner's for a sundae. Isn't it exciting?" said Betty, all in one breath. "Warner's or Matrimony?" asked Jerry, altho she knew very well. "Anyway," she conceded, "I agree to both."

"Going to have a sundae, girls?" called some masculine voices. Both girls wheeled and saw Jimmie Peters and Andy Carew hurrying toward them. Two upright handsome youths they were, or as the girls would have said, "Penny dogs."

"Oh, oh," squealed Jerry, "it's Jimmie." Betty cried, "It's Andy!" So, side by side the four fair representatives of Hebe walked into Warner's where they consumed "just innumerable" sundaes, as Betty later expressed it.

Exactly two weeks later Betty and Jerry received letters. "Letters for my two little

chickens," said Father. "We're not chickens, and we're not so very young," said Betty indignantly. Both letters stated that the photographs had been received. "We shall look for clients immediately. We are, etc., etc.," said the letters.

One day Jimmie, Jerry, Betty and Andy were playing battledores and shuttlecocks on Harlan's large lawn. "Mail," called a blue-clad figure from the gate. "A letter for me," said Betty. "I'm sorry," seeing Jerry's downcast face. "Excuse me, please," said Betty. She mounted the stairs to her room with a flushed face. "Dear me, I do believe it's from the Bureau," she said softly to herself. Having arrived in her room, she ensconced herself in her private window seat, and read the following:

"Miss Betty Harlan,
Dear Madam:

A client will call at your home on Monday A. M., at 10 o'clock. Kindly arrange to be at home. Can be identified by a pink rose, which he shall wear on his coat. We remain, etc., etc."

"How exciting! I just can't wait to tell Jerry," cried Betty, jumping up and down and clapping her hands as a little child.

That evening, after Dad was comfortably sitting in his chair and reading the evening paper, Betty beckoned to Jerry. Jerry became just as much excited as Betty after she had read the letter. "How romantic!" she cried. After they were silenced to some semblance of quiet, Jerry asked, "Did you notice Dad? He seems to be worried about something." "Just has it in his stupid old liver again," said Betty unfeelingly. However, they went to their Dad, and found him snoring peacefully. "So our worry comes to naught, Miss Jerry," said Betty severely. They both laughed.

Monday—10 A. M. A large, awkward figure, wearing a huge, pink rose in his coat, entered the gate and inquired of Betty, "Is Miss Betty Harlan at home?" "I'm it!" said Betty. Confusion reigned. "You know me—my name is Antonio Lorenzo Jenks;—I—I come from the West;—will you marry me?" he blurted, all in one breath. Betty looked at this specimen of humanity, and the thought of marriage to him sickened her. "Why, no, no," stammered Betty impulsively, "of course not. I am already engaged to Mr. Andrew Carew," said Betty proudly, thinking this the only way to discourage him.

"Yes, indeed!" cried Andy, coming up behind Betty, who had spoken rather loudly and, it is feared, rashly. The stranger gave Betty and Andy one surprised look, then, without speaking, he shambled out of the garden, leaving an embarrassed silence behind him. "You dear," cried Andy, and put out his arms. "Will you?" "I w-w-" hesitated Betty. "Be-et-ty!" cried a voice from the house. "Coming, Dad," answered Betty. "Good-bye, Andy." "Sweetheart, come back," pleaded Andy. But Betty was gone. "Pack my valise, Betty," said her father. "I am called to New York on a business trip."

Betty went upstairs and found Jerry feverishly packing a small suit-case. "What's up, Jerry," she inquired flippantly. "This morning I had a letter," gasped Jerry, "which told me to come

to New York on the 12 o'clock train, to meet my future mate." Betty grinned and said, "I saw mine, but I'll tell you all about it." After Betty had related what passed in the garden (not including the episode with Andy), both girls enjoyed a good laugh. "You can go with Dad," ventured Betty. "No, no; he'd never allow that. I'll manage somehow," protested Jerry.

By dexterous maneuvering, Jerry got on the train without being seen by her father. She was saying something over and over to herself, "1210 St." "1210 St.", droned the wheels monotonously, but only Betty heard that.

Jerry ate luncheon at a little cafe in New York and proceeded to the address enclosed within the letter, 1210—street. It was a large, business-like, yet comfortable, homey looking house. She rang the bell, and a white-capped maid ushered her into a high-ceilinged, beautiful room. Jerry sat on a large chair and sighed blissfully, "I could stay here forever," she thought. "I'm tired," she amended. The door bell rang and jarred Jerry out of her day-dreams. "He's here!" said Jerry to herself. "I wonder whether it will be love at first sight?" "This way, sir," she heard the maid saying. And then he entered!

"Father!" "Jerry!" "What does this mean, Jerry?" said her father sternly, albeit there was a twinkle in his eye. "I just did it for a lark," confessed Jerry. "And so you are my client. Will you marry me, sir?" she said mockingly, bowing low before him. Dad smiled and said sadly, "I did it because I thought my two chickens needed a Mother. This is the place to which I always come to stay when I come to New York, and I sent this address to the Bureau, and evidently they sent it to you," explained Dad. "Sit down, Dad, it's my turn to explain," said Jerry. So Jerry told Dad everything from the very beginning. "I believe Betty will marry Andy soon," concluded Jerry thoughtfully.

"Why do you say that?" asked her father. "Because Betty looked such a different kind of happy this morning," replied Jerry. "I suppose you are right, my lamb," said father. "How long will it be until Jimmie Peters comes to carry away my beloved Jerry?" he teased. "Why, Dad, I'm engaged to you now; how could I marry anyone else?" asked Jerry, blushing furiously nevertheless. "It was a foolish thing for me to do, Jerry," said Dad, "but I thought I might chance upon a nice woman for my wife and your mother. But I suppose a mother isn't needed now," he sighed. "Well, well, I seem to realize for the first time today that my two little chickens have grown up." "Yes, Dad, we have," confirmed Jerry.

Jerry and Dad came home that evening and told Betty all about it. "Weren't we foolish?" they all asked, and all agreed. A shrill whistle sounded sharply and Betty cried, "It's Andy; 'scuse me." Betty found Andy in the old garden, and the moon was bewitchingly bright that night. "Betty, dear, won't you finish it now?" asked Andy, his eyes shining with love-light. "What?" questioned Betty, just a trifle too innocently. "Will you?" again Andy asked. And Betty said, "I-I-will, dear Andy!" "My, aren't those two children quiet tonight?" said Father. "Yes, dear," answered Jerry, chuckling.

Later. A fireplace and a girl with sunny hair writing a letter. "And so, please accept the enclosed fifty-dollar check for your services in

helping to find us husbands. My father has changed his mind and does not desire to be married," read the girl aloud. "That's fine, Jerry," said another sunny-haired girl, sitting near her sister. "But we've both gotten different husbands than we expected," said the girls, and the voices were proud. "Yes," supplemented Jerry, looking into the eyes of the youth towering above her.

"I love you, Jerry dear," whispered Jimmie, bending low over Jerry's bowed head. "I love you, Betty, sweetheart of mine," Andy told Betty softly, holding her little hand within both his big, brown ones. "I love you, my wife," said Dad, looking at a picture which hung on the wall—a picture of his beautiful dead wife, whom Jerry so remarkably resembled.

So we leave them, these five, dreaming and loving; one dreaming of the time that has passed, and four dreaming of the glorious future in store for them. Thus it ever is—Youth and Old Age.

S. H. G., '24.

THE COLLEGE NIGHTS

Tho college days
Have their delights,
They can't compare
With college nights.

Tho college days
Are full of joy,
They can't surpass
The nights. No, boy!

For college days
Have college woes,
When we must fight
With lesson foes.

But college nights
Are all the go;
And we don't kick—
We wish it so.

Tho college days
Are joy and bliss,
The nights are more
Than all of this.

If college days
Were all just right,
They could not beat
The college nights.

E. B., '24.

Stop! Look! Listen!

She is attractive—you stop, you look, and after you marry her you listen.

* * *

"Nig" Faust—"I am trying to grow a mustache, and I am wondering what color it will be when it comes out."

Mae—"At the rate it is growing now I should think it would be gray."

* * *

"Shorty" Earley—"What bell is that?"
Bobby Reigle—"The one up there on the wall."

* * *

"Dusty Rhodes strikes me as being a very promising young man," said Evans.

"Goose" Kreider—"He strikes me that way, too, but never pays me back."

Activities

PHILO

A very interesting program was rendered by the Philokosmian Literary Society, on Friday evening, March 2, 1923. Mr. Arthur Frock, one of the new members of the society, gave a very illuminating talk on the subject, "The New Germany." A choice selection and exposition of current events was given by Mr. J. Benedict Reed. Mr. Elwood Stabley was called upon to give an extemporaneous discussion on the subject, "Where Should L. V. C.'s Summer School Be Held?" His views accord with those of the faculty of our college, as the summer school will be held at Annville. Mr. Ralph Boyer delighted the society with his "My Four Years at L. V. C.," giving them the full benefit of his manifold tragic and comic experiences while at college. The Philo Orchestra rendered some much-appreciated selections. The reading of the Philo paper, "Living Thoughts," by Mr. Paul Gruver, was snappy and spicy.

On March 9, 1923, a short and snappy program was rendered. Many of the members of the society were absent, due to the travels of the Glee Club and to the basketball game. The first number was a parody entitled, "The Song of the Quittapahilla," written by Mr. Henry Wiit and read by Mr. Maryan P. Matuszak. In the debate, on the subject, "Resolved, That the United States Should Remain Aloof From the Present European Difficulties", Messrs. Elmer Eshelman and Gladstone P. Cooley won the decision of the judges for the affirmative side of the question. The negative viewpoint was ably presented by Messrs. Elmer Andrews and Arthur Frock. Mr. Paul Gruver rendered a very delightful instrumental solo that was much appreciated by the society. Mr. Harold B. Bender, a member of last year's class, visited the society during the evening and let loose a few spicy remarks.

THE FOOTBALL BANQUET

You say you want to hear all about our football banquet? Well, first of all, it was not only for football men, but for all men in athletics, football, baseball and basketball. There were about sixty fellows there. Before we left the "dorm" we decided not to wear either coats or hats, because you remember what they looked like last year, when we found them after those girls were done sewing and hiding them. So it was a hatless and coatless crowd that went over to the girl's "dorm" about seven o'clock, Monday evening, February the nineteenth.

Because, as all banquets, this one was a little late in starting, we waited in the hall under the close inspection of, I believe, every girl in North Hall. Who knows what they were planning to do to us this year? Soon the signal was given, and in we went, a most hungry crowd. The room was fixed up in crepe paper and banners and things—you know how they fix things up for banquets. At each place there was a little

cherry tree and some kind of a little paper cup filled with nuts. But what "took my eye" and, I guess, those of most of the fellows, were the menus. Here is one:

	Oyster Cock Tail	
Celery	Olives	Pickles
	Cream of Pea Soup	
Roast Pig		Stuffing
	Creamed Corn	Candied Sweet Potatoes
	Orange Mapple	
	Ye Salade Oriental Aroma	
	Saltines	
Mixed Nuts		Cakes
	Apple Pie	
	a la mode	
	Cafe Noir	
	After Dinner Mints	

Isn't that enough to make any fellow's "mouth water?" Soon they started to bring in the "eats." Well—all I can say for it is that everybody knows what Chef's banquets are like, and that they speak for themselves. You can guess how we ate, because none of us had gone over for supper. Between courses we sang school songs, not omitting the Alma Mater. After the last course had been served, we settled down to hear the toasts. You know you can always be much more comfortable if girls aren't present. We just pushed the tablecloths back and put our feet up. Anything to be comfortable. And then, too, they weren't dry old toasts. You wouldn't expect anything. Dr. Gossard, Coach Holinger, Prof. Wagner, Wilder, Kelchner, Ferd Beck or Henry Homan(?) or any of the fellows said would be dry, would you? Everything was going fine, though there was a good bit of running around upstairs—those girls were planning something. Then at last about six alarm clocks went off and kept going. Well, we thought they had had their fun now, such as it was. Pretty "dumb" we thought. Kelchner had just started to talk when there was a soft knock at the door, and the Dean, looking all scared, said there was a man on the fire escape. Just then there were several shots fired and girls screamed. Dr. Gossard told us to go out the window or any way. Some rushed out the window, others out the door, and some upstairs. Girls everywhere—half laughing and half crying we thought. But finally we saw that it was all laughter. Boys, we sure had been fooled. When we got back in the hall everyone was laughing. The biggest joke was on J. O. Zeigler. He had rushed up the fire escape after the "man", yelling as he grabbed a man of pillows, etc., "I have him!" Imagine his feeling on finding out what the "man" was. The girls weren't as "dumb" as we had first given them credit for being. They had pulled the joke, and it sure had worked.

After this interruption we went back to the speeches and everything ended fine. Some of the girls were watching from above, so we sang "Good Night, Ladies" and departed, taking part of the "man" with us. Maybe the girls had their joke, but we will have ours, too, before that part of the "man" is returned.

STAR COURSE

The last two Star Course numbers for the season 1922-23 have undoubtedly been the best. They were programs of real quality.

Feb. 26, 1923—Mary Potter and the Boston Symphonic Quintette.

Miss Potter, with her beautiful, rich, full contralto voice, and the Boston Symphonic Quintette, a fine stringed organization of high caliber, not only entertained and interested the audience, but left a deep impression upon it.

Mary Potter came to us highly recommended, and I think no one could have been disappointed. For the potentialities of her voice are measured only by the greatness of a Matzenauer or a Schumann-Heink.

The Boston Symphonic Quintette is composed of some of the best musicians in Boston, and includes three players formerly with the Boston Symphony Orchestra.

March 5, 1923—Hon. Frederick A. Wallis, Lecturer.

Hon. Frederick A. Wallis, formerly United States Commissioner of Immigration, Ellis Island, lectured on that vital and interesting subject, "Immigration and Americanization."

This was a lecture that every American should hear. And there is certainly no one better qualified to discuss this subject than Mr. Wallis, for under his supervision the vast hordes of foreign-born daily poured through the gateway of Ellis Island.

In the course of his lecture he told us that Immigration is not the great problem but the immigrant himself. It is not the quantity but the quality of those knocking at our doors to be considered. We are forgetting that the immigrants of today are of the same caliber as our forefathers. Europe wants to raise her standard, but we must be careful not to lower ours.

He lifted for us the veil of some of the rooms in Ellis Island and gave us a glimpse of the horrible conditions existing there. Then he went further and told us how many improvements have been made within the past ten years for the comfort and welfare of those unfortunate creatures. But there still exists a big evil, one that is causing much pain and heart ache. Many of these immigrants have worked and saved all their lives in order that they might come to America some day, and then when that time comes they are crushed by a sentence of the Medical Inspection Board. They must return to their home land with nothing, and society has lost. Mr. Wallis says that the remedy for such a condition is to have the inspections conducted on the other side of the ocean. He urged every true American to take more interest in this question, to think more seriously of its problems, and to learn "to see with the eyes of the soul".

CLIO

March 2, 1923, Washington and Lincoln Program. This was a delightful program; every number showed preparation and was well rendered. One of the special features was an oration, "Lincoln the Man", by Mary Heister.

As we listened once again to the story of these great men, their lives and deeds, their spirits

seemed to hover about us, filling us with new aspirations and higher ideals.

March 10, the Senior Program.

The first of the class programs showed the Seniors' exceptional ability in the following program:

Reading.....Mae Morrow
Solo.....Dorothy Sholley

"WHAT THEY THINK"

A Play In One Act

Mother.....Lucille Shenk
Father.....Rosa Zeigler..
Josie, the Girl.....Mary Heister
Bobby, the Boy.....Agnes Mercantis
A Dream.....Eleanor Snaeffer
Senior Olive Branch.....Della Herr

Now that the Seniors have made such a splendid beginning for the contest, it behooves the Freshmen to pull in full force for a similar ending. And, of course, the Juniors and Sophomores dare not lower the standard in the middle of the race. So we are expecting three more quality programs.

Clio Officers

On Friday evening, March sixteenth, officers were elected for the third term in Clio this year. The result follows:

President.....Mary Heister
Vice-President.....Lena Weisman
Critic.....Dorothy Sholley
Pianist.....Helen McGraw
Recording Secretary.....Mabel Rice
Corresponding Secretary.....Verna Seitsinger
Chaplain.....Mary Hair
Editor.....Dorothy Smith

L. V. DOWNS GETTYSBURG

In one of the best games of the season, our boys put the skids under the fast Gettysburg College basket ball team, on the Lebanon High School Gymnasium floor. The game was fast and furious thruout. Walter Wolf was hurt in the early part of the second half, when the score stood 21-19, in favor of the Gettysburg boys. Our boys held their opponents to three more points and scored nine points during the remainder of the half. Henny Homan was the star performer of the evening, scoring five buckets from the field, while Bill Wolfe scored two field goals and shot four out of four fouls each half. Chief Metoxen and Red Clarkin played a great floor game. Gettysburg's highly touted Emanuel scored but six points in the fray.

Lineup:

Lebanon Valley (28)		Gettysburg (24)
Metoxen	forward	Peduzzi
Wm. Wolfe	forward	Emanuel
Walter Wolf (Capt)	center	Hendley
Clarkin	guard	Fisher
Homan	guard	Barbour

Field Goals—Homan, 5; Wm. Wolfe, 2; Walt. Wolf, 1; Metoxen, 1; Clarkin, 1; Emanuel, 3; Peduzzi 2; Fisher, 2; Barbour, 1.

Foul Goals—Wm. Wolfe, 8 out of 8; Fisher, 8 out of 15.

Substitutions—Krause for Walt. Wolf; Gantz for Hendley.

Referee—Miller.

Time Keeper—Hahner.

Scorer—Dando.

Time of Halves—20 minutes.

CUBAN HOSPITALITY

We were lying about two miles down the bay from Sagua La Grande, so that parties on shore leave were compelled to use the snip's dory, the two sailors on watch being put in charge.

New Year's night, 1920, my mate, better known as "Frenchy", and myself had the anchor watch. Most of the crew were spending the day ashore, many of them in Havana, but nevertheless there were several stragglers, three in all—the Chief Engineer, Second Mate and a sailor. It was customary for one of us to stay by the boat after reaching the pier, so as to prevent the Cubans from stealing it, but this time the mate kindly suggested that we hide the boat and go with them, and this was no sooner mentioned than it was acted upon.

The way soon lead by one of those waterfront drinking places, and our three companions not being able to resist such a glorious opportunity, seated themselves at one of the small sidewalk tables and proceeded to imbibe of a little New Year's good cheer, while "Frenchy" and myself turned down a side street to a mail box (which, by the way, had at one time been in service in Reading, Pa., as could be seen by the molded name). After mailing quite a batch of letters we hurried back and turned the corner just in time to see the proprietor of the drinking place drop before a beautiful uppercut from the Chief.

When we arrived upon the scene the day was practically won, so, with two more chairs swinging viciously, the Cubans were soon in full retreat, for it is more than unusual when an average American seaman can't hold his own with several Cubans, and the proprietor and his seven hangers-on proved to be no exception.

The foolhardy little gentlemen being fully convinced that we were right, our little party proceeded toward the Plaza. The Chief, being more or less of a songster, began to give vent to his hilarity in a song which, as I recall it, was entitled "If I only owned the Penna. Railroad." At any rate this must have been the last straw, for he hadn't annoyed us with but a few measures until we were confronted by five determined looking policemen; so that, pistols in hand and cutlasses half drawn (in those countries they are thus armed), they brought us to a rather abrupt halt.

Mobilization went on apace; policemen and natives came from all directions, until when finally the little procession again got under way, we numbered exactly twenty-three souls—five dumfounded prisoners and eighteen heavily armed policemen, two of whom were mounted at that. Evidently we must have been considered quite a catch, or perhaps they had wind that Captain Morgenson had allowed all hands to overdraw half pay the day before.

The aforementioned statistics apply only to the actual marching column, and do not cover the multitudes of jeering followers of both sexes and all colors, who, together with the entire canine population, surely managed to stir up both dust and a din that was unearthly.

Two miles of this playful little hike and we were closeted with some sort of an official and a "would-be" interpreter, who, after twenty or thirty minutes of strenuous mental and physical gymnastics, accompanied by some hideous facial contortions, acquainted us with our fate. Yes, we would be locked up until Court, which was to convene in five days; of course, only in the event that we did not meet the present fine of only two hundred dollars, or forty per man.

In view of that liberal offer, and also the fact that there was but one fifty dollar bill in

the crowd, and taking every cent we had there would still be a deficiency of one hundred and ten dollars, we accordingly decided that jail was our place, and forthwith were ushered into a most delightful little room, evidently designed and furnished for just such criminals as ourselves.

The appointments were not what you'd term luxurious, for there were four barren walls, an earthen floor, presenting much the appearance of having recently been inhabited by some animals that are fond of dusting themselves, and, of course, there was a window, to be sure, and perhaps a window seat, who can tell, as no one ventured so high from the ground; the window itself was rather dwarfed, as it were, and we could see the bars on the outside and tiny wooden shutters inside; yet these are customary of all Cuban homes—the shutters and bars—no glass panes, so perhaps the only extraordinary bit of equipment were the electrified bars on the door, and it is a safe wager that we did not finger these furnishings, but on the contrary huddled together in the center of the floor, where all spent a most pleasant hour and a half.

Then our English-speaking friend entered and began to bargain with us as to the amount we could pay. Naturally his clumsiness only forewarned us, and our bargaining was done shrewdly to the end that they finally agreed to liberate us upon the payment of ten dollars each; so presto, the lone fifty changed hands and we stepped forth once more free men and none the worse for the experience.

Needless to relate, "Frenchy" and myself returned to our boat and remained by her until our carousing shipmates were ready to go aboard.

D. D., '25.

ON FAT AND AGNES

"I wish I'se dead,"
That's what she said,
As up the stairs she came;
"It's all done now;
Tho I can't see how—
We'll never speak again."

"Oh, I'm so sad—
Shall never be glad;
We shall never be the same.
I hate him, yes,
That I'll confess—
We'll never speak again."

The big tears fell
For quite a spell;
In fact, they came like rain.
But she was sot,
And that we got—
They'll never speak again."

"We had a fuss,
Common to us;
But this was not the same.
We've quit for good,
That's understood—
We'll never speak again."

We wonder now
Who raised that row,
As up the stairs she came.
We wonder why
She told that lie—
For they are just the same.

Alumni

Mr. and Mrs. William E. Herr and their son, Richard, formerly of Norfolk, Virginia, are in Annville to spend Easter with Mr. Herr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Herr, on College avenue. On April 2d Mr. Herr will leave Annville for Boston, Mass., to take charge of the religious and social activities of the Boston Branch of the Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. Mr. Herr received the call to the Boston Branch two months ago. He was connected with the Navy Y. M. C. A. in Norfolk, Va., for twelve years. Upon leaving there his board of directors presented him with a chest of silver and a wairus traveling bag, and Mrs. Herr was presented with a beautiful cameo pin set with seed pearls. Resolutions of regret in Mr. Herr's leaving Norfolk were presented to him by the Tidewater Y. M. C. A., The American Legion, the Kiwanis Club of which he was chairman of the weekly program committee.

Mrs. Herr and son, Richard, will spend a month in Lenigton, Pa., with her parents before going to Boston.

* * *

Rev. R. S. Heberling, 1919, who graduated last June from the Bonebrake Seminary, became United Brethren pastor to Lykens last October.

* * *

Mr. A. R. Kreider, 1892, recently spent several weeks enjoying the balmy breezes of Florida.

MAY QUEEN ELECTION

In Open Forum Thursday morning, March the twenty-second, Miss Dorothy Fencil was chosen to be Queen of the May. Miss Betty Smith, of Robesonia, came second as Maid of Honor. The following girls were elected attendants: Misses Mae Reeves, of Highspire; Helen Hughes, of York; Gladys Bossert, of Norristown; Della Herr, of Annville; Agnes Merchitis, of Minersville, and Rosa Zeigler, of Lebanon.

Y. W. C. A.

Election of officers in the Y. W. C. A. for the school year 1923-1924 took place just before the Easter Holidays.

Miss Edna Baker, of Strasburg, Virginia, was elected president; Miss Dora Billet, of Harrisburg, vice-president; Miss Stella Hughes, of Pine Grove, Recording Secretary; Miss Ida Breneman, of Blue Ball, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Marie Steiss, of Ontario, Canada, Treasurer; Miss Elsie Clark, of Downingtown, Undergraduate Representative, and Miss Ruth Baker, of Hazelton, Pianist.

The new President has chosen for her committee chairmen the following individuals: World Fellowship Committee, Miss Mabel Silver, of Baltimore; Social, Miss Isabelle Smith, of Harrisburg; Religious Meetings, Miss Ruth Oyer, of Shippensburg; Bible Study, Miss Ida Trout, of Lancaster; and Social Service, Miss Mary Hair, of New Bloomfield.

The officers and cabinet of this new administration are splendid representatives of the Christian and Social life of our institution, and there is no reason why the Young Woman's Christian Association cannot achieve much under their leadership.

A TREAT FOR VOICE STUDENTS

On March 26, Cornelle, a master of one of New York's largest studios, held a music class at L. V. C. for the benefit of all Conservatory students in voice. He lectured before an audience of about fifty men and women. His lecture was instructive, as well as interesting. He gave instruction as to proper breathing, difference in voice range, the proper placing of tones, and enunciation, frequently making use of blackboard drawings and also different students to illustrate various scale exercises. He also illustrated different vocal qualities, such as the lyric, dark, light, and somber tones.

Cornelle came very highly recommended, and all who heard his lecture will tell you that they enjoyed it and considered it a real "treat".

1925 QUITTIE OFFICERS ELECTED

At a recent meeting of the Sophomore Class, the following persons were elected to the various positions on the staff of the 1925 "Quittapahilla": Chas. W. Dando, Editor-in-chief; J. Paul Gruver, Associate Editor; Stella M. Hughes, College Department Editor; Ellsworth Nitrauer, Athletic Editor; Isabelle Smith, Library Editor; Lola C. Desenberg, Society Editor; Raymond Finn, Humor Editor; Kathryn Nisley, Music Editor; Madge Clem, Associate Music Editor; Madie Shoop, Artist; Martha Schach, Photographer; Harry Kiehl, Cartoonist; Luther A. Weik, Business Manager; Joseph Kessler and William Quaid, Associate Business Managers.

EASTER SERVICE

Sunday, March 5, in the quiet of the early morn, the girls assembled in the large parlor to hold their annual Early Easter service. The program was as follows:

Solo.....Ruth Rockefeller
Reading.....Mae Morrow
Piano and Violin Duet—Ruth Baker and Kathryn Nisley.
Vocal Duet.....Ruth Oyer and Olga Smith
Piano Solo.....Helen McGraw

This was a very impressive program. Each girl seemed to catch the true Easter spirit, and was helped thereby.

MAY DAY COMMITTEE

The Presidents of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s recently appointed the committee who in conjunction with a committee from the Faculty will make plans for a bigger and better May Day to be held this year.

Professors Beatty and Wagner, Mrs. Greene and Miss Seltzer, Misses Della Herr, Lucile Shenk, Edna Baker, Dora Billet, Marie Steiss, Mabel Silver, Isabella Smith and Eva Newcomer, of the Y. W. C. A.; Messrs. Ralph Boyer, Lester Williard, Lester Leach, Paul Gruver, Elwood Stabley, Gladstone Cooley, Elmer Eshleman and Mervie Welty, from the Y. M. C. A., comprise the General May Day Committee. Plans are being made by this group to have May Day this year the biggest and best ever. Miss Edna Baker is student chairman of the committee, and Miss Eva Newcomer is Secretary.

Humor

M———, Pa.,
Mar. 20, 1923.

Dear Friend:—

I will take the pleasure of dropping you a few lines, leaving you know that I am in a fine and healthy condition and hope you are the same.

I was going to write yesterday, but I was very busy, of course Monday is the (busy day) for me.

There is one thing that I am glad of, that is, that I have had the pleasure of giving you my service (on Sunday).

I do not give my service to any body because there are lots of people who do not appreciate it. If I would of only thought of it sooner, and you wouldn't of had any objections, I would of gone along to———just for the fun of it, but I never thought of it till the car had drawn away. I go quite frequently to———, and it may happen that I would have the chance to see you sooner and latter.

Well, I guess I'll have to close for this time, because the boss is comming down the isle, you know what that means. I do hope you will disregard all mistakes. I had to write this letter in a hurry. If you prefer addressing the letters to clo———, it makes no difference to me. I do wish you a great success. Kindly answer and oblige.

Yours respectful,

* * *

So Would I

Judge.—“Ten days or ten dollars. Take your choice.”

Bill Weiser.—“I'll take the money, your honor.”

* * *

“Hinkie” in Restaurant.—“How's the chicken today?”

Waitress.—“Fine! How's yourself?”

* * *

We will now sing that old familiar ballad, entitled, “A sock on the foot is worth two in the eye.”

“Mack.”—“What would you do if the girl you were calling on told you that she never wanted to see you again?”

“Mike.”—“I'd jump to my feet and leave.”

“Mack.”—“And let her fall to the floor.”

* * *

Olga.—“Father says he cannot understand the young men of today. About twelve o'clock at night they are hanging on the front gate and saying, “Just one”.”

* * *

Weik.—“Would you accept a pet monkey?”

Martha.—“Oh, I would have to ask father. This is so sudden!”

* * *

Prof. Derickson.—“The class will name some of the lower animals beginning with Mr. Schell.”

* * *

Seven Ages

Safety pins.

Whip pins.

Hair pins.

Fraternity pins.

Diamond pins.

Rolling pins.

Clothes pins.

Kan U Imagine

Helen Hostetter in the wilds of Borneo playing Tiddely-Winks with the Wild Man.

Josephine Fields teaching the French language to Chinamen.

“Dick” Wenner with his mouth shut and eyes open.

A six-inch snow on the Fourth of July.

A red-headed Chinaman.

Pete Matuszak as chief of the Philadelphia fire department.

“Ferd” Beck as a Bishop.

“Mike” Bachman as a missionary.

* * *

In English Exam.

Prof. Beatty.—“If you try to think of the author's characteristics, you will probably pick out the right man. Just think of the men.”

Miss Dearwechter.—“But mother said I must not think of men just yet.”

* * *

Ed. Balsbaugh.—“What do you like most about her?”

Ben Smith.—“My arms.”

* * *

You all know the guy we love so much,—

I swear we'll crown him yet,—

Who after every act, or scene, or such—

Goes out to have his cigarette.

* * *

Weik.—“I say, Babe, are you asleep?”

Babe.—“We-eil, what is it?”

Weik.—“Well, I thought if you happened to be awake maybe you could loan me a dollar.”

Babe.—“Why are you bothering me? Can't you see I am fast asleep?”

* * *

Ambiguity

Really, now, girls, isn't it awful to be watching a sunset with him, and have him say, “How beautiful!” and them find that he is really watnening the sunset?

* * *

Street Car Conductor.—“Change for Marietta.”

Troutman.—“I don't know what she looks like, but here is ten cents to help her along.”

* * *

Ed. Adams.—“Little girl, would you scream if I kissed you?”

Pearl.—“Little girls should be seen and not heard.”

* * *

At the Dance

He.—“Have I not seen you before some place, my young lady?”

Molly Fegan.—“Why, certainly; don't you remember I sat next to you yesterday in the Barber's chair?”

* * *

Al. Stine.—“I sent a telegram home for money and as usual they only sent half the amount I asked for. But I fooled them this time,—I asked for twice as much as I needed.”

* * *

Bartha.—“Think of the nerve. He asked me how much my father was worth.”

Dick.—“And what answer did you give him?”

We wonder where—

Cooley gets his awful line?

"rete" Corel gets her rosy complexion?

"Nig" got hair dye to dye his mustache?

Frances Durban eats?

Reidel gets his pull?

Prof. Wagner acquired his never-dying smile?

Stella—Home is where the heart is.

Martha—Inen mines in the boy's dorm.

Maidie—I wonder why Ruth smiles every time we mention Martha.

Ruth—It's because I like the subject that stands before the class.

Welty—Going to have dinner anywhere to-night?

Dora—Why, no; not that I know of.

W.—Say, you'll be awful hungry, till morning.

Prof. Shenk to Stambach in English History—How old was Mary?

Stambach, yawning—Eighteen on her last birthday.

Miss Myers—What is a synonym?

Red—A word you use when you can't spell the other one.

Bill Wenner coming into class—Prof, I have lost my anatomy.

Prof. Derickson—Well, the best thing you can do is to find someone that has more anatomy than they need.

Shorty Early in Later Life.

Mrs. Brown—It's so kind of you to come so far to see my husband.

Shorty—Not at all; I have two patients on the way, so I can kill two birds with one stone.

Fields—Say, waiter, there's a hair in this soup.

Swanger—Well, what do you expect for ten cents?

Andrews' Bride—Say, dear, I wonder if you can get along with mother and father.

Andrews—The question is can we get along without them.

Cooley (in his new home)—Dot, the garbage man is out front.

Dot—Well, tell him we don't need anything today, dear.

Stabley—What kind of leather makes the best shoes?

Allen—Don't know; but banana peelings make the best slippers.

Cooley—I'm reading "The Count of Monte Cristo", and gee! but it's a hair-raising story.

Hutch—Then Izzy Reidel and some others of the bald-headed boys should read it.

A Modern Version of Conversion.

Boyer finally made a public confession, in Philo Hall, mid tears (of laughter), of his heart-rending escapades while on glee club trips.

Wanted—Trade.

Grill—Frock, we're having a class meeting tomorrow afternoon, at four o'clock; you want to drum up some trade.

The Spark Plugs of the intersection groups need a real Barney Google to lead them to victory. Swanger, here's your chance.

Dando—"Down our way we are so hard we can ride a porcupine through a bed of cactus and never get a scratch."

Talking of laziness? Say, "Hen" Schell rides in a Ford car to save himself the effort of knocking the ashes off his cigar.

Leach, on kissing his girl good night—"Dear, if this is heaven, let me die."

ENOCH'S GARDEN

By Charles W. Dando

Enoch Rastus Samuel Pinkemly, commonly addressed as "Eenick", was a dusky relative of the first ruler of Ethiopia by indirect, very indirect, descent. Enoch made his living by fleecing his chocolate colored friends with the aid of the "gallopers". Talk of luck! Enoch could go into any assembly, whether a pool-room or a colored church, with a canceled Louisiana Lottery Ticket and come out with the bank rolls of a half-dozen unfortunate and rather dumbfounded fellow-sharks.

As a side line, Enoch ran a restaurant which might be termed as one of the few of its kind in existence, and bore a conspicuous red sign with gold letters, to wit:

SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN'S EATING HOUSE Meals at All Hours

Enoch R. S. Pinkemly, Proprietor

"Enoch's Hot Dog Shop," as it was commonly called by the Afro-Americans of Nashville's dark belt, did a thriving business with the men-folk. To eat any of the "Southern Gentlemen's" chow would remind you of the old yell of the side show barker: "We cater to the male folks and the male folks alone" because you couldn't expect anyone of the gentler sex to partake of Enoch's fare and feel like doing a day's work, although it tasted good to fellows with constitutions like a keg of ten penny nails.

The "Southern eGntlemen's Eating oHuse" was neither run upon European nor American plans; it was decidedly and exclusively Ethiopian, and at times when financial engagements did not need Enoch elsewhere, he acted the role of head waiter. When you gave Enoch an order, he translated it into another language and gave a lusty leather lunged yell. When a new customer seated himself at one of the tables, Enoch, if he is upon the premises, would brush up to him and announce:

"It sho am mah exclusaff pleasure to surb yo-all, sah."

Then if the customer asks for fried oysters, Enoch yells to the cook:

"Josaff, slide in de sawdust wiff de extrahs."

It so happened, that one day a certain Israelite named Cohen, later known as Isaac of New York, rested his weary anatomy upon one of Enoch's chairs for the purpose of getting refreshments for the smallest possible expenditure.

Probably Isaac needs some introduction to you. Here it is: Isaac is a man of many businesses, and master of them all. He tried all kinds of businesses, having gone bankrupt seven times cleaning up a couple thousand cart-wheels each time. He now migrated to Nashville with the hope of cleaning up another little fortune at the expense of someone else after being ousted from New York by the police and his victims, after pulling too many stunts in the pawn-broking business.

Enoch opened up with his regular and favorite announcement, and Isaac responded:

"Two frankfurters with buns and a cup of coffee."

Enoch immediately addressed the cook, who was some twenty feet away, but who could have heard him if he was twenty squares away instead:

"Two hot dogs, a couple sinkahs an' a cup o' bilge watah." Then turning to the astonished Isaac, continued: "Am dat all, sah?"

"Vell you might put a liddle mustard on those frankfurters," responded Isaac, who believed in getting his money's worth or at least as much as possible.

"Hey, Josaff," yells Enoch, "put de liquid fiah on dem hot dogs fo' dis gem'en."

Enoch then turned to another guest and got an order for "two rolls with limberger cheese and two scrambled eggs."

Again Enoch threw his vocal organs into high gear and addressed the cook as follows:

"Twin snakes wiff flohine gas in solid fohm, an' shipwreck Adam an' Eve twice."

After Isaac had finished his devastating approach upon the bottoms of the dishes from which he almost scraped the flowers, he called Enoch aside and engaged him in a conversation which took the better part of an hour, and finally ended in Isaac giving Enoch a roll of bills as thick as a baseball bat, and the next week the red sign read:

SOUTHERN GENTLEMEN'S EATING HOUSE

Meals at All Hours

Cohen & Pinkemly, Proprietors

From that time on, Isaac's income became very much greater and Enoch's showed a mystifying tendency to decrease. Isaac "hawked" two-thirds the profits and Enoch was satisfied with the remainder, as he commandeered a greater income from crap shooting, seeing as he had someone to take care of the shop.

In the course of many transactions according to the whims of the ivory cubes, Enoch became the possessor of a small lot or truck garden, emphasis upon the truck. The deed was recorded, but who cares about deeds and transactions in real estate in Nashville's dark belt? And only three persons bothered their heads about this one; they were the former owner, Mistuh Rastus Brown, Enoch and the recorder of deeds.

Six months of very precious time elapsed after the merger of Cohen & Pinkemly, and the earnings according to Isaac's statement were pretty close to freezing point on the Centigrade Scale.

An outstanding account of quite a little "hunk of jack" was chalked against the pompous individual, Mistuh Rastus Brown, and was increasing daily. Now, as Isaac does not like to have good money laying around in other people's pockets, he sent a statement to Mistuh Brown via "shank's mare" and entered an agreement (the sorriest thing Isaac ever done) that Isaac was to cancel the bill and give Mistuh Brown \$500.00 in cold cash for the plot of ground already owned by Enoch.

The same day that the agreement went into effect, Enoch placed an order with the local contracting firm for the erection of an apartment house. Work was commenced a week later upon the foundations by a swarm of carbon-copies of the pugilistic "Jack" Johnson, but Isaac put a sprag in the wheels and took the case to court. After a month of deliberation by the court, in

which time Isaac hired a cheap lawyer and Enoch a new cook, the court decided in favor of Enoch, the verdict being as follows: "That's Enoch's Garden."

The head of the house came downstairs in an irate frame of mind and told his wife that Bobbie had taken some change from his pockets.

"I don't think it's fair of you to accuse Bobbie that way, Jack. Why, you might as well say I'd taken it!"

"Oh, no, my dear!" the brute answered, "it wasn't all taken, you know!"—Argonaut.

* * *

Clergyman—Do you mean to say that your wife goes to church every Sunday without you?

Stray Sheep—Well, it isn't my fault. I can't persuade her to stay at home.

* * *

Diner—I have eaten much better steaks than this one.

Waiter (through force of habit)—Not here, sir, not here.—Legion Weekly.

* * *

"What does the professor of Greek get?"

"Oh, about \$3000 a year."

"And the football coach?"

"About \$12,000 a year."

"Quite a discrepancy."

"Well, did you ever hear 40,000 people cheering a Greek recitation?"—Birmingham Age-Herald.

* * *

College Senior—I would give \$5 for just one kiss from a nice little innocent girl like you.

Innocent Freshman—Oh, how terrible.

"Did I offend you?"

"No; I was just thinking about the fortune I gave away last night."—Malteaser.

* * *

Kitty—What would you give to have hair like mine?

Dolly—Oh, I don't know; what did you give, darling?

* * *

Attorney—And where did you see him milking the cow?

Witness—A little past the center, sir.—Michigan Gargoyle.

* * *

"He's thinking of becoming an actor!"

"Why, he hasn't any qualifications, has he?"

"Oh, yes; a friend has just died and left him a fur-lined overcoat."—London Answers.

* * *

Visitor (at very quiet seaside place)—And whatever do you people do with yourselves in the winter?

Landlady—Oh, we talks and laughs about the people what stays 'ere in the summer.—Punch.

* * *

Native—Sahib, I saw a lot of tiger tracks about a mile north of here—big ones, too.

Hunter—Good! Which way is south?—Judge.

* * *

Ever: He has taking ways.

True: Yes, the kind that puts him in jail.

* * *

26: Are you going to take a bath?

25: No, th eyear's not up until tomorrow.

* * *

Chief, rising to answer: Well, er—

Prof. Grim: No, this is not a case of health.

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ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 13

APRIL 13, 1923

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THE CRUCIBLE

Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.

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APRIL 13, 1923

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OUR POLICY

With this issue the management of the Crucible has passed into new hands. The old Staff has done its work well. The new Staff will also do its best. The new Staff has been trained to take up the work in an efficient manner. It will fulfill its promises.

The management of the paper has been entirely reconstructed. The Staff has become re-organized into an efficient body of co-operating, enthusiastic workers. New members have been received into the Staff. There isn't another organization at L. V. C. that possesses such earnest workers.

Our policy is one that will not please everyone. We realize that. The keynote of our policy is PROGRESS. Destructiveness is not progress—our policy is not destructive. But it is likewise not non-constructive—we cannot sink into a rut. Ours is a work of constructiveness.

We believe our mission to be this: The editing of a paper that shall represent Lebanon Valley College not only to her friends but also to those who are indifferent. Our aim shall not be to please anyone directly. If any organization at the college shall find its views unaccepted it shall only be so because its influence has not been instilled into the hearts and souls of the members of the Staff.

The ideal of the Staff is amply connoted by the word TOLERANCE. If the paper becomes a battleground of ideas and ideals it ought to be remembered by all that the Staff shall always be tolerant and shall never allow prejudices of any sort to creep in.

Lebanon Valley College is a college with a distinctly Christian outlook. Opinions may differ among individuals, but the religion of love can be said to permeate the thinking of all. The Crucible shall ever be the organ of a Christian institution.

Lebanon Valley College also has a distinctly scientific outlook. Whatever of science shall appear in the pages of the college paper shall be of such nature as to represent what no one who is tolerant and broad-minded can object to.

Lebanon Valley College has many other sides besides the two mentioned. Literature, music, athletics, dramatics,—all shall be represented, none shall have the ascendancy. Toleration shall be the highest guide of the Staff in all these departments of our college life.

To the students: The Staff wishes to express a hope that it shall have your support. It is from among you that the Staff has been recruited and it is from you that the Staff must get much of the spirit and life that shall appear in the paper. If the Crucible becomes a paper displeasing to you, you yourselves shall in largest measure be to blame.

To the faculty: The Staff wishes to say that

we are under your guidance, and that the more interest and help that is received from you, the more shall the college paper be pleasing to you.

To the alumni: The Staff invites you all to partake of the spirit contained within the pages of the paper and to send to us any information or material that can be used therein; we shall be most happy to print any alumni news.

The Editor.

SPRING

Forward, march! Spring is once again in command of her forces and comes to conquer the earth. Everywhere we see the same old signs of a brand new Springtime.

Even King Tut himself, with his thousand-year-old charm cannot gainsay the right of the Springtime in her dictates of fashion, and presto! there fashions forth the usual display of flowers and delicate shades in the new Spring gowns and millinery. But it is in vain that the envious Dame Fashion tries to grasp the warm, elusive coloring of the fickle Spring.

In her own peculiar realm—in Nature—that same old and ever new thrill of reviving life, that smell of the new green earth and that sound of the first bird's call, create anew that forgotten feeling of half exhilaration and half sadness.

But why try to tell all about it? The Spring is everywhere and we cannot help but see it and feel it. As the sap rises into the trees, filling them with new life, there is something creeping thru our veins urging us to action and giving us pep. We trudge up to the attic and get out our golf clubs and tennis rackets and swing them about in anticipation of the joys we are about to have.

And into our minds, too, this strange potion is creeping, and we are dusting out the old cobwebs that have gathered there during the Winter. In our school work it is the "end spurt" and with renewed energy and eagerness we are throwing ourselves into a last effort before the end of the year. There used to be here at L. V. C. a Spring term. The form of this has passed away, but the principle still exists—once more we gird up our capabilities and plunge into our work. This is true in our school work, in the literary societies, in our athletics—yes, and in the Crucible also. We have once more caught the vision of a greater Lebanon Valley that we had when school opened last fall.

And all of this is due to the new coming of Spring. But it is at best an old story retold, this story of Spring. All the world is full of the gladness and the madness of it. And, if it would not seem almost like a sacrilege, we would like to give a rip-roaring Ramma-Zamma for the Springtime!

C. R. D., '24.

Mirror

Charles C. Smith, Editor

Edna R. Baker, Associate

OPEN HOUSE

Spring is the time for house cleaning, and it seems that as soon as we have a nice, warm, sunshiny day, we all get a fever to clean—at least the girls of L. V. C. do. The first day of Spring was an ideal Spring day, as you remember. The sun was shining in all its glory, the air was dry and sultry—yes, it was so warm that all the windows of our dorms were wide open.

The girls of both halls decided, since the dorms had not been cleaned for a year (be sure to understand the word "cleaned"), that they would give the place a real, honest-to-goodness cleaning. We all put on our aprons and caps, collected buckets, scrub brushes, brooms, etc, either from the dorm or from our neighbors, and started to "stir around". It surely was a long, drawn-out job, for most of us know almost as much about cleaning as we do about our lessons on a Monday. We were precise, at least we thought so, for it actually took the greater part of an hour to wash one window, so you can imagine the time we spent cleaning until our rooms were in "A" condition.

Since the boys of L. V. C. had invited us to see their rooms, we decided we would return the honor, if I may call it that, and so we invited them to come and see our halls on March 22d.

Yes, we invited them to be our guests, but quite a few came as inspectors of the place, going from room to room, examining closely the tops of wardrobes, window sills, ceilings, everywhere where they thought dust might be concealed. We fooled them, for we left no "stone unturned."

In some of the rooms tea was served; if not tea, jelly eggs, peanuts and nigger babies were served instead. We tried to be as sociable as we could and eats always add, making your callers linger.

Well, boys, if you enjoyed your visit a whole lot, drop a few hints and we might invite you again, provided Spring comes bringing with it the "house cleaning fever."

DOES SUN SHINE TOO BRIGHTLY?

With the coming of warm sunshine and pleasant evenings comes that old pull that Spring always brings with it, which has a tendency to call us out of doors—yes, even on prayer meeting evenings. In the light of the fact are you not tempted to ask, "Doesn't God make the sun shine too bright for our own good if it calls us away from worship?" But, on the other hand, did you ever stop to think that it is only those who first give their hearts to God in prayer that really appreciate the sunshine? Perchance you do not agree with the last statement; then all I can say is that in a recent prayer meeting the topic, "Give God a Chance," was taken, and in it the speaker brought out a few of God's chal-

lenges to give Him a chance to prove Himself. Will you give Him a chance in your life by coming to prayer meeting next week? The meetings are great—why not be one of those to enjoy them?

DO YOU HAVE ME?

I am unknown by many.

I am unknown because they do not care to know me.

I am often obscure and hidden from the eyes of men.

I am only sometimes so instilled within their hearts and minds that they would not let me depart for all the world.

I am that which every noble American possesses.

I am that which enables man to look man in the eye without flinching.

I am that which is ever as steadfast as the star that lights the northern sky and guides the traveller safely to his destination.

I am that which makes the child, the youth, the man and gray-dimmed humanity worthy and respected by God and man.

I am that which holds the tongue of man from slander.

I am that which nurtures Truth and Righteousness.

I am that which causes statesmen to stand for principle though myriads rise up against them.

I am that which makes true brotherhood possible.

I am the stepping ladder to success.

I am the foundation of true character.

I am that which noble men of all ages have aspired to have.

I am that which feeds the soul of man.

I long to find a place in every human being.

I can direct man in his thoughts and desires and actions.

I can make him a man among men.

I can make him to fear no other being, man or woman.

I can make him to fear no evil circumstance.

I can guide him through the most tempting, the most distressing, the most discouraging, the very worst that may befall man.

I can bring him through it all, more noble, more true, more sincere.

I can keep you sincere.

I can keep you unafraid.

I can keep you untarnished by the vanities of this world.

I can make you unfearful by man, child or woman.

I can make you true and loyal to yourself.

I can make you worthy of the love of God and man.

Who am I?

I am HONESTY.

Mike: Is that a new girl in town?

Ike: No, that's my old one painted over.

* * *

Chief: Whistler ought to be a good singer.

Fake: Yes, he's got legs on him like a canary.

Literary

Cynthia Drummond, Editor

Sara H. Greiner, Associate

"SPRING"—A PLAY IN ONE ACT

CHARACTERS: Spring Morton, a girl of twenty summers.

Mrs. Morton, Spring's mother.

John Summer, a young man of twenty-five.

TIME: Spring.

PLACE: A country place somewhere in the United States.

(The scene opens in a large room. A large fireplace is in the center, with candelabra on the mantel. Various articles of furniture are scattered and disarranged about the room. The carpet has evidently been removed. To the left and right sides are doors. To the left-back is a doorway leading into a comfortable room, evidently a den. To the right-back are French windows leading out to a piazza and a lawn. Spring, a slender girl of medium height, is bustling around the room, cleaning. She wears a soiled bungalow apron. On her head is a piece of cloth fastened rather askew. As she flies about the room she softly sings to herself, "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy.")

Spring (to herself). Will I ever get this room finished? I want to please Mamma and have it all cleaned before she comes back. But I know I saan't—I'm so slow! (Despairingly, she looks around the room.) I simply must get someone to help me. I can't get this finished in two hours all by myself. But where will I ever find anyone in this forsaken territory? (She looks out the window. Suddenly she brightens.) I know— (She rushes out of the room.) Stop! Stop! Ple-ase! (In another instant she drags a reluctant young man into the room.)

Man (confused). What is the mean—

Spring. This is just the same as a hold-up, but honest, Mr. Man, you've got to help me clean this room. My mother says I'm slow an' I am—only I want to show her I'm not.

Man. But—but—

Spring. But use no buts! Take off your coat and go out and beat the carpet!

Man. I cannot—I—

Spring (pulling off his coat and slipping an apron over his unwilling head). Now beat it—and beat the carpet well! (She places a rod in his hand and pushes him towards the door that leads to the lawn.) Out with you! (She bustles around the room, smiling and singing "I Ain't Got Weary Yet", dusting here and there.)

Man (re-enters). I—I—

Spring. Lemme see—are you sure you beat it very thoroughly?

Man. Yes, but—

Spring. Thanks! Now help me lay it on the floor. (They place the carpet on the floor.) Now that's that. You may dust the furniture and I'll polish it nicely with this sewing machine oil. 'Twas the only kind I could find, outside of camphorated—

Man. But—miss—I—

Spring. Here! Start on this chair! (She pushes a chair toward him. He begins working.)

Pardon me, but what did you say your name was?

Man. John Summer.

Spring. Are you the famous Jack Summer I've heard so much about?

Man. My name's Jack all right enough!

Spring. Tell me, what is it you do? H-m-m- (meditating) I think Jack is the best name! Jack (beaming). Honest? What is it I do? Just a plain farmer man—with a side line on Airdales.

Spring. That's it—Airdales! Aren't Airdales just the sweetest things? Such curly eyes and kind hair—(they both laugh.) Don't stare at me so—you make me feel all jumpy!

Man. Miss—I—

Spring (sternly). Excuses to go again?

Jack (weakly). Will you call me Jack?

Spring. If—if—you call me Spring!

Jack. What's your full name, if I may ask?..

Spring. Spring Morton.

Jack. Morton! Morton!! Morton!!!—Oh, Miss Morton, I—I—

Spring. I absolutely forbid you to shout and stammer at me like that again. I don't like to look at you when your mouth looks like a cave!

Jack. But, Spring—

Spring... Must I hear that but again? Not another word from you until I give you permission! (They work in silence. When finished, Spring takes the apron from the young man and gives him his coat.) You wait here for me. 'Scuse me? (She goes out of the room at the right. Jack sits upon a chair, gets up and makes a movement to leave, but sits down again, looking happy though worried.)

Spring (reappearing, excitedly). Do you know, Jack, here it's an entire hour after the time Mother was to arrive?

Jack. I can—

Spring. You stay here with me. I'm afraid all by myself.

Jack. Spring!—Spring!—

Spring (bursting into tears and sinking into a chair). How can you annoy me, when I'm so worried?

Jack. Oh, Spring, dear, I wouldn't hurt you for the world!

Spring (raising her head). You called me dear!

Jack... I—I'm—sorry.

Spring. I—I'm—not.

Jack. Spring!! (He takes her hand and moves towards her. She springs up and moves away.)

Spring. Jack, where can Mother be?

Jack. Why—why—honey—Dad sent me to the station to bring her home!

Spring. You horrid—! Why didn't you tell me before?

Jack. How could I?

Spring. We won't argue now. Get out and go! Whoops! Won't Mamma be angry!

(Jack leaves and Spring moves nervously about the room. She tries to read, she tries to sing, all to no avail. At last Jack and Mrs. Morton enter.)

Jack. Mrs. Morton—I—

Mrs. Morton (irate y). No excuses, Mr. Sum-

mer! I am through with you and all of your tribe!

Jack. Let me explain—

Spring. Mother dear! (They embrace.) Mother, let me explain. Come. (The two women leave the room at the right and Jack quietly leaves with a last lingering look towards the doorway through which Spring passed.)

Spring (re-entering with Mrs. Morton). Why, Mother! He's gone!

Mrs. Morton. The poor boy! I treated him shamefully.

(Jack re-enters.)

Spring. Jack!

Jack. Spring! I couldn't leave—Can you forgive me, Mrs. Morton?

Mrs. Morton. With pleasure, my boy. Forgive me for being so rude. What can I do to show my sincerity?

Jack (looking at Spring). Spring!—Spring!! May I ask you a very important question this evening?

Spring. Why—yes! (Jack hastily embraces her and leaves.)

Mrs. Morton. So that's what Spring did to Jack? Spring and Summer—a happy combination, is it not, my dear?

Spring (shyly). Mother!

CURTAIN

S. H. G., '24.

APRIL

She is a petulant little maid,
Who loves to weep and smile.
First with sunshine then with shade
She coaxes the violet and beguiles
The earth to yield her flowers and grass
To clothe the fields. I saw her pass
Where the slender birch and bare oak stood;
The sap crept upward, rich and warm,
Through the lifeless, dark and barren wood,
Under the spell of her magic charm.
That night April wept.
The divine miracle of Spring was wrought
Upon the world; and in the heart of man
The God-like spirit arose and sought
To fight, to conquer and command
All forces by his mind. From her unbound hair
(If men are brave, earth must be fair),
The flowers fall, caressing the golden mass,
Gaze from the deep bosom of the grass
To the awakened soil and with tender eyes
Upon April's face, their paradise.

Eva Newcomer, '26.

IF I COULD MAKE A FRIEND

If I could make a friend today,
I would not ask for greater store;
If just one soul would come and say,
"We shall be comrades evermore,"
I would not need to count my gold
Tonight when busy labors end—
My heart a greater wealth would hold
If I could say, "I made a friend."

If I today a friend could find
Amid the labor and the stress,
Some toiling brother, kindred mind,
Some hand to clasp in tenderness,
It would not matter what reward
The hours had brought me on the way,
If I could say, "I thank Thee, Lord—
I know I made a friend today."

—Anonymous.

SPRING TWILIGHT

The flitting sun prepared to rest
Upon the church's tapering crest;
With joy it flung its color bold
Of purple, yellow, red and gold;
And then, behind the rim of the hill
It shot one golden red ray bright,
And formed a slender bridge of light,
That gently on the college aid span.
As slowly twilight curtain drew,
Soft, black-robed ghosts came forth to view;
Then o'er Annville silence swept,
And stealthy purple shadows crept;
Sweet music of the night breathed out
Its tune of restful vales about.
The campus was just as quiet as e'er,
With sweets of green spreading with care;
Soon gold and purple faded away
As nature sighed for the passing day;
While one by one the stars on high
Came forth and lit the dark'ning sky,
The slender crescent of the moon
Soared high and banished all the gloom.
The clearing of the dark foreground
Appeared to lift a veil around
And showed the beloved L. V. C.,
A solemn peace and stillness reigned
The stately buildings, the trees, the fields.
Like benediction's rule again;
For now, all nature seemed to kneel
In pray'r upon each vale and hill.

Henry Ishimura, '26.

For what you find in these sweet days,
Depends on how you go about it;
A glad heart helps poor eyes to see,
What brightest eyes can't see without it.

One child sees sunlit air and sky
And bursting leaf buds, round and ruddy;
Another looks at his own feet,
And only sees that it is muddy!

—Henriette R. Eliot.

Men are four:

He who knows, and knows he knows,—

He is wise—follow him.

He who knows, and knows not he knows,—

He is asleep—wake him.

He who knows not, and knows not he knows not,—

He is a fool—shun him.

He who knows not, and knows he knows not,—

He is a child—teach him.

—Arabian Proverb.

This question then is ours—are we doing our part in the growth of the race? In the current of life are we moving forward? Do our years mark milestones in humanity's struggle towards perfection? Is the God within us so much more unrolled, when our development has reached its highest point? Can we transmit to our children a better heritage of brain and soul than our fathers left to us? Has the race through us gained some little in the direction of the law of love? If we have done our part in this struggle, our lives have not been in vain.

—David Starr Jordan.

Be noble, and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own;
Then shalt thou see it gleam in many eyes,
Then will pure light about thy way be shed.

—Lowell.

Activities

Mary R. Hershey, Editor

Kathryn H. Nisley, Associate

Y. W. C. A.

The purpose of the Lebanon Valley College Y. W. C. A. is, "to unite the women of this institution in loyalty to Jesus Christ, to lead them to accept Him as their personal Savior, to build them up in the knowledge of Christ, especially through Bible Study and Christian service; that their character and conduct may be consonant with their belief. It shall thus associate them with the students of the world for the advancement of the Kingdom of God. It shall further seek to enlist their devotion to the Christian Church and to the religious work of the institution."

The aim and hope of this institution could never be realized unless there existed organizations which provided for the training of the young people in the various forms of Christian service. And the Y. W. C. A. serves as one of these fields. The young mind is active, energy is stored up, wisdom is acquired, talents are possessed; thus there is a great need for guidance, for direction and instruction in order that these forces be directed toward the right end. There is a weakness of college life, as professors and students well know, and help must come from somewhere in order that they may see their way clear out of chaotic thinking and come to conclusions that will guide them in the decisions they must make day by day. And this help the Y. W. hopes to give.

Politics and religion used to be shut out from polite society, but now they are vital topics of conversation. Students need to discuss these worth-while things of life. Millions of young people in health and strength cannot suddenly face probable death without wondering about life after death and all the questions bound up in immortality. The time has come to lay aside reserve and to speak out; we must win moral battles through the power of God applied at the point of moral need. We must get a true viewpoint for straight thinking. We want to face the task of world reconstruction. Then do we not need the Y. W. to receive training for Christian service?

The great spiritual need of students is that of readjustment. Sometimes an intellectual change of viewpoint is needed, but more often moral readjustment. The Y. W. hopes to find the secret of moral power and release it for the life of the world. To do this the prayer of every Y. W. girl should be—

"O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart."

Edna Baker, Pres.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS

The annual election of officers of the Student Volunteers was held at the regular session, April 3d. Miss Elizabeth Hopple was elected president and Miss Mable Silver secretary and treasurer. The past year has been a great year in Volunteer work, but everyone is optimistic enough to

believe that next year's will be a greater one. During the past year we have had many special speeches and have been able to send several representatives to the convention of the Eastern Division, at Madison, N. J. Next year the convention will be held at Lancaster, and we hope to have a larger representation. However, the convention work is only a very small part of the plans and hopes for the coming year. The band meetings have in times past been very vital to the spiritual life and inspiration of the Volunteers and it is hoped that they will mean even more to them and others as time goes on.

CLIO

The program given by the Juniors on March 16 savored of Ireland, yet it contained nothing spectacular, as Clios are wont to flavor their programs. However, the productions rendered gave full assurance that something of that sort is not essential to a good program. A discussion, "Conditions in Ireland," by Marie Steiss, was quite entertaining and unique, and was presented in such a manner that the audience was presently surprised. Again the power of music was brought home to us by Dorothy Mancha. "The Rescue of Lygia," read by Lena Weisman, was a special feature of the program. The interest of the audience amply verified this statement. Other numbers were, Original Short Story, by Edna Baker; Original Poem, by Elizabeth Hopple, and "Ireland's New Art," by Ida Trout.

The following program was rendered by the Clio Sophomores, March 24, 1923:

A Summary of Shakespeare's Life.....Ruth Hoy
Shakespearean Lyrics.....Mary Hair
Trio—Who is Sylvia?.....
.....Olga Smith, Verna Seitzinger, Mabel Silver
Ben Jonson's "Tribute to Shakespeare".....
.....Esther Hughes
A Shakespearean Romance.....Mary Hair
Reading from "The Merchant of Venice"

The Sophomores, in the presentation of this program, gave to us the old but ever new story of that great dramatist, the living Shakespeare. By the aid of a small amount of make-up the Sophs were remarkably transformed into true Venetians, and again we were moved by the spirit of the "Merchant of Venice". "The Shakespearean Romance," by Mary Hair, was something novel, and contained facts about Romance that we all should know. However, it did seem a pity that after Miss Hair had taken the Lovers thru a perfect Midsummer Night's Dream, that she should tell us that Love's Labor was Lost, and it was all A Comedy of Errors.

DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY WELCOMES SPRING

"A Fantasy of Spring!" Surely that must be a Delphian program. They always have such original and interesting ones." It was a Delphian program, and a most interesting one it proved to be when presented on Friday evening, March the twenty-third.

Spring never received a more hearty welcome than was given in "Greetings to Spring", by Miss Matilda Bowman. Of course, we always think of music when thinking of the happiest of seasons, but Miss Eva Newcomer showed us the true relationship between them in her essay on "Spring and the Muses." Spring itself seemed to be in Miss Helen Hostetter when she played "To Spring," by Greig. I think that more than one of us have felt the symptoms of spring fever in a manner very much the same as that expressed by Miss Florence Seifried in "Spring Fever." Of course, anyone who knows Miss Esther Gilbert will know how well she sang "In the Springtime". In the sketch directed by Miss Mae Reeves we truly saw that "In the Spring a Young Man's Fancy" does turn to thoughts of love, even, as exemplified in the sketch, sometimes a very young man's fancy does. Spring could not help but hasten on, after such a charming program had been arranged to welcome her.

But with the coming of Spring comes also the thought of new officers for the spring term. The election was held April the sixth, with the following results:

President.....	Dorothy Fencil
Vice-President.....	Ruth Baker
Recording Secretary.....	Susan Zeigler
Corresponding Secretary.....	Dorothy Longenecker
Chaplain.....	Martha Zeigler
Pianist.....	Madge Clem
Warden.....	Margaret Kerr

KALO ANNIVERSARY

The Kalos were in their prime on Friday evening, April sixth, when they elaborately celebrated their forty-sixth anniversary with a very interesting programme in the chapel hall of Engle Conservatory, after which a reception was held in the alumni gymnasium. Dr. C. A. Mutch, who was to give the invocation, was unavoidably detained at his home, and Dr. J. T. Spangler, who is an old Kalo, took Dr. Mutch's place. The organ selections by Mr. Ruth were quite favorably commented upon, while the speaking of Messrs. Mutch, Wenner and Rhoads was enjoyed immensely. The Kalo Octette rendered several well-appreciated selections. During the reception in the gymnasium, Messrs. Williard and Kiehner rendered delightful music. The programme in the chapel was as follows:

Prelude	
"Pilgrim's Chorus From Tannhauser".....	Wagner
Mr. Ira M. Ruth, '23	
Invocation, Dr. J. T. Spangler	
President's Address—"Something for Nothing"	
Mr. Heber R. Mutch, '23	
Organ Interlude	
"Solemn Prelude from Glorious Domine".....	Noble
Mr. Ira M. Ruth, '23	
Reading—"Two of Them".....	Sir James Barrie
Mr. William F. Wenner, '23	
Octette—	
(a) "Dry Yo' Eyes".....	Landsberg
(b) "The Rosarie".....	Wells
Messrs. Hardman, '08; Cyrus Sherk, '21;	
John Sherk, '25; Luther Weik, '25; Harold	
Saylor, '26; David Shroyer, '26; William	
F. Wenner, '23; John Rhoads, '25	
Oration—"What Makes Americans Great"	
Mr. John G. Rhoads, '25	
Organ Postlude—	
"Grand Chorus".....	Rogers
Mr. Ira M. Ruth, '23	

PHILOS NOT TOO BUSY

Due to the anniversary of the brother society on Friday night, April 6th, Philo met in regular session on the preceding evening, April 5th. Though this was a busy evening, the Philos were not too busy to turn out and make the meeting a real one. Several lively discussions and some real fun were the features of the evening.

After the program the regular business session was held, at which new officers were elected. Mr. Earl Lake was chosen President and Mr. L. M. Leach Corresponding Secretary. Great things are looked for during this administration.

On the evening of the twenty-third of March, Philo gave a Japanese program, which was a success of which Philo is proud.

The Fifty-sixth Anniversary Exercises will be held on Friday evening, May 4th. Old Philos are urged to visit us at that time.

Visitors are always welcome at Philo.

STAR COURSE

The most interesting lecture by Commissioner Wallis concluded the Star Course for this year. The audience that night was given an opportunity to choose whether our Course for next year should be composed of four or five numbers. The four-number Course was chosen. Accordingly, the new Committee was appointed by the Y. M. and Y. W. and plans at once made for the engagement of such a Course for next year. The members of the Committee are as follows: Dora Billet, Edna Baker, Benton Smith and Charles Smith, Juniors; Isabelle Smith and Edward Adams, Sophomores; and Charles Runk, Freshman. The town representation for this year, namely, Prof. Beatty, Rev. I. E. Runk, Rev. U. E. Apple, and Gideon Kreider, Jr., was retained for next year. The officers as elected at the organization meeting are as follows: Chairman, Charles Smith; Secretary, Dora Billet; Treasurer, Benton Smith.

The Committee at once wrote to various Entertainment Bureaus asking them to send representatives who should represent to the Committee a four-number Course, best fitted to the needs of this community. Quite a number of Bureaus complied, and after hearing them, the Course presented by the White Entertainment Bureau was finally selected, as being the best in quality and balance of talent.

The numbers of the Course are as follows:

THE ARTISTS GROUP, consisting of Jesus Sanroma, solo pianist, a musical genius who has won many honors in the musical world; Marguerite Sherlock, a reader of splendid reputation, and Raymond Simonds, tenor, whom we remember as the soloist with the Zimmer Harp Trio, in our Course of the preceding year.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT, a musical play enacted by six of the leading Scotch singers in the East. The sketch follows the suggestion of the famous poem by Robert Burns and comes to us highly recommended by Committees who have booked it in previous seasons.

We all remember CRAWFORD ADAMS, the versatile violinist, who was with us last year and presented such a pleasing program. He will come to us with two other artists, and is sure to "score as great a hit" as he did last year.

DR. CHARLES A. EATON, the "Big Brother" of New York, Editor of Leslie's Weekly, is so popular and well-known on the lecture platform as to need no further comment.

Athletics

Benton P. Smith, Editor

Dana Dunnick, Associate

BASEBALL PROSPECTS FOR 1923

The first hint that winter had passed and spring was upon us was thrust at us the other week, when the Frosh were given a half holiday to clean up the diamond.

Yes, baseball season is here, for last week "Pop" Kelchner sent out a call for baseball candidates; about forty fellows answered the call, and with that squad Lebanon Valley had its initial practice.

The prospects are great, fellows. We have our veteran twirlers back on the mound. "Lefty" Witmer and "Walt" Wolf are showing their old-time form, and with "Bob" Reigel showing some stuff, we have a crack pitching staff. "Chief" Metoxen is holding them behind the bat. Lebanon Valley has a new addition this year. Updegrove, a catcher, is showing splendid ability. We have a pair of catchers here that match up well with the pitchers.

Take a look at the infield, boys. "Zeke" Perry is trying out for first, and he looks good. The Freshman Class has produced a ball player in Richards, who is holding down second and looks like a strong contender for that position. Capt. "Henny" Homan will no doubt play short this year. "Henny" is one of our mainstays in the infield. Ziegler is holding down the third sack in great shape. The blue and white has a fast working infield here. When it comes to the outfield, "Dick" Smith seems a likely man for center field; "Bob" Yake will no doubt be a fixture in left field; "Red" Clarkin is going strong for right field. "Wack" Finn, "Fritz" Meilman, Walter Krause, Nitrauer, Hovis and a few more are showing form and are capable of giving the others a fight for their berths.

Lebanon Valley has a bunch of first-class material this year. I am sure "Pop" Kelchner is going to produce a victorious nine. We have a few heavy hitters and we expect a few more to develop. Lebanon Valley has a tough schedule, but let's go, fellows—we are back of you. Play Ball!

The Baseball Schedule is as follows:

- April 7—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.
11—Acco, at York.
14—Lafayette, at Easton.
18—F. & M., at Lancaster.
21—Blue Ridge, at Annville.
26—Blue Ridge, at New Windsor, Md.
28—Georgetown, at Washington, D. C.
- May 5—Drexel, at Annville (May Day).
9—Dickinson, at Carlisle.
12—Gettysburg at Annville.
18—Swarthmore, at Swarthmore.
19—Drexel, at Philadelphia.
23—F. & M., at Annville.
25—Bucknell, at Lewisburg.
26—Susquehanna, at Selinsgrove.
30—Ursinus, at Annville.
- June 2—Susquehanna, at Annville.
9—Muhlenburg, at Allentown.
12—Muhlenburg at Annville (Alumni Day).

LEBANON VALLEY LOSES TO GETTYSBURG

Lebanon Valley opened its baseball season on Saturday, April 7, with the Gettysburg College nine. The final score was 5 to 1. Gettysburg scored four runs in the fourth inning, when Meyers clouted a home-run with two men on the bases. Lebanon Valley also scored its one run that inning. The blue and white men played some good baseball, but were not in their hitting stride, with only one week's practice behind them. We expect to have some better results when Lebanon Valley meets Asco, at York, on the 11th.

Score—

LEBANON VALLEY						GETTYSBURG					
	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.		r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Homan, ss....	0	0	0	4	1	Mensch, cf....	0	3	0	0	0
Smith, cf....	0	1	1	0	1	Bream, ss....	1	3	1	3	0
Ziegler, 3b....	0	0	0	2	0	Mordau, 3b....	0	1	0	0	0
Updegrove, c....	0	13	0	0	0	Emanuel, 2b....	1	1	5	0	0
Clarkin, rf....	0	1	0	0	0	Plowman, lf....	1	0	2	0	0
Yake, lf....	1	1	0	0	0	Meyers, rf....	1	1	0	0	0
Perry, 1b....	0	1	8	0	0	Fisher, c....	0	1	9	1	0
Richards, 2b....	0	2	3	0	0	Decker, 1b....	0	6	0	0	0
Witmer, p....	0	0	12	0	0	Wise, p....	1	0	0	12	0
Wolfe, p....	0	0	1	0	0						

Totals....1 4 24 22 2 Totals....5 6 27 16 0

Lebanon Valley 00010000—1
Gettysburg 00400100—5

TENNIS

With the campus gradually taking on its coat of green, and the sun absorbing the moisture from the earth came thoughts of tennis.

Manager Hohl has been right on the job and soon had a bunch of frosh out on the courts getting rid of the weeds and other debris which was entirely out of place on a tennis court. Soon we saw the roller in action, smoothing out the rough spots. The weather man predicted fair and warmer, so the boys lined off the courts, and everything was ready to enjoy this popular sport.

Coach Hollinger has arranged for class tournaments, and we are sure these matches will be watched with interest by many of the students.

Lebanon Valley should have a good tennis team this year. From all reports the tennis manager has arranged a strong schedule.

Tennis is a popular sport at L. V. C. We are glad to see the work progressing toward the addition of another court. This will give more students an opportunity to get some exercise and enjoy a few sets of tennis.

Cyn: I think that in the debate, "Resolved, that women can have both a career and a home", you were great.

Dora: Oh, I guess that's because I've had so much experience.

* * *

Butterwick: How do trees grow?

Swanger: By inches.

Music

Donald E. Fields, Editor

Dorothy Mancha, Associate

RECITAL BY DR. BLOSE

Shortly before our Easter vacation, the bulletin boards announced an unusual event. Dr. Blose was scheduled to give a recital of original compositions on Tuesday, March 27th. Those who attended that recital were again impressed with the fact that the present director of the Conservatory is a very capable person. It is not often that one has the opportunity of hearing a composer present to an audience his own creations.

The program was well arranged and varied. There were selections for pianos, violins, voice, and organ. It might be said that the climax of the recital was reached when Dr. Blose and those who assisted him: Mrs. Blose, Miss Esther Gilbert and Professor Campbell, all had a part in the rendition of "O Paradise." Another thing that added greatly to our interest on the program was the interpretation of the compositions by Sir Edward Baxter Perry. In short, the music we heard that night was of a high standard in every way, and we are anxious to hear more of that kind.

Dr. Blose gave this splendid recital without pay, for the benefit of the Y. M. C. A. We mention the fact in order to thank him again, and to show our appreciation for his good-will and generosity toward the students of the College.

STUDENTS' RECITAL

We have had another proof, lately, that our Conservatory is very much alive this year. A students' recital was given on the Tuesday evening immediately following vacation, a thing which used to be impossible. We now have the privilege, however, of hearing a recital of true art growing in size and appreciation. If you but glance at this program of the last recital, you merit, regularly, every two weeks. Audiences will surely decide to join the crowd hurrying to Engle Hall to hear the next one.

Leybach.....Fantasie, "La Sonambula"
Miss Violet Walters
Wagner-Eddy.....Pilgrim's Chorus, "Tanhauser"
Mr. Ira Ruth
Grieg.....Caprice, Op. 28, No. 3
Miss Elizabeth Kettering
Handel-Blose.....Gavotte in D
Miss Marie Tierney
Mozart.....Romanza in A Flat
Miss Verna Pell
Noble.....Solemn Prelude, "Gloria Domini"
Mr. Ira Ruth
Schumann.....Faschingschwang
Miss Dorothy Mancha

FINAL PUBLIC ACTIVITIES OF THE CONSERVATORY FOR THE SEASON

Our readers may be interested to know in advance something concerning the public recitals and concerts which will be presented by the Conservatory between now and Commencement Day.

They will furnish a gratifying though only partial demonstration of what has been achieved

during the past season, and what we may reasonably expect will be achieved during next year.

There will be in all seven recitals given by representatives of the four classes, from freshmen to seniors, showing what has been done by the various teachers in the Conservatory, as well as by the persistent and intelligent efforts of the students. These recitals will be distributed at intervals during the month of May, and will include members from the different departments. They will be of decided interest from a musical and educational standpoint, and will show what can be done in one year.

In connection with the Commencement exercises the most interesting portions of Haydn's Oratorio, "The Seasons," will be given with fine finish by the Lebanon Valley Choral Society under the direction of Dr. J. M. Blose, Director of the Conservatory. Remembering the magnificent work done by this organization in the Messiah only a few weeks ago, we are safe in confidently predicting a triumphant success for this, the second appearance of this organization in our midst, and great pleasure as well as keen interest for all those in our community who cherish any real love for the best in music or any desire for the development of musical knowledge and culture in our town and college. It should be the wish of all who are interested in the growth and reputation of Lebanon Valley College that the Choral Society referred to may become a permanent and integral factor in the work of the institution, as well as in the life of Lebanon Valley.

MUSICAL MAXIMS

Tune your hearts and tempers as well as your fiddles and pianos.

* * *

Music is the most subjective, the most intense and passionate of all arts.

* * *

A new and pleasing song is more contagious than the measles or smallpox.

* * *

The musician needs character just as much as the theologian, the statesman or business man.

* * *

Many things in music are deserving of criticism, but not all things of condemnation. Condemnation is not criticism.

* * *

The teacher who does not feel honored by the profession he follows, will probably not honor his profession.

* * *

If hollow heads were to hurt as severely as hollow teeth, many teachers would be better students than they are.

* * *

Artists are as rare as diamonds. They must be polished before they show all their beauty. Experiences of life usually do the polishing.

Alumni

Isabelle R. Smith, Editor

Miriam L. Mengel, Associate

We are always glad to see our Alumni members and old friends, of whom several have visited us during their Spring vacations. It always seems so natural to see about the campus and buildings—

Jenny Sebastian, '20, who is now teaching Biology in the High School, at Linden, New Jersey.

Mrs. Guy W. Moore, '21, who was formerly Miss Sara Garver, now teaching eighth grade in the public schools in Passaic, New Jersey, and who attended the anniversary exercises of the Kalozetean Literary Society.

Miss Gertrude Gingrich, '22, who is teaching English, French and German in the High School of Alden, New York.

Mr. John Kretzinger, who is teaching History in the High School of La Trobe, Penna.

Mr. Lester Lewis Spessard, '11, who is employed as Plant Quarantine Inspector of the United States Department of Agriculture, has changed his address from 2108 R St., N.W., Washington, D. C., to 503 Woodland Apartments, Cathedral Avenue, Washington, D. C.

Mr. Eldrige M. Stumbaugh, '20, is teaching in the La Trobe High School.

Mr. and Mrs. Orin J. Farrell, both of '21, announce the birth of a son, Robert Brooks Farrell, March 31, 1923.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris Long announce the birth of a son, Robert Byron Long, February 18, 1923. Mrs. Long was, previous to her marriage, Miss Elizabeth Fencil, '19.

Mr. Gideon R. Kreider, '83, and his wife, together with Mr. Paul W. Kreider and his wife, who was Miss Florence E. Christeson, '13, recently spent several weeks in the Bermuda Islands.

Mr. Gideon L. Blauch, '15, who was superintendent of schools in one of the counties of Michigan, is now pursuing graduate work at the University of Chicago.

Mr. Felix Ramsey, who was a student at L. V. C. in 1915 and 16, is now a student at the University of Oregon. Since leaving Lebanon Valley he has served a term of enlistment in the United States Army having been stationed in both the Eastern and Western Hemispheres. His term expired last summer and he has decided to complete the college course begun at Lebanon Valley several years ago.

Mr. Victor R. Blauch, '16, is principal of the High School at Leechburg, Armstrong County, Pa. Mr. John A. McGinnis, '20, is teacher of Mathematics and Athletic Director at the same school.

Rev. S. T. Dundore, '19, pastor at Elizabethville, attended the Anniversary Exercises of the Kalozetean Literary Society.

Mrs. S. S. Hough, nee Mary Richards, of the Class of '97, is in Annville attending the Biennial Board Meeting of the Women's Missionary Association, whose headquarters are at Dayton, Ohio. Mrs. Hough is First Vice-President of the organization. She addressed the Y. W. C. A. on Sunday, April 8.

Mrs. Paul Koontz, '12, of Mechanicsburg, is being entertained during Board Meeting by Mrs. Albert Barnhart, '13.

Miss Nellie Buffington, '00, of Elizabethville, is visiting Mrs. E. A. Shroyer, '00, during Board Meeting.

Miss Florence Clippinger, '13, a field worker for the Women's Missionary Association, is attending Board Meeting.

Miss Myrtle Lefever, '20, a teacher at South Forks, Pa., and General Secretary of Junior Missionary Work of the Women's Missionary Association, is staying with Mr. Alfred K. Mills, '04, and his wife, who was Miss Edith Frantz, '08.

We invite all readers of the Crucible to send in any news of our Alumni and former students. We shall always be glad to receive such news.

The musician who addresses the heart has the most hearers; he wields the greatest power; and he is loved and longest remembered.

Egotism and conceit are two of the meanest rags hanging about the frame-work of the human character.

We should every day call ourselves to an account. What infirmity have I mastered today? What temptation have I resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift.—Seneca.

The true spirit of conversation consists in building on another man's observation, not overturning it.—Bulwer.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, in which smiles and kindness and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir Humphrey Davy.

Self-reliance is the basis of behavior, as it is the guaranty that the powers are not squandered in too much demonstration.—Emerson.

He that respects himself is safe from others; He wears a coat of mail that none can pierce. —Longfellow.

Humor

Lena A. Weisman Editor

Ellen S. Keller, Associate

WHAT YOU THINK HE SAID

Beneath the fan
He held her hand,
While stars shone overhead;
The night was fine,
The time was prime—
But what you think he said?

The maid was fair,
With dark brown hair,
Such as one never read;
She was sublime,
Methinks divine—
But what you think he said?

Her rosy cheek
And eyes that speak,
Her lips so cherry red;
And all the while
She wore a smile—
But what you think he said?

She was so sweet
With waist so neat—
A nice armful for Ned;
'Twas his to take,
'Twas no mistake—
But what you think he said?

Then one long look
At her he took,
But all her hopes had fled;
"You're sure a queen,
And what I mean,"—
But what you think he said?

"But I'd advise
That you be wise.
Go rope another in;
For what's the use,
You little goose—
I'm married!"

As she stifled a yawn she asked sweetly:
"Is your watch going, George?"
"Yes," answered George.
"How soon?"

When a fellow is allowed to muss a girl's hair
he considers it a net gain; she considers it a
net loss.

Whitman: You look as if you don't have any
classes.

Burtner: You mustn't judge by face value.

Mr. Faust (visiting college): Son, these are
better cigars than I can afford.

Nig: That's all right, dad; take all you want,
this is on me.

Doctor: I'll examine you carefully for five dol-
lars.

Sweitzer: Go to it, and if you find it I'll go
fifty-fifty with you.

Gates: Her neice is rather good looking.

Beard: Don't say "knees is"; say "knees are."

He took her rowing on the lake,
She vowed she'd go no more—
I asked her why—her answer came,
"He only hugged the shore."

Junior: Have you heard of St. Nicholas?
Frosh: No, those bolsheviki are not popular
with me.

Bill: Hungry Herb belongs to a new frat.
Musser: Does he? Which one?
Bill: I Bumma Cig.

Carmie: You remind me of Venus de Milo.
"Shorty" Runk: But I have arms!
Carmie: Oh, have you?

Della: It must be awfully nice to be wise
and know, oh,—everything.
Dando: It is.

Dora: Are you sure your arm is where it be-
longs?
Mervie: Why—er, it's not even touching you.
Dora: I know it.

Because you are a ham is no sign that you are
swift.

Sign in Annville Movie House:
"Tonight: To Have and to Hold;
Tomorrow Night: You Never Can Tell".

Negrilli: I have quite a rep as a lady-killer.
Betty: Quite right; you bore them to death.

Prof. Beatty: Does your wife ever get up in
the air?

Prof. Grimm: You bet, and she always lands
on me.

"Deep stuff," sighed the student
As he fell into the ditch.

At the match factory—Mutch to Nisley: Kath-
ryn, will you be my flame?

Mary had a little lamb,
And it fell into the brook.
"Oh," Mary cried, "What shall I do?"
The lamb cried, "Get the hook."

Fake: Kiss me, hot lips, I'm asbestos.

Prof. Derickson: Babe, did you give the tur-
tles some water this morning?

Babe Ruth (assistant): No, they haven't drank
up what I gave them yesterday.

Fake: Here's a joke on Ed for the Crucible,
Pete.

Ed: If you put it in you'll have two to deal
with.

Smuch: My dad's mail is addressed with M.D.
after his name.

Roper: That's nothing; they always put C.
O. D. after my father's name.

ANTI-VOLSTEAD

It was a soft, warm night in April. The huge, high-powered Cadillac purred smoothly down the level road, silent save for the low humming of the exhaust. The powerful headlights cut through the darkness, throwing a glare of white light a quarter of a mile ahead. The darkness appeared all the blacker by contrast, and every inequality in the surface of the road stood out in high relief. Behind lay Lebanon. To the right the sky was tinged with the reflected glow from the furnaces at Cornwall as the molten iron was drawn off, or the liquid slag was tapped.

Little could be seen of the figure at the wheel. The faint light from the instrument board enabled one to see that he was muffled in a heavy overcoat, and wore, pulled down over his eyes, a soft felt hat.

On purred the machine. The road was deserted, for it was but two hours till dawn. Once only did its lights grow dim as it passed another car. The road began to ascend, and changed from the smooth tarmac to rough clay. It no longer ran straight, but wound back and forth, always ascending. The country had changed from level fertile fields to rough, tree covered slopes. The air grew cooler and was laden with the damp, heavy odor of rotting leaves, and the indescribable smell of the woods in early spring.

The machine climbed upward slowly and more slowly. Finally the driver was forced to change gears. The engine became hot and the water began to boil. At last, however, the crest of the South Mountain was reached and the long descent into the Lancaster Valley lay beyond. Progress once more became rapid, and shortly the foot of the mountain was reached. Once more broad fields lay upon either side, and the air was redolent with the odor of freshly plowed ground. The city of Lancaster lay only a few miles ahead.

Suddenly the headlights flashed upon a figure holding a red lantern. Instantly, like a living thing, the car leaped forward. A flash down standing, far ahead, in the middle of the road, the road, barely visible in the glare of the lamps, and one of the headlights went dead. The car slowed gradually and finally came to a stop, almost touching the motionless figure in the middle of the road. Another man appeared from the side, covering the driver with a revolver.

"Well, Bo," said the first, turning a flashlight on the chauffeur, "I guess we've got you this time. You've tried it once too often. We've been laying for you bootleggers, and I guess we've got one, anyway."

By this time the other enforcement agent, for such they proved to be, had climbed into the tonneau. Jerking off a lap-robe, he uncovered two small kegs on the floor.

"Here it is, Jim," he growled; "he's got it right with him."

By this time the victim had recovered his voice, and broke in.

"Say, what kind of a holdup is this?" he demanded. "What d'you fellows think you're doing? I'm no more of a bootlegger than you are. That's not whiskey, that's—"

"Cold tea, I suppose," sneered the officer. "Tell that to the judge, and keep quiet till you get there."

He climbed the officers, and with one at the wheel and the other behind with the prisoner the journey was resumed. The east was beginning to lighten and objects were becoming vis-

ible as they came to the outskirts of Lancaster. The streets, save for a few workmen already astir, and a milk wagon or two, were deserted. The Cadillac drew up before the Central Police Station. Without stopping the engine, the officers hustled their prisoner and the evidence inside. The lieutenant in charge was the only person in sight. The charge was quickly made. The lieutenant brightened visibly.

"This is a serious charge," he said. "We must examine the evidence. This'll mean a vacation in the cooler for you, my friend."

With watering mouths the three approached the kegs. The bung of the first flew out at a touch. They bent forward and took one long sniff.

When they recovered consciousness they looked dizzily around the room. Their prisoner had vanished. Nothing remained but the keg on the floor, from which was rising, slowly, the heavy, deadly, overpowering fumes of Lebanon County sauer kraut.

* * *

He Knows His Stuff

Prof. Shenk (lecturing in History 24): I am of the opinion that all bachelors should be taxed.

Ray Troutman: I disagree with you, Professor.

* * *

Some Geography!

Lecturer (in Chapel): We have home missions all over North America and Canada.

* * *

The Usual Cry

Prof. Gingrich (in Political Science): This is a memorable day: everyone present for the first time in months.

Kantz: You ought to dismiss us for that, Prof.

* * *

Beard: Say, Achy, this talcum powder that I just put on my face feels kind of queer.

Achy: That's not talcum powder; that's foot powder.

* * *

Lola: Dick, when we have been standing here in the doorway, has it ever dawned on you—

Dick: Good gosh, no; you'd never let me stay that long.

* * *

"Gentlemen," began the speaker, "Success has four conditions."

Hutch: "It's no use; Soggy Grimm will kick it out."

* * *

Williard: I couldn't see a woman standing up in a car while I was sitting down.

Wilt: So you gave her your seat?

Williard: No, I closed my eyes.

* * *

Prof. Gingrich: Who was Homer?

Stabley: The guy Babe Ruth made famous.

* * *

Father: What did you do with that last ten dollars I gave you?

Andrews: I bought a dollar's worth of oranges and apples and spent the rest on dates.

* * *

Fake: Kathryn and I have decided that our happiness is the biggest thing in the world.

Father: You change your mind so often—just yesterday you wanted to marry her.

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 14

APRIL 27, 1923

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But for a line, be that sublime —
Not failure, but low aim, is crime.

— Lotwell.

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EDITORIAL

ON TIME

How often we all have been exasperated when compelled to wait. A performance on the stage is to commence at a certain hour—and it doesn't. It may be wicked to fume and fuss over the delay, but surely the helpless victim has plenty of grounds for being righteously indignant at the way his time is stolen. No one can be expected to enjoy an half-hour waiting for the curtain to rise, especially on a sultry, still, hot summer evening.

One needs not a super-perceiving mind to notice how many things are canonically late at Lebanon Valley College. The event that occurs when scheduled is the exception, not often the rule. In every department of our college life, somewhere and somehow, a cog is missing and delays are always occurring. Usually, of course, some person or group of persons is to blame. Sometimes the delay is of trivial consequence only; but when a large number of persons are prevented by the delay from doing something they would like to, the sin is multiplied as many times as there are people present.

Examples of delays in the activities that concern a large number of students are manifold. Our literary societies by their constitutions are scheduled to meet on Friday evenings at 7:15. Yet among all who are reading this, is there one who can recall that his or her society was ever called to order at that time? And though the society be finally called to order, ten or fifteen minutes late, there are always some late-comers who interrupt the attention of the society from the program.

Our chapel services are scheduled to begin at 8:45—do they? And chapel attendance is compulsory. Although the organ is almost always on time, the platform rarely and the student body never are ready for the services at that time. There are always some who insist upon staying in bed a minute too long for the good of their souls, and who are inconsiderate enough to interrupt the attention of others from the services. Not only are our daily chapel services troubled with the evil of tardiness, but also our Thursday General Assemblies suffer from it. How often it happens that we get to the Conservatory on time and remain seated, squirming around, forced to lose valuable time!

Our classes and laboratory sessions likewise suffer from tardiness. The professor who insists upon students coming to class before the clock strikes is regarded as a grouch, but his attitude

should be supported. Are not laws made to be obeyed? And should not a student feel himself obligated to come to classes on time? But students are not always to blame when they are late; professors sometimes are too greedy with the time given them, and keep their classes in too long,—an unworthy imposition upon the other professors and the students.

Among all the Star Course numbers, Glee Club concerts, plays, etc., that have been rendered at Lebanon Valley College during the past year, were there any that were begun on time? The gallery in the Conservatory has always been filled by the time scheduled for the performance; it is the floor below that causes the delays. The performers are rarely responsible for any tardiness; they must wait until the audience has been seated. Why must socializers insist upon coming in about ten minutes late?

Even the meals at the dining hall are sometimes late. When one is running an important experiment in the chemistry laboratory and wishes to return to it as soon as possible, the delay is most exasperating. When a hundred and fifty students are kept waiting for only a few minutes, the time so wasted totals hours. A wait of five minutes by one hundred and fifty students represents more than twelve man-hours lost. The greatest loss of time at any one meal occurs when a party of guests eats at the dining hall. It is unreasonable to keep our large body of students waiting twenty minutes until they are ready to eat.

It has been often observed that the persons who are most active in the activities of the college, who are most busy, are not those responsible for tardiness. Yet they are the only persons who are at all excusable for being late. At the society meetings the first in the hall represent the most earnest and the most active members; it is only the less interested, the less active members who delay the meetings. At chapel and at the different entertainments it is likewise the busiest persons who are most consistently blameless.

If in the past one of the college activities, namely, the college paper, has been more or less in tune with the prevalent tardiness, that condition has passed away. If in the future the Crucible is not on time, it shall only be so because there shall have arisen conditions beyond the control of the Staff. The Staff will do its utmost to create at Lebanon Valley College a spirit of "On Time."

The Editor.

Mirror

Charles C. Smith, Editor

Edna R. Baker, Associate

You know, not long ago we had a vacation here at Lebanon Valley. It being Easter and all the folks sort of longin' for home, so I packs up my bag and starts back to the old home town. I was pretty nappy when I steps off the train in the old home state, and mighty glad to see an old friend standin' there. He wasn't there in particular to see me, him being the Station Agent, but he walks up to me and says, "Well, Jonnny"—my name aint really Jonn but I use that seein' as how I dont want my name writ down in real print—"Well, Jonnny," says he, "what are you doin' now?" Him and me graduated together from the local High School. I says, "I am going to Lebanon Valley College." "Where's that?" says he. Now I had been feelin' pretty Collegiate up until these words, me havin' my new hat all punched up like the fellers is wearin' them nowadays, and havin' my travelin' bag all plastered full of College Seals, you know, these words just clean knocked all the stiffnin' out of me. But I measured him with the indignation that was comin' to him and enlightens him. "Seems like I have heard tell of it before," he says after a little.

This sorta got me thinkin' and I decided it was time to start talkin' shop in my home town. I soon got a chance, too. You see, the girls usually have a party for us college men when we get home, and as I was invited I took advantage of the chance to tell 'em about L. V. C. Say, fellows, you should ought to have seen them girls' and fellows' eyes pop after I got started tellin' 'em about our teams and girls and things. But I didn't stop at that. Next day I goes down to the High School to encourage the teachers and snow the students what kind of a man they can become if they works, and I starts talkin' shop again, and say, them kids just that I was the berries. Well, all the stiffnin' came into me again and I felt like a Collegian once more.

But I suppose you're wonderin' why I'm takin' up so much space. Well, I'll tell you, fellows. You see, Summer Vacation is comin' soon and like them big commercial fellows say, "It pays to advertise." Now, when you light in the old home town for the summer, loosen up a little. Tell 'em about the place where you are pursuin' your education and Johnny will guarantee you'll get an audience besides gettin' your little three cents worth of advertising for the Alma Mater.

The above article was found in the "Crucible Box". Can you see what the author was driving at? Yes, it was School Spirit. I have often heard the statement that we need more school spirit. I have said it myself, so did you, but did we ever "talk shop" back home, or even suggest by a written contribution some means of showing this much-talked-of school spirit? All credit is due this person, not only for suggesting such means in a well-planned article, but also for answering the challenge to school spirit which each of us sees on the door of the English classroom.

It was this article that presented to me the

theme for reflection in this issue. How many instances can you cite where school spirit has been conspicuous, either by its absence or its presence? Think it over; possibly each of us may help.

Did anyone notice that the tower on the roof of the Ad building has been painted recently? The person who called my attention to it also asked me this question, "What is the use of that pole on the top of the tower?" A foolish question, perhaps; but was it? When have you last seen a flag waving over the campus? Possibly it is out of place to call attention to this neglect of duty in our college paper, but I feel that it is more a matter of ignorance of responsibility than mere neglect. Do you know who is responsible for the flag? I must confess that I did not myself; I will say further that I am a member of a class that partially neglected that duty (honest confession you know). Upon inquiry I found it to be one of the unwritten laws established in the earlier days of L. V. that "Classes of the odd years shall take the school colors, namely, Blue and White, as their class colors. Classes of the even years, upon entering L. V. shall deem it their responsibility to purchase an American flag and appoint two men whose duty it shall be to raise the flag on the Ad building roof every morning at sunrise, and take it down at sunset." That responsibility would fall upon the Class of '26, and remain with them until the entrance of the Class of '28. Will the Freshmen accept this challenge?

Let me cite another positive case. The following song was given by a quartette at the recent joint session of the Delphian and Philokosmian Literary Societies:

Sing a song of Colleges—
I'll tell you where to go:
Hood College for learning;
Wilson to learn to row;
Wellesley for her stunning type;
Smith for purity;
Cornell for co-eds;
But for spirit, L. V. C.

Another response to the challenge! The song was not ours originally, yet the spirit of presentation has made it ours, even as the spirit of the members of the quartette is distinctly Lebanon Valley's.

* * *

Read this over a second time, then remember, "Think" and "Act" are two words of progress.

Where Did We Hear This Stuff Before?

That exams are to be eliminated at L. V. C.
That Al Stine hates women.
That "open house" is a blessing.
That Skipper has a good heart.
That Weik is a bank robber detective.
That Olga doesn't like farm life.
That Adams is our social demon.
That plug hats and canes are quite the vogue.
That the Mohawkers Association is dwindling in its scope of members.
That you're right and the world's wrong.

Literary

Cynthia Drummond, Editor

Sara H. Greiner, Associate

"A PAGE FROM THE BOOK OF LIFE"

"You are continually holding me down, father," stormed the girl. "You are forever saying, 'Don't do this, don't do that', and now I am at the end of my patience with you. I am going to be married, father. You have 'Bill' to take care of you. Lew and I have decided to be married—and so, I am going away!"

Mr. Winthrop looked at Betsy sadly. Since her mother had died, he had the problem of rearing Betsy in a woman's way—with a man's awkward bluntness. His son, "Bill", did all he could, but it seemed as though Betsy would have her own way. And now—Daddy had objected to her riding with Leonard Bottomley, alone, in the nighttime. And the result had been this.

"My poor Betsy," said he to himself, when she went out of the room, "How beautiful her brown eyes are when she is angry! Her mother—" The old man paused and his eyes filled with tears. "Oh, I have made a sorry mess of it! If only I could do it all over again—" and he sank into the meditations of what might have been.

Meanwhile, Betsy had been busily engaged packing her clothes, and soon descended the stairs, and went into the library where her father was seated. "Good-bye, Dad", she said, "and good luck. I am sorry to do this, but it is the only way. And in your prayers remember Len and me." She kissed him—and was gone.

"Oh, if I only had it to do over again," sighed the old man. "I couldn't say a word when my dear Betsy left—" and he sighed again.

It was years later. Betsy, Len and their son, Lenny, Jr.—or "Buddy," as they called him—were all engrossed in "The Story of the Three Bears." Read Betsy, "And just then Papa Bear entered—!"

"Clang!" went the doorbell. "How annoying!" complained Len, as he rose to answer it.

"A telegram, Bets," he called, "for you!"

"Oh, Len, what can it be?" cried she, running to him and snatching the telegram out of his hand. She opened it and read:

"Daddy has only twenty-four more hours to live.

Come home at once.

BILL."

"Len, Len—we must go—at once. I must see my Daddy—He won't die! I shan't let him die!" sobbed Betsy. Claspng Buddy in her arms, she quickly went upstairs to make preparations.

In a short time they were ready to leave—the Bottomley family.

Home again! "Daddy, Daddy!" cried Betsy to the infirm man who had been "propped" by a multitude of pillows.

"My daughter!" said Mr. Winthrop, opening wide his arms.

"It is so good to be back again, Daddy, dear. How I missed the old home! But I want you to see Len and Buddy," said Betsy, all in one breath.

So, Len came forth and was greeted by Mr. Winthrop—and then Betsy lifted Buddy—

"My grandson!" said the old man.

"To be sure he is", said Betsy, delightedly.

"Kiss grand-daddy. Buddy!"

"Buddy" did it rather hesitantly—and then went back to the safe shelter of Daddy's arms.

"Oh, Betsy, and you never brought him to see me!" said Mr. Winthrop, reproachfully.

Presently, Bill came Betsy from the room and told her that Mr. Winthrop had only a few more hours to live. "It means, Sis, that his death will occur sometime during the night. So be prepared!"

When night came heavy hearts kept vigil in Mr. Winthrop's bedroom.

While Mr. Winthrop was sleeping the watchers whispered—

"If I had it to do over again, Bill, I never would have left Daddy," said Betsy. "I went away when he needed me the most. Poor Daddy! He has had a hard time of it since Mother left us." And her sobs came thick and fast.

"Don't cry, Sis", pleaded Bill. "What's gone cannot be recalled. Only never make the same mistake twice."

"On, if only I had another chance," cried Betsy.

Night passed—Dawn came—and Mr. Winthrop was alive. The designated relatives called the family physician, and he said that Mr. Winthrop would live—indefinitely.

Joy was suffused over the entire household.

"Dear daughter and son, live with me. I am old, and your company would be so comforting," coaxed Mr. Winthrop.

"We will, Dad—we will!" cried Betsy and Len.

Days passed—and passed. "Bill" had a new job and was soon to be married. "Where are you going to live, Bill?" asked Betsy.

"Oh, I'm going to build us a little home in the suburbs somewhere."

"Won't that be fine?" said Betty, enthusiastically.

Soon, Bill was married—and then the four of them—Betsy, Buddy, Len, Mr. Winthrop—were in the big home alone. Mr. Winthrop and "Buddy" were great pals. Len was away most of the time, for he was manager for a wholesale concern, and it required quite a bit of absence from his family.

As Mr. Winthrop became older, he became a bit more irritable and critical, as is the habit of most people of advanced age. It very often angered Betsy, but she remembered what she had said during the Night of Death, so she kept silence.

One day, however, came catastrophe.

Betsy had prepared an unusually good dinner, but it seemed as tho nothing agreed with Grand-daddy. He found fault with everything—even the graceful little flowers etched upon his dinner-plate.

"A poor daughter you are," he said; "your Mother could cook. What is wrong with you? Have you not been married long enough to know how to keep house?" And so on—he stormed all during the meal.

Finally, Betsy served dessert, and Mr. Winthrop immediately found fault with it.

Betsy's anger burst forth—and it flooded upon the old man.

"You are intolerable, father", she raved. "It's don't this—and don't that. You find fault with everything I do. I am going away. I will tell Bill—and he will care for you!"

"Oh, Betsy, dear, don't leave me—don't", whimpered the contrite father. "You know I didn't mean it, Betsy—Betsy—" But Betsy had left the room.

Presently she re-entered. Daddy was seated in the chair where she had left him, despair written in every line of his body.

"Get up, Dad," said Betsy, aiding him to his feet. "Good-bye and good luck. Remember us in your prayers."

"Don't go, Betsy; I need you—please—," he pleaded.

"Good-bye", she said, firmly, and was gone.

Betsy, after a long and tiresome journey, was glad to reach her home again. A telegram and a letter were lying side by side on her desk—placed there by methodical servants.

She opened the telegram and read:

"Betsy, dear—

"I found Dad dead two hours after you left.

"BILL.

"Dead!" she cried, "Dead! Oh, Daddy, if I could do it over again—. But here is a letter from Len. I know it will cheer me." She read:

"Dear Betsy—

"If you come home you will find this letter awaiting you. I have found the woman I really love, and you will have a divorce in a short time. I will make ample provision for you and my son. If I had it to do over again, I would never have persuaded you to leave your father as I did. Go back to him again—and be happy. It is the wish of

LEN."

With a little cry Betsy became a crumpled heap on the floor.

Nighttime. The water front in a large city. A woman and a child. Splash! The bubbles rise—and the stars of heaven make sparkling diamonds of the tiny bubbles.

One life to live—one life to die—

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me,

Over life's tempestuous sea!"

S. H. G., '24.

Author's Note—The above story was suggested by a thought advanced by Mrs. Krunk, of the Women's Missionary Convention. The thought was: "You have one life to live, and it's up to you to find the best location for it."

APRIL SHOWERS

"Oh, what is the use? It's all a waste of time to curl one's hair in April," I heard a damsel in distress say, as she trudged thru the wet grass of the campus. I looked up to see who the vehement speaker was who was thus grudgingly resigned to Fate, and I was indeed forced to admit that she had just cause to be on the outs with Mother Nature for sending such an abundance of April showers. She was surely a ludicrous sight—a tall, colorless specimen of the non-descript variety. Her "crowning glory," as the Good Book says, in this case was her glaring deficiency for its unmercifully straight, straw-colored strands clung tightly to a head of not altogether classic proportions. Her dress—intended to be of the alluringly clinging type—resembled an unbecoming bathing suit. No wonder, poor girl, she had cause for discontent.

"And yet," thought I, "some girls look very well with straight hair."

I was still pondering upon the problems of womankind in general, and on the woes of this one in particular, when something which, to say the least, was easy on the eyes, nove in sight. A calm and unconcerned vision of bobbed, auburn curls sauntered along in her lavender sweater, looking as if she were made for Spring and April showers.

"Now I ask you, is that fair?" I muttered to myself, "but that is just like Fate for you."

The next day came out old Sol, and his smile chased away all signs of rain. Everyone was in a better humor, even Miss Curlylocks, of the bright-nued sweater. I was rushing to my first class, when I met a strangely familiar girl. Had I not seen her before? But where? And when? Then quite suddenly it all came back to me—it was yesterday's misused object of Fate. But surely a miracle had been wrought! In a fresh linen dress and white shoes, she was the very quintessence of loveliness. But her Crown-
ing Glory! Indeed so it was now, one could describe it only in glowing terms. Her face was framed in an aureole of golden curls and the sun was casting glinting lights thru those entrancing ringlets. And her face—well, it was a brand new one in more ways than one. Her look of contentment and satisfaction must surely have come from the conviction that she was looking her best.

I marvelled at the transformation, thinking to myself, "Well, old Fate, you can't get ahead of a person with determination. You may still have a few helpless victims, but I'll wager that they are not so very many since the electric curler was invented!"

(Note: This is not an advertisement for electric curlers.)

B. E. S., '26.

APRIL SHOWERS

Dashing, driving comes the rain

In a silvery April Shower;

Waking up the timid life

That sleeps in field and bower.

It hides the sun behind a cloud

In dismal, dreary solitude;

And Spring, fair Spring, is clad in gray,

And April breeze is March wind crude.

But who can say that April showers

Have ever failed to bring May flowers?

'TIS SPRING

I wandered thru the woods alone;

'Twas a joyous thing to hear

The birds all gaily singing,

"Spring is here."

And everything is full of life:

Even insects seemed to hum

In their own slow, droning way,

"Spring has come."

As I hurried homeward on dancing feet,

I, too, began to sing;

I was glad to be alive and

Know "'Tis Spring!"

K. H. N., '25.

Activities

Mary R. Hershey, Editor

Kathryn H. Nisley, Associate

THE W. M. A. BOARD MEETING

The Biennial Meeting of the Women's Missionary Association was held in the United Brethren Church at Annville, during the days of April 10th to 13th. The Board Meeting was well attended, and the Church was filled to its capacity every day, especially in the evening. There were delegates sent from almost every part of the United States. There were representatives here from even the farthest western states, Washington and California. The United States, moreover, was not the only country represented, but there were missionaries home from the Philippines, Africa, China and Japan. From these foreign countries the missionaries brought a splendid display of articles, which greatly added to the interest of the meeting.

The sessions during the day were largely given over to matters of business. In the evening there were addresses by the returned missionaries, and special music.

For the residents of Annville and the students of the College it was a week of great opportunity. Perhaps only once in a lifetime does one have the privilege of becoming acquainted with such people as: Mrs. L. R. Harford, the President of the W. M. A.; Mrs. Hough, the First Vice-President of the W. M. A.; Mrs. Edith Gilbert Kern, Editor of The Evangel; Mrs. J. Hal Smita, whose very name is a source of inspiration; Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Thomas, missionaries in Africa; Mrs. E. B. Ward, from China; Mrs. M. C. Weber, from the Philippines; and a host of others.

The most interesting event to the girls was an Otterbein Guild banquet and rally, held on Thursday evening. Of the two hundred girls present about fifty were girls from Lebanon Valley College. All the girls were delighted to hear Miss Janet Gilbert, the new O. G. Secretary; Miss Elsie Hall, the former secretary, and Miss Edith Friday, our beloved worker in the Moyamba Girls' Home, in Africa.

Many of the speakers came to our Chapel services every day and talked to the students. One of the most delightful speakers was Mrs. Cronck. We enjoyed these various talks, at every session that we were permitted to attend. We shall always have happy memories of the Board Meeting of the W. M. A.

PRAYER MEETING

To most students the prayer meeting hour is one looked forward to each Tuesday evening. What was our delight and surprise Tuesday evening, April 10th, to hear the announcement that Carl Hiser, '22, "the poet-laureate of Oklahoma", was going to address the meeting.

We look back with pleasure to last year's association and companionship with him. How well we recall his earnest pleadings to put our all into His service.

The program this Tuesday began with a song service, after which Mr. Boyer read the Scripture

lesson, Galatians 2:17-21. Then Mr. Hiser led us in prayer. Immediately after, he spoke, taking for his text, Galatians 2:20. The substance of his talk was—

"Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

JOINT SESSION OF THE DELPHIAN AND PHILOKOSMIAN LITERARY SOCIETIES

On Friday evening, April 13, 1923, the Philokosmian Literary Society delightfully entertained the Delphian Literary Society in union hall. It had been planned to have a hike, but the weather man became confused in his dates and sent rain instead of fair weather, to the great sorrow of many.

As customary the program was opened with song and prayer. Then President Earle E. Rake installed those officers that had not been installed at the preceding meeting. Then the program proper was begun. Mr. Maryan R. Matuszak told of the dreadful time he had had while trying to find something to rave about, as his subject was "Ravings". At last he decided not to rave at all and very interestingly told about Esperanto, the International language.

Two musical numbers followed. A string quartette, composed of Misses Madge Clem, Harvene Levan, Ruth Bauer and Mary MacJougall delighted their appreciative audience with short college songs. Their school spirit is to be highly commended. Miss Ruth Baker and Mr. Donald E. Fields charmed their audience with a beautiful duet.

Mr. Ralph E. Boyer gave an interesting and amusing (since he implicated many of his brother Philos) lecture on Norway, Sweden and Denmark. He was much aided by colored slides portraying the scenery of these countries, thrown upon the screen by Mr. Robert E. Allen.

The next number was entitled "Robin Hood Sketch." Miss Kathryn Nisley gave a very good and thorough description of the opera. Several short stories about Robin Hood and his friends were told in a delightful manner by Miss Margaret Kerr.

The last number on the program was "The Oracle and Living Thoughts," a combination of the two society papers. The paper was read by Mr. Paul Gruver, who provoked much laughter with his characteristic reading.

At the conclusion of the program the societies sang some songs that were projected upon the screen. Among them were: "Carry Me Back To Old Virginny," "School Days," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie."

After the songs everybody enjoyed a pleasant social hour, when tasty refreshments of cheese sandwiches and iced tea were served. During the social hour the Philo Orchestra filled the air with music.

One of the two things a young girl thinks about is the man she might go with next, without exception.

CLIO

Friday, April 13, 1923, Clio witnessed the last of the class programs. The Freshmen presented the following program:

Spring

Our Herald.....	Sarah Zeitlin
A Warbler of Spring.....	Betty Leacney
"Spring".....	Edna Renner
Song, "Welcome, Sweet Spring".....	Society
Poem of Springtime.....	Lottie Snaveley
"To Spring".....	Heleen McGraw
April Showers.....	Dorothy Smith
May Flowers—Poppie Zeitlin, Rose Green, Violet Matolitis, Daffodil Kauffman, Bluebell Corie, Brown-eyed Susan Weider.	

Spring was ushered into Clio Hall in a spectacular but charming manner. And it is needless to say it produced the desired effect, as the judges gave their decision in favor of the Freshmen. We are glad to see that our Freshmen have the interest of the society at heart, and we hope that their affection for her will increase as the years go by.

It is only fair that the victorious class should be honored and rewarded for their perseverance, and it is the intention and pleasure of the other classes to do this. The method and time has been decided upon, and we leave the Freshmen to say the rest.

STUDENT VOLUNTEERS' MEETING

When the so-called unlucky number of thirteen student volunteers gathered in North Hall parlor on Tuesday afternoon, there was an air of expectation pervading the atmosphere as Mrs. E. B. Ward rose to speak. The sunlight streaming into the room gave color to her words, and we saw the yellow-skinned girls, coming and going, heathen girls wearing out their lives in ignorance and sin. We could see the sunshine and happiness in the lives of those of our yellow sisters who had been reached by the Gospel of Christ, and oh! how we did want to help to carry the story to all the other Chinese boys and girls; and then—blackness—for Rev. G. T. Rossetot was telling us of the blackest people in the darkest continent on the face of the earth. The gloom disappeared, however, as we heard of the light brought into their dark hearts by the messengers of the cross; and we heard anew the command, "Go ye!"

And then we knew that we were the "Lucky Thirteen" for being privileged to come into such close fellowship with these two consecrated ambassadors of Christ.

Y. W. C. A.

On Sunday afternoon, April 8, the Y. W. C. A. met in North Hall for the regular monthly missionary program. It was a very opportune time for such a meeting because of the convention of the Women's Missionary Association, scheduled to begin the following Tuesday in the United Brethren Church of Annville. Due to this convention, we were able to secure Mrs. S. S. Hough, the first Vice-President of the W. M. A., as our speaker in Y. W. Her talk was interesting and inspirational. She made us realize again the great need of missions. Then, too, she gave us information about the coming convention, and urged all of us to take part in it, to hear as many speakers as possible, and

to be sure to attend the Otterbein Guild banquet on the next Thursday evening.

Besides Mrs. Hough's talk, there were a few other impressing numbers on the program. Miss Olga Smith sang a beautiful solo, and Miss Edna Baker read to us the touching story of a little girl in a mission school, who, when dying, sent this message: "Tell my American friends they did not give their money in vain."

We all enjoyed this missionary program, and we look forward to the time when another missionary Sunday comes round.

PERSONALS

We solicit the students and the faculty to give us news items of interest for this column.

Mr. Wilbur Weiser, who was forced to leave the college some time ago, visited his old friends at the college on April 10 and 11. He was a member of the Class of Twenty-four. His former classmates and others of his numerous friends were very glad to see him. Just preceding his visit he was ill for some days but his health is now much improved. His present address is R. F. D. No. 4, Felton, Pa. Mr. Weiser is planning to return to Lebanon Valley next fall.

* * *

Mr. Lloyd S. Bowman, more familiarly known as "Kelly", of the Freshman Class, who was absent from school during the latter half of February and the whole of March, due to an attack of pneumonia, has returned to take up his studies after the Easter vacation. He received a joyful welcome back, especially by his brother Philos.

* * *

Miss Betty Brenneman, of the Freshman Class, returned to her studies here with the passing of the Easter vacation. She met with an accident while going to Chapel on the icy path a few months ago, resulting in a broken leg. She is now able to go around on crutches, and soon will be able to do without them.

* * *

Miss Lucile Shenk, who was the former editor of The Crucible, is spending a few weeks teaching at West Chester, Ohio.

* * *

Mr. John Hovis, of the Junior Class, left the college on Saturday, April 14. His home is at Rouzerville, Pa. His plans are unknown.

* * *

Mr. John J. Frank, of Lykens, who was a member of the Class of Twenty-five last year, visited his friends at the college on April 18. He has left for Philadelphia, where he will spend a few weeks and then go to New York. His friends here were very glad to see him.

* * *

The college book-store, run by Professors Grimm and Wagner, has been sold. It has been requested that all charge accounts at the book-store be settled before the end of the month.

* * *

Mr. G. P. Sechrist, of the Freshman Class, has been campused for thirty days.

Weiser: If Dr. Gossard doesn't take back what he said this morning, I'm going to leave school.

Reidel: What did he say?

Weiser: He told me to leave school.

Athletics

Benton P. Smith, Editor

Dana Dunnick, Associate

LEBANON VALLEY LOSES TO

LAFAYETTE, 14-13

Lebanon Valley baseball team lost to Lafayette by one run, on Saturday, April 14, at Easton. The Blue and White was leading, 13-9, when Lafayette came to bat in the last half of the ninth. It was only this sensational ninth inning batting rally that carried the game over for Lafayette. Lebanon Valley started to hit, and it looked like a certain victory, but Lafayette started clouting in the runs, and when the ninth ended the winning run had been registered for Lafayette. "Pop" gave all the pitchers a chance in this game, and they snowed their "stuff", but in the ninth, with Brennan at the plate, Witmer uncorked a wild pitch, and Gazella came home with the winning run. Lebanon Valley has developed a team, and we are not discouraged by the results of the opening games. Let's go after F. & M. next, and bring home the bacon.

Score:

Lebanon Valley	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Homan, ss.,	5	3	3	0	4	1
Smith, cf.,	6	1	1	1	0	0
Ziegler, 3b.,	6	3	1	0	1	0
Updegrove, c.,	6	3	3	12	1	1
Perry, 1b.,	5	0	0	11	0	0
Clarkin, lf.,	3	1	0	0	0	0
Yake, rf.,	4	0	0	0	0	0
Richards, 2b.,	3	1	2	1	2	0
Reigle, p.,	1	0	0	0	2	0
Wolf, p.,	2	0	0	0	2	0
Witmer, p.,	2	1	1	0	0	0

Total..... 43 13 11 25 12 2

Lafayette	ab.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Wever, ss., 2b.,	5	0	0	4	4	4
Vanhart, 3b.,	6	0	1	0	3	1
Gazella, 2b., ss.,	4	2	3	6	9	2
Ernst, cf.,	6	1	2	0	0	0
Brennan, 1b.,	4	2	2	7	0	1
Starcher, rf.,	3	0	0	2	0	0
Grubs, rf.,	1	0	0	0	0	0
Brunner, lf.,	4	2	2	1	0	0
Berry, c.,	4	4	4	7	2	0
Seaman, p.,	3	1	1	0	2	1
Halstead, p.,	1	1	1	0	0	0
*Hughes	1	1	1	0	0	0

Total..... 42 14 17 27 14 9

*Batted for Wever in ninth inning.

Lebanon Valley.....	0	0	2	3	1	2	3	1	0	—13
Lafayette	0	0	1	2	2	1	3	0	5	—14

Two-base hits—Gazella, 2; Brunner, Halstead.
Three-base hits—Richards, Updegrove, Perry.
Home-runs—Earnst, Updegrove, Seaman, Brennan. Struck out—By Seaman, 4; by Halstead, 1; by Reigle, 1; by Wolf, 2; by Witmer, 6. Umpires—Degman and McBride.

TENNIS PROSPECTS

Under the careful supervision of the manager, George Hohl, '23, the first-year men have put the tennis courts into fine shape. They have also whipped a new court into shape.

Enthusiasm of the highest degree has been manifested among the contenders for the laurels

of the court. This enthusiasm for the sport will increase by leaps and bounds as soon as the inter-class tournament events take place.

Because of the excellent schedule for the season the west twin court has been reserved, from three o'clock on of each day, for candidates for the team. An unbeatable team is hoped to be developed. The men out for the 1923 team are: Hutchinson, Hohl, Stabley, Fields, J. Frock, Welty, Ishimura, Kupp and W. Ortiz.

The schedule arranged by the manager is:

April 21—Hummelstown at Annville.

April 28—F. & M. at Lancaster.

May 5 (May Day)—Juniata at Annville.

May 7—Drexel at Drexel.

May 8—Moravian at Betlehem.

May 9—Dickinson at Carlisle.

May 12—Susquehanna at Annville.

May 18—Hummelstown at Hummelstown.

May 19—Dickinson at Annville.

May 25—Susquehanna at Seisingrove.

May 26—Juniata at Huntingdon.

June 2—Gettysburg at Gettysburg.

Take another look at the schedule and the players. Do the prospects look good? Well, we hope! Let's get back of the fellows and make them the best tennis team that ever trod on our campus.

L. V. LOSES CLOSE CONTEST TO F. & M.

Franklin & Marshall won its game from our sturdy baseball warriors at Lancaster, on April 8, thru a sensational ninth inning rally which netted them three runs.

Our boys started as in mid-season form when, with three men on base, Perry clouted the horsehide for a homer. This happened in the first frame, but at the ending of the third, F. & M. came back strong when their first man up came thru with a triple. Confident of scoring, the next man put a Texas leaguer over second, which was speared by Richards, who pegged the pill to third, resulting in a clean double. In the fourth, the F. & M. boys managed to score their first run, by bunching several hits.

Hits by Richards, Clarkin and an error by the F. & M. catcher resulted in our fifth run of the game. In the eighth, F. & M. came back strong and managed to bunch hits enough to score four runs, thus tying the score. A hit by Homan, a walk by Perry and an error by the F. & M. second baseman of a ground ball resulted in two more runs for L. V., thus resulting in a 7-5 score in our favor. But in the ninth inning the F. & M. boys by bunched hits managed to put three runs over the rubber, thus winning the hotly contested game—their first win over L. V. in three years.

But our boys are not in the least discouraged; they are out for revenge. Let us watch their pep in the games to follow. Where is there a loyal student of L. V. C. who will not turn out to boost the team at every home game, especially the game on May 12, when we play our old rivals, Gettysburg, who by opportune hitting and the breaks of the game have defeated us this year? The score:

F. & M.	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	4	3	—8
L. V.	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	2	—7

Music

Donald E. Fields, Editor

Dorothy Mancha, Associate

BOYS' GLEE CLUB CONCERT

The Boys' Glee Club rendered their concert in the Engle Conservatory, Monday, April the ninth. All the students as well as the townsfolk waited with eagerness to hear L. V.'s boys, who have won for themselves a reputation unsurpassed by any Glee Club of previous years.

The Glee rendered sixteen concerts previous to appearing before their home audience—giving us a real treat, for their program was almost faultless.

The program was as follows:

Alma Mater	Arranged
.....	Glee Club
Good-bye	Tosti
.....	Quartet
Solo—Duna	McGill
.....	John K. Shirk
(a) Mister Boogaman	Richards
(b) Rolling Down to Rio	German
.....	Glee Club
Solo—Toreador Song (fr. Carmen)	Bizet
.....	J. O. Zeigler
When Mabel Sings	Speaks
.....	Octette
(a) Dilly Dally	Moffat
(b) Laughing Song	Abt
.....	Glee Club
Rose of My Heart	Lohr
.....	Glee Club
Solo—Down to the Seas Again	Densmore
.....	J. O. Zeigler
Little Peach	Hatch
.....	Glee Club
Musical Dialogue	Arranged
.....	Donald Evans and J. Zeigler
Piano Solo	Ira Ruth
Sketch	Love or Romance?
.....	Donald Evans
.....	Luther Weik
.....	Calvin Fencil
.....	William F. Wenner
.....	Ray Troutman

As good as the selections look, just that good were they rendered. Everyone did splendidly, all voices were in "good tune" and full of harmony. Their very fine singing was due probably to two things: first, their voices are all very good; second, their excellent training under the direction of Prof. Hardman, the new head of our voice department.

I am expressing the sentiment of our whole student body when I say that our Glee Club is improving with years.

MORE RECITALS

Dr. Johann Blose, Director of the Conservatory, has recently announced a series of Student and Group recitals to be given during the month of May. These recitals will be in addition to the former custom of Junior and Senior recitals, and will give patrons an excellent opportunity to observe the standard of work that is being done in the Conservatory of Lebanon Valley College this year.

STUDENT RECITAL—APRIL 17

The regular Student Recital given on the evening of April 17 was one which fully maintained the high standard to which patrons of the Conservatory have become accustomed during the last few months. The program was slightly longer than usual, but interest was maintained throughout, both because of the merit of the compositions themselves, and because of their excellent rendition. The work as a whole was very creditable.

It is encouraging to note the increasing attendance at these recitals, especially among the students from other departments. It is evident that the Conservatory work is being recognized as an integral part of the College work.

The Director of the Conservatory, Dr. Johann Blose, has announced a series of Senior and Group recitals to be given during May, partly in connection with the Oratory Department. This will afford an opportunity for closer acquaintance with the work of the individual students.

The program as rendered on Tuesday evening follows:

Liebeling, Emil	Serenade
.....	Mr. Franklin Kiehner
Lehman, Liza	There are Fairies
.....	Miss Esther Shenk
Chopin, F.	Polonaise in A Maj.
.....	Miss Verna Pell
Cowen	The Swallows
.....	Miss Betty Stauffer
Bachman, G.	Gigue Bretonne
.....	Miss Grace Bauder
Stephens, W.	The Nightingale
.....	Miss Pauline Bouters
Moszkowski, M.	Valse in E flat
.....	Miss Ruth Baker
Godard, B.	Valse Chromatique
.....	Miss Beatrice Slesser
Guilmant, A.	Finale from D. Min. Sonata
.....	Miss Sarah Werner
Spross	That's the World in June
Clark	Little Rose of May
.....	Miss Verna Seitzinger
Liszt	Rigoletti
.....	Miss Margaret Reodes
Russell	A Little Prayer for Me
Boyd	In Italy
.....	Miss Rose Zeigler
Schumann, R.	Theme on Abegg with Variations
.....	Miss Ruth Rockafellow

Annville Chorus Headline

At a recent recital the audience enjoyed "Ships That Pass In the Night" as sung by "Jetter" Zeigler.

* * *

In the days when the activities of the 1924 Quittie were at the heights, Donald Evans wrote to a friend as follows: "This morning I had my picture taken for the 'Quittie,' and then I went around taking subscriptions for it."

* * *

Kathryn Nisley, cutting a wisdom tooth: I guess I'm getting wise but not Weiser.

Stella: So you know Mutch more?

Alumni

Isabelle R. Smith, Editor

Miriam L. Mengel, Associate

ALUMNI NOTES

During the week of April 8th, from Tuesday noon until Friday noon, a large gathering of missionary workers was held in the College United Brethren Church, of which the Rev. Dr. I. E. Runk is pastor. It was the biennial meeting of the Women's Missionary Board of the United Brethren Church, comprising the entire area of the United States. Delegates were present from nearly every State in the Union and also returned missionaries from the five foreign fields—Africa, China, Japan, Porto Rico, and the Philippines. In a gathering of this kind there would be many of the Alumni of Lebanon Valley greatly interested. Many of the graduates who have not been here for a long time were present for this convention.

Mrs. Lillian R. Harford, who is now president of the W. M. A. Board, was, almost fifty years ago, a teacher at L. V. C. and had charge of the women in South Hall.

Miss Luu Clippinger, who was in the class of 1905, was in Africa twice, but had to leave on account of her health. She is now in the mission work in New Mexico.

Miss Florence E. Clippinger, '13, who is Field Secretary for the W. M. A., was here also.

Rev. Paul R. Koontz, '11, who is pastor of the First U. B. Church, Mechanicsburg, Pa., and Mrs. Koontz, who was before her marriage, Miss Lizzie Lace, '12, were among the visitors.

Mr. Samuel G. Ziegler, '11, is General Secretary of the Foreign Missionary Board.

Rev. Joseph Daugherty, '89, pastor of the U. B. Church at Steelton, Pa., was another alumnus who attended the Board Meeting.

Mrs. and Rev. Benjamin F. Daugherty, '89, pastor of Trinity U. B. Church, at Lebanon, Pa., were present.

Dr. and Mrs. Mervin R. Fleming, '10, U. B. minister at Red Lion, Pa., spent several days at the convention.

Rev. Schuyler Colfax Enck, '91, Superintendent of East Pennsylvania Conference of U. B. Church, spent Thursday at the meeting.

Among the others present were:

Dr. John E. Kleffman, '89, U. B. minister, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. S. S. Hough, who was Miss Mary E. Richards, '97, of Dayton, Ohio.

Rev. David E. Long, '00, minister at Mountville, Pa.

Rev. Christian R. Longenecker, '17, U. B. minister at New Holland, Pa.

Miss Nellie Buffington, '00, of Elizabethtown, Pa.

Mrs. John M. Heagy (Alice M. Rauck, '77), of Steelton, Pa.

Miss Myrtle M. Lefever, '20, teacher at Southfork, Pa., and also editor of the Junior Department of the Evangel.

Rev. Carl W. Hiser, '22, minister at Stillwater, Oklahoma.

Mrs. John Ness (Miss Myra Kiracofe, '15), of York, Pa.

Mrs. Zug (Miss Irma Rhoads, '18) of Chambersburg, Pa.

Mrs. O. T. Ehrhart (Edna E. Yarkers, '13), of Lancaster, Pa.

Mr. Clinton J. Barr, '83, Superintendent of Lawrence Portland Cement Company, Lebanon, Pa.

* * *

Miss Meta C. Burbeck, '22, is substituting in the Reading Schools.

Rev. Leroy Walters, '19, of Zion U. B. Church, Reading, Pa., has made plans for the organization of a Berks County L. V. Alumni unit. Address him Y. M. C. A., Reading, Pa.

Miss Erdean Lerew, '22, and Miss Marion Hefleman, '22, are getting ready to put on a play, April 19, at Cardiff, Indiana, where they are teaching.

Miss E. Virginia Smith, '20, is preparing to put on a play, May 19, at Ontelaunee Vocational School, Leesport, Pa.

Miss Dora Zeitlin, '20, is teaching at St. Clair, Pa.

Miss Verna Mutch, '20, held a reception during the past Easter vacation for two of her fellow teachers, at the Moravian Seminary for Girls, Bethlehem, Pa.

Miss Olive E. Darling, '21, is teaching High School English at Warren, Pa.

Mr. J. H. Oliver, '82, is living at 1969 Wilcox street, Hollywood, California. He is an expert fig-grower.

Mr. J. H. Shenberger, '16, holds the position of Expert X-ray Interpreter of the Robert Burns Hospital of Chicago, Illinois. Mr. Shenberger was graduated from the Medical School of Chicago University in the spring of 1922.

Miss Mary E. Bortner, '21, is now teaching Civics and English in the High School at York, Pa.

* * *

June 12 is Alumni Day, your day.

We want to see all our Alumni and friends on that Day. Look up the program for that day in the Alumni Number. Arrange to be here. You will enjoy seeing old friends.

The Thinker

He was alone in the study. Nobody dared make a noise in the corridor. They all knew him to be the most studious gink in the college. He was expected to graduate that year cum magna laude.

Everyone could see he was thinking hard. Perhaps he was writing his graduation thesis. Numerous big books lay open before him. With his elbow on the table and his head pressed against the palm of his hand he looked neither to the left nor to the right. Now and then he would raise his eyes to the ceiling as if to get some inspiration from the lizards. Now and then he would jot down a line or two on his paper, the product of his marvelous mind.

Nobody dared make a noise.

He was writing to his dad for more money.

* * *

Midge: It isn't fair. He's giving those who are absent A's.

Exchanges

Ruth H. Oyer, Editor

Lester M. Leach, Associate

The Exchange Department of The Crucible speaks:

I am a new department of Lebanon Valley College's semi-monthly paper. I was discussed both pro and con at a meeting of the staff, and it was decided that the Crucible could be improved by creating me. Whether this fact is true or not is yet to be proven. They said that I was to be given criticism, constructive and destructive, concerning other college papers, for food, and that you, Reader, were to do the digesting.

To begin with, they first gave me an article from Lehigh "Brown and White" weekly, which I pass on to you for digestion.

"The college journal offers exceptional opportunities to achieve the ideal in journalism. It should have a policy; an object for its existence, and a reason for its continuance. This policy should be imbued with a rational expression of opinion not too easily turned from the path of conservative utterance into the way of radical statement. The graduate must not be neglected, and as a link between the graduate body and the undergraduate the paper should be most efficient." Should not the Crucible express the same thought? We seem to have come to look upon the Little Blue Paper as a good joke—minus humor—all literary—no news, and what news there is so stale it reeks with dryness. Someone must take the blame for this, so the natural person would be the printer. But is not the entire student body to blame? If the right college spirit existed in regard to the success of The Crucible, a real snappy paper would be the result. I, being only a body, created by law, as you might say, and therefore having no feelings, am in a position to say this. But let us look further.

The Ursinus Weekly is a good little paper. Modeled after the style of a daily newspaper, with headlines, sub-headings, personals (no deaths, thank goodness)—everything. It is purely a college paper, telling of the college activities, current events, athletics, and editorials.

It seems that Lehigh has just as hard times with chapel attendance as we. Concerning absence cuts, we are alike. "Is it wishing for Utopia to hope that some day American universities will open their doors to students who are students in the old world sense, who will be able to allow them to come and go as they please, attending lectures and classes as they see fit, thus putting on them the responsibility for their pursuit of knowledge." That surely would be Utopia where every college had nothing but students.

So Freshmen don't like to work at Gettysburg either. According to the "Gettysburgian," when asked to work on the athletic field in preparation for L. V. football game this year, the Freshmen refused on the ground that they had physical training from four to five that afternoon. The matter was taken up with the proper authorities, and it was suggested that the necessary work be substituted for the physical training in question. The suggestion met with disapproval, of course, and the field was made

ready only after an irritating delay and much inconvenience for all concerned. And yet you can't blame them. For when all is said and done, they are a pretty fine bunch—those Freshmen of ours.

In looking over the magazines given me for food, I found that "The Narrator" of Schuylkill Seminary, Reading, Pa., was more nearly like "The Crucible" than any other college paper. The style of printing was much the same; boxed headings; name of editor under each respective department; good jokes and plenty of them; cuts, both etchings and photographs, which add to the interest (as well as the expense) of a paper.

"The Red and Black" of Reading H. S. is not much unlike The Crucible either. Consisting of about forty-eight pages of school activities, news, literary articles, jokes, athletics, cuts and many advertisements, it is interestingly gotten up, and a credit to Reading High School.

In the "Gettysburgian" of April 11, the following headline and remarks were noted: "Lebanon Valley Presents Strong Team—Wise Wins Keen Pitching Duel. For Lebanon Valley, Witmer's pitching, Richard's fielding and Perry's hitting were outstanding." Let's beat 'em next time.

I fear the "food for thought" would not be complete without gratefully acknowledging the receipt of the following college and high school papers:

The Gettysburgian, Gettysburg, Pa.
Ursinus College, Collegeville, Pa.
The Brown and White, Lehigh, Bethlehem, Pa.
Blue and Gray, Hood College, Frederick, Md.
The Critograph, Lynchburg College, Lynchburg, Va.
The Haverford, Haverford, Pa.
The Narrator, Schuylkill Seminary, Reading, Pa.
The Red and Black, Boys' High School, Reading, Pa.

MAY DAY

The greatest May Day in the history of Lebanon Valley College has been planned for this year. The plans have been completed and the work is well under way. Practise for May Day is now the order of affairs for every wide-awake student at the college.

The greatest part of the programme for May Day is being kept secret, but some of the highlights are hidden in the following:

Sword Dancers Kill Winter.
Crowning of the Queen.
Children's Dances.
Robin Hood Play.
Freshman and Sophomore Dances.
Mummers' Pantomime.
Court of Love.
Morris Dance.
May Pole Dance.
Winter's Triumph.

Prof. Grimm: When two bodies in motion come together, is heat generated?

"Shorty" Earley: No, sir; I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold.

Humor

Lena A. Weisman, Editor

Ellen S. Keller, Associate

APRIL SHOWERS

We like to think of spring as a time of sun and warmth and the songs of birds, but showers also have their place, for an umbrella is so exactly the right size for two. However, here is a pathetic example of a family which had only one umbrella. A friend of the family saw the little girl walking along with her umbrella up, on a day that was neither rainy nor sunny.

"Why do you carry an umbrella on a day like this?" he asked.

"Oh," she said, "we have only one, and since father uses it on rainy days to keep from getting wet, and mother on sunny days to keep from getting freckles, this is the only kind of weather that I can have it."

But April, as we know, is not all showers, for "in spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love," and not only in the world in general but at Lebanon Valley College in particular. The other day Sam Hoke asked Dick Smith if a young man should propose to a girl on his knees. Dick gave him this excellent advice: "Well, if he doesn't, I think the girl should get off."

If you are trying to decide on a wedding date, there is no happier time than spring; yet, at a certain wedding which took place this spring, one of the men seemed very gloomy. The best man, who was in a jocular mood, undertook to cheer him up.

"Er—have you kissed the bride?" he asked.

"Not lately," replied the gloomy one, with a far-away expression.

He would doubtless have been cheered had he remembered the old adage, "Never run after a woman or a street car. There will be another one along in a minute."

But I don't think thoughts of love are exclusively confined to young men, for the other day "Pete" Corle said to Carmie:

"I've been looking everywhere for a husband and can't find one to suit me."

Carmie (sensible girl that she is) replied: "Then why not try looking for a single man?"

Pete must have been peeved, for she said, a little later: "What's the matter with you, Carmie?"

"Nothing's the matter with me," said Carmie.

"You gave me a nasty look," persisted Pete.

"Well," Carmie replied, "you certainly have a nasty look, but I didn't give it to you." They have made up since, I believe.

Spring is also a time for athletics, baseball and tennis. The other day, in baseball practice, Richards had two fingers badly hurt, so he dropped in to see Dr. Rank. As he was leaving, he said anxiously: "Doctor, when this hand heals, will I be able to play the piano?"

"Certainly, you will," Dr. Rank replied.

"Then you sure are a wonder, Doc," said Richards. "I never could before."

Tennis seems to be very popular not only with those who play but also with those who sit around the courts to watch the game, presumably. Perhaps it was because of too much ten-

nis and too little study that the following answer was received in class lately:

Dr. Sangler had asked in Bible class: "Miss Morrow, can you tell me what became of the swine that had evil spirits cast into them?"

And Pearl answered: "I believe, sir, they were made into devilled ham."

A sad effect of the beautiful spring weather we've been having is that we seem to prefer sleep to spiritual guidance on Sunday mornings, but who can blame us when the ministers are so long-winded?

The other day Dr. Runk expressed the matter very well when, in a closing paragraph on the immortality of the soul, he said: "I looked at the mountains and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are you will eventually dry up, but not I.'"

Dorothy Smith, '26.

REALISTIC ROMANCE

'Twas a beautiful Saturday evening,
And also walking hours,
As Jess and Jo were leaving
For the Quittie's sheltered bowers.

It was in the springtime,
So, of course, they're not to blame,
If they confided in each other
Their hopes of wealth and fame.

Thus they strolled along the Quittie,
Ever speaking sweet and low,
Unconscious of the swampy ground
Thru which the Quittie flows.

Earnestly they chattered
As they walked beside the creek;
And all went well and happy
Till arbutus they would seek.

Jo wished to cross the stream,
But she needed Jess' aid,
For already he had seemed
Very lovely to the maid.

Two can tread a lonely path
More happily than one;
But it isn't safe when the path be a log
That is putrid, decayed, and unsound.

For they landed in the Quittie
And got soaked from head to heel—
But not with the kind of stuff
That makes you dance Virginia Reel.

The moral of this story
May to some of you seem weak:
Whenever you fall for each other,
Be sure you're not in a creek.

What did "C. C." do when Ruth wouldn't kiss him out on the Quittie last night?
He paddled her back.
The rough thing!

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 15

MAY 11, 1923

O for a seat in some portic nook,
Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook.

—Leigh Hunt

May Number



The First Electrochemist

NITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing

the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "*We are Europe.*"

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels, and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

THE CRUCIBLE

Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.

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MAY 11, 1923

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DIPHTHERIA

When Dr. McCreary, representing the State Department of Health and the State Medical Association, addressed the students of Lebanon Valley College at the General Assembly on April 19, he brought to them important and helpful facts concerning the disease of diphtheria.

That these facts may not be lost to the students and that their usefulness may be increased, this article has been written.

There is only one way to control diseases: that is by studying them and discovering their cures and, more important, their preventatives. The disease of diphtheria has been intensively studied; it is known how it is transmitted; a cure for it has been discovered and developed; a positive preventative has been found. The work remaining to be done to wipe out the disease is to inform people of the facts concerning it.

During the month of April the State Department of Health has taken steps towards informing every student in Pennsylvania about Diphtheria. Doctors have been sent to speak to students and present to them the facts. This is one of the ways by which it is hoped to reduce the mortality rate due to this disease.

Diphtheria is the most fatal of the diseases of children. And the younger the child the more fatal it is.

In the past year over two thousand children died from diphtheria in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. At least sixty per cent. of the cases presented opportunities for cure, but medical treatment was not given until the disease had had four or five days of a start. Only ten per cent. received anti-toxin. Seventeen per cent. were diagnosed as croup. This shows the great need of educating the people, not only the laity, but also the physicians.

Thirty years ago the mortality rate due to diphtheria was about the same as now, although the total mortality rate has been decreased from sixty to ten per cent. Something is evidently wrong with our method of control of diphtheria.

At the present time, forty per cent. of the children who become subjects of diphtheria die. Only seven per cent. die if anti-toxin is administered on the first day. The mortality rate due to diphtheria can be reduced from the present nine or ten per cent. to two per cent., under the proper means of control.

Diphtheria is disseminated by carriers, of which there are three classes. In the first class are the children who have recently been with a diseased person, but who have not yet succumbed to it. These carriers are comparatively not very dangerous. In the second class are the convalescents, who have recovered clinically but who still carry the active organism—a condition

which frequently lasts ten weeks. In the third class are the chronically immune characters, who, though they do not contract the disease, disseminate the germs. All babies up until six months of age are immune. Children are most susceptible to the disease at the age of three or four years. An immune person is one who has enough anti-bodies in his blood to withstand the attacks of the toxin, the poison thing in diphtheria. The Rockefeller Institute and the University of Paris have shown that two per cent. of the population are immune from diphtheria.

The question arises, how can these persons be so controlled that they will not be carriers? They cannot be isolated nor quarantined, but they can be prevented from spreading the disease by immunizing them, just as people are immunized from smallpox.

Some years ago Dr. Dickson passed compulsory vaccination laws in Pennsylvania for the prevention of smallpox among children. Similar laws should be passed for immunizing children from diphtheria.

The killing thing in diphtheria is toxin, the product of the diphtheria germs. Anti-toxin, the positive preventative of diphtheria, is a harmless mixture taken from the blood of horses treated with toxin. The horses when so treated manufacture this anti-toxin and store it in their blood. Anti-toxin is not horse-serum, which was used years ago. It is a pure precipitation of the anti-bodies themselves, secured by chemical means from the blood of the treated horses—no horse-serum is present.

What will anti-toxin do? It will prevent diphtheria if administered at once. If administered later more of the anti-toxin is needed. These are facts, tested and proven by experiments.

If a person is treated with anti-toxin how long will he be immune? He will be immune for a period of three or four weeks, until the anti-bodies have been used up in their war with the toxin. After that he will again be susceptible to the disease.

But there is a permanent preventative, developed by Dr. Shick, consisting of anti-bodies, which is permanent, continuous, endless. How is this known? By experiment. For eight years two groups of one hundred thousand children in New York have been carefully and systematically studied. They have been examined every six months for diphtheria, and no cases of the disease have developed.

It cannot be too strongly urged that everyone study this disease. If all study and apply the facts relating to just the one disease of diphtheria there will be saved two hundred thousand children each year, not to mention the economic loss and the heart-rendings involved.

The Editor.

Mirror

Charles C. Smith, Editor

Edna R. Baker, Associate

A mirror is a peculiar thing, and can be put to many uses. However, the big job of a mirror is reflecting, isn't it? But there are several different kinds of mirrors. There is the convex, which makes things smaller than they are; the concave, which exaggerates objects; the straight plane, which reflects objects in correct proportions; and the curved plane, which turns back to us all sorts of distorted and fantastic shapes. Certainly all of them have their uses. The question then arises: If Lebanon Valley College were to have a huge mirror erected to reflect each and every action of its student body, both collectively and individually, what type would be selected?

If such a mirror should be erected, possibly some of us would throw away our own little mirror which we carry around with us to observe the actions of others. It is a cute little mirror we carry, isn't it? We need just turn the dial a bit and we have it convex, concave, or any way we want it. In fact, it is such a wonderful mechanism that it would be bad policy to abolish it. After all, there is but one fault we can find with it, while we can find many faults with the single type of mirror. What is that fault, you say. Well, perhaps you don't have it on your little mirror, but the fault with mine is: I too often set the dial at the wrong position, so that my interpretation of the object is far from correct. Have you ever noticed that trouble with your mirror? Never mind, you understand what I mean.

Now suppose we place that same wonderful mechanism on our mirror we are erecting, and then try to correct its one fault. We will use that mirror just twice a month, we will focus it on but one object, and then we will all assemble to take a peep into it, and decide where to place the dial. If the action we are putting under observation is one of merit we will decide to put the dial to the concave mark, so that the action may be more clearly seen and credit given where credit is due. If it is not a commendable action, let us turn the dial to the convex position, pointing out its smallness, so that the action may be avoided in the future. Or if— But there! You can see that we will be able to correct this one fault of our mirror.

With this in mind, turn to the last issue of the Crucible and you will find that a Mirror, much like the big one we are planning, was focused on one subject. That subject was School Spirit. Sometimes we used the convex, sometimes we used the concave. This issue we are focusing on Courtesy in the same way. Possibly you have used different dial points on the same instances which we have mentioned. If I have, let us avoid it in the future by working together. Let us imagine that our new mirror is already in position over Lebanon Valley College. In our next issue we are going to focus on Helpfulness. If you see someone going out of his way to help somebody else, jot it down and drop it in the Crucible box; if you see an opportunity to help being neglected, jot it down and drop it in the box. We will observe the following rules in making up the Mirror

Page:

1. Contributions must cite actual specific instances, vouched for by the contributor.
2. No names will be mentioned in the Mirror.
3. We hope to secure as many "good" instances as "bad" ones; surely they occur. Be a booster as well as a knocker.
4. Drop in your contributions on Helpfulness before May 15.
5. Our Alumni and out-of-town subscribers are invited to send contributions, if they so desire, to the Editor.

COURTESY

In every child of modern America is instilled the love of the dust-covered Knighthood of old. We dream of the gallant, the heroic, the courteous; but materialistic as the world has become, unfortunately many of us let our dreams suffice. "Dreams never come true" is our attitude, and day by day there is a slight tendency in America toward lowering the standards of the knights of old. This, of course, is not always true. Some persons have found it worth-while to uphold the banner of the courtly ideal, and it is with the greatest pleasure that the Crucible extends to these knights at L. V. C. its heartiest congratulations.

One of our tallest Freshman knights has proved that courteousness and knightliness can be shown as well on the tennis courts of today as in the tournaments of old. His courtesy to woman would forbid that he stand by while she ran to pick up the balls.

A fair-haired Sophomore courtier recently almost put Sir Walter Raleigh to shame when he left his table to assist a girl at the next table to her feet, when a chair, which was broken, collapsed beneath her.

It has often been noticed, too, that a light-haired Senior damsel when sitting at the Dean's table never takes her place before seating the Dean. She is to be commended both on her respect for superiors and the propagation of the attributes of true greatness.

These are but a few of the many available statistics which prove that the tendency toward discourtesy has not taken strong hold at L. V. C. One of our human faults, however, is forgetfulness; this trait unfortunately sometimes leads us to

DISCOURTESY

We hear of lock-outs, but we have not as a rule associated them with college classrooms. Yet some time ago a Professor was actually locked out of his own classroom by his class. The occupants within revelled and rejoiced, but they had their compensation—each received a cut! The Professor left in a good humor, but with a feeling that the word Courtesy was beginning to lose its meaning.

Again we regret to relate that upon several occasions other classes have bordered on discourtesy. On hearing the bell for dismissal,

(Continued on page 5)

Literary

Cynthia Drummond, Editor

Sara H. Greiner, Associate

FORBIDDEN FRUIT

There was once a scientist. His name I do not know, neither does it matter, for it has long since been forgotten. His was the fate of one who has touched the forbidden fruit, who has learned those things which were never meant for the weak human being to know.

At an early age he had taken interest in the various fields of science. A man of marked intelligence, he easily grasped its fundamentals, securing a knowledge of the various phenomena which are characteristic of nature's work. As he advanced in his studies, his passion for knowledge grew. He attended a large university, and there devoted his entire time to scientific study. So intense was his desire for knowledge that he neglected all else. He forgot the difficulties and cares of other people. He could not sympathize with them in their misfortunes nor see any interest in questions of vital importance to them. Yet he would expect his friends to listen to him for hours, as he (with sparkling eye and excited gestures) expounded the wonders of science. He would become angry, too, if they appeared disinterested or treated his idol lightly. From one university he traveled to another, until in the course of years he had acquired all the knowledge of man along scientific lines.

But he became more and more absorbed in his study. Gradually the few friends he had deserted him on account of his narrowness and unreasonable attitude. This might explain why his pursuit became a selfish one, that he jealously guarded each secret that he discovered, gloating over it as a miser over his hoarded gold. He might have turned his knowledge to great use for mankind, but he scorned the needs of others. Most people he considered silly, with cares too trivial for the consideration of a man with such intelligence as his.

Disgusted with the city and its unappreciative rabble, he determined to find a place where he could live in solitude and devote his life to study. Such a place he found, in the wilds of the Rockies. Several weeks he spent in transporting materials to build and furnish a magnificent laboratory. After a few months it was completed. A laboratory such as no man had ever assembled was his. Instruments of the finest quality on every side, huge electric motors and dynamos, telescopes, super-microscopes—all had their place in this strange structure in the Rockies.

At its completion he began his studies anew. In the chemical field he studied the elements and their relation to each other. Discoveries he made that would have startled the world, had he made them known. With delicate instruments of his own design he solved the mystery of the atom and the electron. With his telescopes he studied the stars and learned the all-powerful forces which control them. And so he worked on, tirelessly, spurred on by each discovery, until the laws of our Creator were to him as an open book. The forces of nature obeyed his command; even the thunders and lightnings were at his fingers' ends. Powerful forces he could liberate which would topple over moun-

tains or send missiles hurtling thru space to distant stars, defying the force of gravity, obeying only his will. In such missiles he traveled to other worlds in his mad pursuit of knowledge.

But thru it all his spiritual powers were destroyed. A man with a warped soul, he lost all human feelings. To him the world was but a substance to analyze and control. As his knowledge and power increased he even lost the respect he owed to the Omnipotent who had created all. He was master! He would control the destiny of the world. But he realized that there was one thing he lacked. He knew not the secret of the life-giving power. Ah! This secret, too, he would wrench from the reluctant hand of nature, thought he. Then indeed would be a god among men.

He began his search in the chemical field. Many months he spent analyzing the simple forms of life, searching for that eternal spark which we call life, but he found it not. He searched the wisdom of other planets but he found it not. Still he held firm, angered that his will did not conquer. He again set doggedly to his work, this time in the electrical field. Many weary months he spent in experiment, learning things man had never dreamed of. It was here that he finally discovered the great secret. Like a child with a new toy he fussed over this new-found power. Little did he think of the awful responsibility accompanying such a power. Metal creatures he would build up, endowed with life, and send into the towns and cities. Merciless, soulless engines of destruction, they ran rampant, spreading terror wherever they went.

Meanwhile, he sat in his laboratory, watching their ravages with fiendish glee, crazed by the realization of his own power.

But he had now overstepped the limit. The Creator who, with loving hand, had so carefully fashioned us would not permit this same power to be willfully abused by one who knew not the fundamental requirements of true life, love, sympathy and reverence. The creatures turned from their destruction of mankind and, returning to their creator, they trampled him to a shapeless mass! Then there were thunderings and flashings of fires, until the entire laboratory, with all it contained, was burned to a crisp. Then, as if to remove all trace of this usurper, the earth itself opened up and swallowed the remains.

He had touched the forbidden fruit and had suffered the consequences.

Charles C. Smith, '24.

The next issue of The Crucible will be the Poetry Number. We have several very good poems on hand which will appear in that number.

* * *

The last issue of The Crucible for the present school-year will be that of June 8. All students who will have left the college by that date will not receive a copy unless they write their name and mailing address on a slip of paper and either give it to the Editor or place it in the Crucible Box.

Activities

Mary R. Hershey, Editor

Kathryn H. Nisley, Associate

A BIRTHDAY SURPRISE

On Monday morning, April 16th, about six o'clock, someone discovered an interesting bit of news. You succeeded in keeping it to yourself, Mrs. Green, but you forgot that "murder will out," and so will birthdays. Six o'clock was rather late to begin planning for a party, but our dean's "family of girls" proved themselves equal to the occasion. At eight o'clock everything was ready. By hook and crook, we succeeded in bringing back Mrs. Green from Dr. Gossard's home, whither she had been sent by the same means. When she returned, the parlor was crowded with girls, who gaily escorted her to a seat of honor. A delightful program of speeches, music numbers and readings was given; and then, of course, the essential requirement of every real party—refreshments—was not forgotten. We girls know that we all had a good time, and we believe that Madame Green enjoyed her "first real birthday surprise party."

Miss Condon, one of the Y. W. C. A. secretaries, spent several days here during the week of April 16th. She came in the interest of the Y. W. Association, and was especially helpful to the members of the cabinet in planning for the work of the coming year. We who do not belong to the Y. W. Cabinet did not become acquainted with Miss Condon, but judging from the talk she gave in Chapel one morning, we know that the girls profited by her visit.

PRAYER MEETING

The Spring days may hurt the attendance to prayer meeting, but if all the meetings stay up to the standard of the one on April 17th, they certainly have not nor will hurt the quality. Mr. Tyson gave a strong straight-forward talk that was worth anyone's time to hear. Many of us were surprised at him, not having the faith that he could do it, but we rejoice that we were disappointed.

This reminds us again of the fact that we can't afford to miss any of these meetings. One can never tell when the good things are coming, but all of our meetings have been good of late. The meeting of April 17th, however, had another reason for being good. Miss B———, of Lebanon, sang for us. Her solo was very much appreciated. The leaders of the prayer-meeting are planning to continue having someone to sing for us, whenever possible, so that there can be no doubt but that every meeting will be a source of joy and power to every one attending. Can we look for you to be one of those who will avail themselves of this opportunity?

A RARE TREAT

On the evening of April 19th many of the students went to Lebanon to a concert given by Bertyne NeCollins, Soprano; Mary Hopple, Contralto; and J. Warren Erb, Accompanist. The entire program was appreciated by everyone

present. It was indeed a rare treat to hear them, especially Miss Hopple, whom we are especially interested in, inasmuch as her two sisters are at present members of our Lebanon Valley College family and are known by most of us. Miss Mary Hopple is also known to many of us, as she took private French lessons under Mrs. Green last year, and was thus often seen on the campus. She is now residing in New York City and is taking work in voice under Mrs. NeCollins. The six encores, the wonderful flowers and the testimonies on the night of this concert speak for themselves in telling how much her work was appreciated.

Y. W. C. A.

A Y. W. C. A. Cabinet Training Conference was held at Dickinson College, Carlisle, Pa., April 20-22. Lebanon Valley College was represented by Misses Edna Baker, Ida Trout and Elsie Clark.

The conference opened Friday evening at 8:00 and closed Sunday at 5:00 P.M. Two Mission groups were arranged to take care of the technical work. Miss Klenk and Miss Condon, the National Secretaries, with Miss Johnson, the Student Secretary from West Virginia University, took charge of the conference.

This meeting of the girls from the various Colleges provided a splendid opportunity, for each Y. W. represented to gain a store of valuable material, methods and means of Cabinet and Association expansion.

The Dickinson girls lavished their hospitality and did all within their power to make this new experiment a success. A reception was given at the President's home for the delegates Friday night, and also a party at Metesgar Hall Saturday night.

Each delegate returned to her College with memories of pleasant associations, new and deep friendships, and a greater desire to share her joys as well as sorrows with those about her. And most of all with a deeper appreciation of the opportunity to serve.

At the close of the Biennial Meeting of the Women's Missionary Association, which was held in the United Brethren Church at Annville during the days of April 10th to 13th, the girls of North Hall gave a reception to the members of the association. All rooms were thrown open to the visitors, giving them an opportunity to inspect them and become familiar with the housing conditions.

Dr. McCreary, representing the State Board of Health and the State Medical Association, addressed the students at the General Assembly on April 19 on the subject of Diphtheria, in accordance with the campaign against this disease made by the State during the month of April. The substance of his lecture is given elsewhere in this issue. With Dr. McCreary was Dr. Maulfair, of Lebanon, who had charge of Lebanon County during the campaign, and who substantiated Dr. McCreary's statements.

PHILO ANNIVERSARY

The Fifty-Sixth Anniversary Exercises of The Philokosmian Literary Society of Lebanon Valley College were held in the Engle Conservatory of Music on Friday evening, May 4, 1923, at eight o'clock.

The initial number was an overture, Schlegel's "The Golden Sceptre," rendered by the Philo Orchestra. It was well rendered and much enjoyed. After the rendition of the overture the curtains were drawn aside and the program proper was begun.

The setting and the program were so arranged as to represent as session of the Philokosmian Literary Society of a half-century ago. The credit for the theme of the entire program belongs to Mr. Earle E. Fake, '23, who has spent a large amount of time in the planning and the executing of the same.

The Invocation was given by Rev. Joseph R. McDonald, '23.

Mr. Ralph E. Boyer, '23, the Anniversary President, delivered an address, entitled "Young America." This subject was used by Mr. John Henry Graybeill, '72, when he was Anniversary President of the Philokosmian Literary Society. Mr. Graybeill was present in the audience while Mr. Boyer gave his address.

Mr. George O. Hohl, '23, gave two vocal solos: D'Herdelot's "Because," and Roger's "The Time for Making Songs Has Come." He was accompanied by Professor R. Porter Campbell, who directed the musical part of the program.

The next number on the program was an interview between Mr. Wilkins (Mr. Lester R. Williard, '23) and Mr. Parker (Mr. Raymond Hutchinson, '23, regarding the labor conditions of the day. The discussion brought forth in a striking manner the labor troubles and the rise of unionism in the days following the Civil War.

Mr. J. O. Zeigler gave a well-sung vocal solo: "Hear Me! Ye Waves and Winds." The audience expressed much pleasure at the rendition of this number.

The Philo Chorus, composed of eighteen members, under the direction of Professor Campbell, sang two numbers, Cadman's "I Hear a Thrush at Eve" and Dudley Buck's "To the Field! To the Hunt!" Philo may well take pride in its fine singers.

Mr. Roland R. Renn, '23, then gave an oration, "The Last Frontier." In this number he presented the thought of fifty years ago respecting the last great western frontier of our American nation.

Before the rendition of the final number of the program, Mr. Raymond Hutchinson, '23, the Secretary, invited the audience to a reception to be held in the Alumni Gymnasium immediately following the close of the formal program.

The final number on the program was a march, Sousa's "The Stars and Stripes Forever," rendered by the Philo Orchestra. To this music the audience marched out of the hall and went to the gymnasium.

The stage of the Conservatory was entirely transformed for the anniversary exercises. The entire platform, including the two wings, was transformed into a large blue room, representing Philo Hall. The ceiling of the room was composed of a huge golden arch, conforming with the arch in the front of the stage. In the center of the large back wall was suspended the huge shield and arms of the society. Palms and plants loaned by members of Philo and

their friends lined the front of the stage. In the small arches at the ends of the huge central arch were draperies of golden streamers. The work of setting the stage was in the hands of Mr. Maryan P. Matuszak, '24. Dr. Johann Blose, Director of the Conservatory of Music, was so well pleased with the stage setting that he has requested that it be left on the stage for the recitals given by the students of the Conservatory of Music during the month of May.

The entire house was filled to capacity. Much credit is due Mr. Elwood C. Stabley, '24, for his efficiency in seating the large audience.

The Alumni Gymnasium was decorated with a Japanese taste and scheme of coloring. Blue and gold streamers at the top gave it a distinctly pagoda-like atmosphere. Japanese lanterns and parasols were placed here and there, cleverly lighted up by electric lights. The decorating of the gymnasium was in the hands of Mr. Charles C. Smith, '24, whose attention to details could not have been surpassed. One end of the Gymnasium was set off by Japanese rustic work whence refreshments were served. The refreshments were served by boys dressed in Japanese costumes, including Mr. Tokohisa Ishimura, '26, unobtrusively during the rendition of the after-program.

The after-program in the Gymnasium was begun by the rendition of two well-selected numbers by the Philo Orchestra. This was followed by a song by a quartette composed of Mr. George O. Hohl, '23, first tenor; Mr. Donald Evans, '24, second tenor; Mr. H. Y. Smuck, '26, first bass, and Mr. Ray C. Herb, '24, second bass.

The singing was followed by an overture rendered by the Orchestra as anrelude to the Pantomime. This piece was a masterpiece and was rendered with a spirit that was enjoyed by everyone present.

The feature of the after-program was the pantomime, "The Fate of Clementine," in which Mr. George Biecher, '24, starred as Cupid. The universal theme of love was made humorous, pathetic and tragic in this one number.

Following the pantomime, several songs were sung by the quartette and several selections were played by the Orchestra. The reception ended with the singing of the "Alma Mater" by those present.

Once more has Philo shown how well it can keep up and even surpass the standards and the traditions of past years.

MIRROR

(Continued from Page 2)

some of the more forgetful students have left the room, even before the teacher had finished the discussion. We realize this was but a straying from the path of courtliness; however, we hope it was only a detour.

Girls, we want the fellows to be courteous, don't we? Then wouldn't it be much better to say "Thank you" when a gentleman opens a door for you? We are sure the girls do not deserve the stamp of unappreciativeness.

Let us bear in mind that as our religion is not a creed, but life; so our civility does not consist only in knowing, but doing.

Don't forget, the next subject under focus is Helpfulness. Let us whisper also that you yourself can be helpful by contributing to this page.

PHILO ORCHESTRA

On Thursday evening, April 26, the eleven-piece Orchestra of the Philokosmian Literary Society of Lebanon Valley College assisted in a special program given in the Salem United Brethren Church at Sinking Springs, Pa., of which Rev. James Bingham, '26, is pastor. The feature of the evening was an illustrated address on the "Life and Wanderings of the Apostle Paul" by Mr. Ralph E. Boyer, '23. The lantern slides were copies of paintings by famous masters, old and new, and were decidedly effective. Besides the orchestral program, variety was provided by a baritone horn solo by Mr. Ray A. Troutman, '25, and a vocal number by Mrs. Paul Cooper. The quality of the entire program was fully up to the Lebanon Valley standard.

Miss Lucille S. Shenk, '23, has returned home and resumed her studies at the college. She spent three weeks teaching at the West Chester, Pa., High School, taking the place of Professor Stanley R. Oldham, '08, who is principal of the high school. She has been elected to teach there next year.

On April 27, Professor T. Bayard Beatty, head of the English Department of Lebanon Valley College, was one of the judges at a debate between the Harrisburg Central High School girls and the Washington, D. C., High School girls. The other judges were: Doctor Charles E. Wehler, Vice-President of Hood College, and Professor Herbert Wing, Jr., Dickinson College. The decision of the judges was awarded the Harrisburg girls.

MAY DAY

Lebanon Valley College held its annual May Day Ceremonies on Saturday, May 5th. It was a perfect summer's day—the sun shone brilliantly, the wind hummed softly through the trees, the green-carpeted campus and the verdant background could not have appeared better.

The stage, filled with flowers and surrounded with trees and green boughs, the May Queen, the Maid of Honor, the attendants, the revelers, all dressed for the gala occasion, made a marvelous animated picture.

The program began with a procession of all partakers of the activities from around the Engle Conservatory, to North Hall and thence onto the campus.

After the procession, King Winter, Roland R. Penn, who had ruled supreme until this time, was dethroned by the Sword Dancers. The dance was unique and difficult, but was well-executed. The Dance of the Seasons, which followed, indicated the triumph of May over Winter.

After the triumph of May, Miss Dorothy Fencil was crowned Queen of May, and was presented with her Crown, Sceptre, Orb and Footstool, all made of flowers. As Queen of Love and Beauty, the May Queen then called upon all to engage in the revels of the day.

The Queen's attendants were: Maid of Honor, Elizabeth Smith; Titania, Mae Reeves; Flora, Helen Hughes; Spring, Agnes Merchitis; Summer, Rosa Zeigler; Autumn, Della Herr; Winter, Gladys Bossart; Jester, Porte Wolfe; Heralds, Ferdinand Beck and Calvin Fencil.

Following the Call of the Queen came the Entertainment Before the May Queen: The Dance of the Elves; The Dance of the Flower-Girls; a Folk-Play, "Robin Hood and the Friar";

The Dance of the Freshmen; The Dance of the Sophomores.

After the Folk-dances came an interruption in the program. A Knight, who was Gladstone P. Cooley, came galloping upon a black steed before the Queen. The Queen of Love and Beauty was petitioned to preside over a Court of Love. The Knight's plea was granted, and as a punishment King Winter was forced to "ride the Stang"—backwards—with the Hobby-Horse Riders. A Shepherdess, Stella Hughes, infatuated with the singing of a Balladist, Donald Evans, pleads that the awkward love of a Shepherd, Richard Beard, be removed from her. Instead, Titania breaks the spell of the Balladist, and the Shepherd and Shepherdess walk off, hand in hand.

After this interruption the Entertainment was continued. There was a Morris Dance, followed by the May-Pole Dance of the Juniors. The final dance was the Mass Dance, in which all participated, the students forming a huge "L. V. C." In the meantime, the Queen was kidnapped by King Winter. Undismayed, Titania prophesied the Triumph of Spring over Winter. The program ended with the singing of the Alma Mater, all waving handkerchiefs.

The May Day Festival was this year the largest success in the history of the college. Each year the programs are becoming more interesting and better rendered. Approximately two thousand people witnessed the exercises this year, many of them alumni who came to Lebanon Valley expressly for the gala occasion.

CLIO-KALO JOINT SESSION

At the joint session of the Clionian and Kalozetean Literary Societies, held on Friday evening, April 27, Mr. William F. Wenner gave some "Observations on Spring". He gave a concise, vivid picture of Spring at L. V. C.—the joys, the thrills, the buoyancy, the lure of the "Quittie".

Miss Helen McGraw, as usual, delighted her audience with the rendition of a piano solo, "Melody," by Rschmanioff.

The discussion on "The Kansas Court System," by Miss Eleanor Sheaffer and Mr. Heber R. Mutch, was worthy of the highest praise, both having made thorough preparation.

The next number was a song sung by the societies.

The Freshman girls gave a Spring Dance—sprightly and beautiful. It was thoroughly enjoyed by dancers and audience.

After the rendition of the program, a delightful social hour was enjoyed by all.

What type of mirror shall we use on the group of young men who have been seen at the Dormitory windows, at the beginning of "walking hours", razzing those who were perhaps more fortunate than they themselves?

Can we credit with tennis court-esy that group of eight Freshmen, of both sexes, who monopolized the court nearest the Girl's Dorm on a certain afternoon about the middle of April?

Let us look with the concave mirror upon that couple who stopped in the middle of a set to take on two more players who had just arrived at the court, making it a game of doubles.

Request

Will some person please tell Rupp how to pronounce diaphragm?

Athletics

Benton P. Smith, Editor

Dana Dunnick, Associate

LEBANON VALLEY SHUTS OUT BLUE RIDGE

In a closely contested game played at Annville, on April 21, the home team came out on the long end, with the score 2-0.

The visitors simply could not solve the delivery of Walter Wolf, who struck out eleven men and allowed but two scratch hits. Our boys inhabited the bases quite frequently, having seven hits to their credit. The home boys also played a bang-up game in the field, and showed their good form, especially with men on bases. Besides playing a fine game in the field, Smith also had a fine day at the bat, driving out a slashing double in the seventh, which sent Heilman across the plate with the second run of the game. Richards led both teams in hits, having three beautiful hits to his credit.

The visitors' pitcher showed good form, but his support was weak at crucial moments.

The score:

L. V. C.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	BLUE RIDGE	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Homan, ss.,	0	1	0	0	1	Hitchcock, ss.,	0	0	1	4	1
Smith, lf.,	0	1	1	0	0	Merkel, rf.,	0	0	1	0	0
Richards, 2b.,	0	3	0	1	0	Bunn, 1b.,	0	0	9	0	1
Updegrove, c.,	0	0	13	0	0	Bonsack, 2b.,	0	1	6	3	0
Perry, 1b.,	0	0	8	0	0	Blethen, lf.,	0	0	1	0	0
Yake, cf.,	1	2	1	0	0	Strobel, 3b.,	0	0	1	1	1
Clarkin, rf.,	0	0	3	0	0	Wilson, cf.,	0	0	3	0	0
Wolf, p.,	0	0	0	3	0	Monroe, c.,	0	1	2	1	0
Heilman, 3b.,	1	0	1	4	1	Metzger, p.,	0	0	0	1	0
Totals,	2	7	27	8	2	Totals,	0	2	24	10	3
Lebanon Valley	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Blue Ridge	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0

Juniata at Annville, May 5

Lebanon Valley suffered its first tennis defeat in two seasons on May 5 (May Day), when Juniata won all four of the singles and one of the doubles on our home court. Our only score was in doubles, won by Bill Wolfe and Jerry Frock. All of the Juniata sets were won on close margins.

BLUE RIDGE AT NEW WINDSOR, MARYLAND, APRIL 26

After winning from Western Maryland on the 25th, Blue Ridge was confident of winning from our boys on the 26th. They put in their best pitcher, but at their dismay, our boys clouted the horsehide all over the lot, and won handily by the score of 13-4.

Bobby Reigel was in rare form, and the opposing batters were helpless before his delivery. Our fellows went along in fine shape, and in the sixth Blue Ridge yanked their pitcher out and put in a relief pitcher, but the boys kept right on slugging the pill. In the eighth, Bobby's fingers were a little sore, and Pop put Witmer on the mound. With the bases loaded and one out, our fellows got together for the supreme play. Witmer in due time received a pop fly, pegged the ball to second, Richards then pegged the sphere to first base, completing a neat triple play. This disheartened the Blue Ridge play-

ers, and in the rest of the game they could only keep things going. The score:

L. V. C.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	BLUE RIDGE	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Homan, 2b.,	1	3	1	1	0	Merkel, c.,	0	2	4	1	0
Smith, rf.,	2	1	0	1	0	Blet'n, 3b, cf	0	3	4	2	0
Richards, ss.,	1	1	0	2	1	Strobel, 1b.,	0	1	2	1	0
Updegrove, c.,	2	2	11	0	0	Dunn, 1b, p,	1	1	12	1	0
Perry, 1b.,	3	4	10	0	0	Bon'k, p, 1b	2	3	3	4	1
Zeigler, 3b.,	1	2	2	1	0	Hitchcock, ss.,	0	0	2	4	0
Yake, cf.,	2	0	0	0	0	Wilson, cf.,	0	0	0	0	1
Clarkin, rf.,	0	0	2	1	0	Dern, 2b.,	0	0	0	2	0
Reigle, p.,	1	3	1	1	0	Metzger, rf.,	0	1	0	0	1
Witmer, p.,	0	0	0	0	0	Snyder, lf.,	1	1	0	0	0
Totals,	13	16	27	7	1	Totals,	4	12	27	15	3
Lebanon Valley	0	4	2	0	1	3	1	2	0	13	
Blue Ridge	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	1	1	4	

WESTERN MARYLAND AT WESTMINSTER APRIL 27

After winning from Blue Ridge, our warriors dropped anchor in the quiet village of Westminster. The Westminster boys, after seeing the score of Blue Ridge and L. V. C., were a sick bunch. Our boys could not find themselves until the sixth inning, when everybody connected with the old apple for a safety. In the last three frames of play our boys made them look like a bunch of high school boys when they started landing on the sphere. Zeke Perry was allotted the pitching duties of the day, and this he did in remarkable style, only allowing the opposing batters two runs. Our boys then traveled to Washington, ready to meet Georgetown. The Georgetown bunch was rather fortunate, since it rained and saved them from a licking, as our team was going like a bunch of big leaguers. The score:

L. V. C.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	WESTERN MD.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Homan, 2b.,	2	1	3	3	0	Gallway, 2b.,	0	0	3	2	1
Smith, lf.,	2	2	1	0	0	Kinaw's, ss.,	0	2	3	3	3
Richards, ss.,	1	1	1	4	0	Matth's, 1b.,	0	0	11	0	0
Updegrove, 1b	3	2	11	0	1	Baldwin, 3b.,	1	1	1	1	2
Perry, p.,	1	2	1	1	0	Clark, c.,	0	0	3	2	2
Zeigler, 3b.,	2	3	2	3	1	Taylor, rf.,	0	0	1	0	0
Yake, cf.,	2	0	1	0	0	Duncan, rf.,	0	0	1	9	0
Clarkin, rf.,	0	0	0	0	0	Garrett, lf.,	0	0	2	0	0
Witmer, rf.,	1	0	0	0	0	Ben'ett, lf, p,	0	0	0	0	0
Metafine, c.	2	2	7	1	1	Groton, cf.	1	0	2	0	0
Totals,	16	13	27	12	3	Neal, c.,	0	0	0	7	0
Western Maryland	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0
Lebanon Valley	2	0	1	0	1	0	1	2	9	16	

TENNIS

F. and M. at Lancaster, April 28

Three of the four singles had been won by Lebanon Valley, and there were great prospects of wins in the doubles, when rain stayed the conflict between the tennis teams of F. and M. and of Lebanon Valley at Lancaster on April 28. Winners of their respective singles were Bill Wolfe, Jerry Frock, and "Ted" Rupp.

Music

Donald E. Fields, Editor

Dorothy Mancha, Associate

THE DeMOSS CONCERT

A concert which was unique from the standpoint of novelty at least, was that given by the DeMoss Family, in Engle Hall, Saturday evening, April 21, under the auspices of the College Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. The program was of an unusual nature throughout and made up in entertainment whatever it may have been lacking in purely musical merit. Each of the five members of the company proved to be exceedingly versatile, and the variety of the program was astonishing.

The feature of the program was the "Symphony" orchestra of five pieces, which rendered several well-known numbers in a creditable manner. A violin solo and a flute solo were especially pleasing.

In addition to the instrumental work, the De Moss company proved to be capable vocalists, singing, among others, several of their own compositions.

The remainder of the program consisted chiefly of novelties, including hand bell ringing, sleigh bells, the playing of two cornets at one time, guitar selections, several readings, and a banjo club which played a number of Southern and Plantation melodies. Many of these numbers are often heard singly, but it is rare to find them all combined on one program.

The Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. wish to thank the student body in particular and the community in general for their generous patronage of this event, which almost enabled the organization to meet the expenses of this concert.

LAST STUDENTS' RECITAL

The last of the regular semi-monthly Students' Recitals of the season was given in Engle Hall on Tuesday evening, April 24. The recital was slightly delayed by the necessity devolving upon the director of dislodging part of the audience who had taken refuge under the balcony, and who, from the effort required to remove them, appeared to be strongly intrenched.

The recital was unusual both in the amount and in the quality of the program, which included voice, piano, and organ. It was interesting also from the fact that it afforded the first opportunity this year of hearing several of the students in a public appearance.

There has been, for some time, a general impression around the college that practically all the real study has been confined to the academic departments. Anyone, however, who considers the immense amount of effort and concentration required for mastering and memorizing a composition of the length and technical requirements of several of the numbers on this program will realize that not all the energy of the institution is confined to those carrying eighteen hours work.

These recitals have given abundant evidence that the work of the Conservatory has been materially strengthened this year, by the additions to the faculty. Improvement has been especially noticeable in the voice department.

Though the effect of this last recital was somewhat marred by its extreme length, it furnished

a fitting climax to the semi-monthly recitals.

The program as it was rendered follows:

Spalding	Daisy Chains
	Miss Claire Kettering
Porter	A Little Ballade
	Miss June Gingrich
Mana Zucca	The Lightning Bug
	Miss Lucille Beatty
Crosby	At Play
	Mr. Henry Grimm
Kinder	At Evening
	Miss Verna Pell
Schubert	Impromptu in A Flat
	Miss Esther Gilbert
Thayer	My Laddie
	Mr. Donald Evans
Warford	Dream Song
Beach	Fairy Lullaby
	Miss Mary Leachey
Mendelssohn	Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14
	Miss Madge Clem
Clay	I'll Sing the Songs of Araby
	Mr. Cyrus Sherk
Battiste	A Meditation
Lemaigre	A Prayer
	Miss Ruth Rockafellow
Barbour	Memory's Voices
MacDowell	Thy Beaming Eyes
	Miss Permelia Rose
Moszkowski	Valse in E Flat
	Miss Ruth Baker
Dvorak	Songs My Mother Taught Me
Schubert	Der Lindenbaum
	Miss Ruth Rockafellow
Grieg	Sonata in E, Op. 7
	Miss Harvene LeVan
Spross	A Song of Steel
	Mr. Russell Gingrich
Chopin	Polonaise Militaire in A
	Mr. Donald Fields
Gluck	O del mio dolce ardor
Del Riego	The Slave Song
	Miss Hannah Fishburn
Mozart	Sonata, No. 1
	Miss Helen McGraw
Huhn	Invictus
	Mr. J. O. Zeigler

A WORTHWHILE IMPROVEMENT

Among other improvements in the College equipment, one that has attracted especial notice from the student body and from patrons of the college functions, is the excellent grand piano which has been placed in Engle Hall. Heretofore there has been much unfavorable comment upon the inferior instrument provided for local affairs and concerts by visiting artists, notably at the Star Course numbers, both from the artists themselves and from the general public who patronize these attractions.

This splendid instrument, however, together with the courteous co-operation of the Conservatory authorities in all school activities, bids fair to create a far more favorable impression, both upon those appearing here and upon the audiences in general. Those who have made the purchase of the piano possible have benefited the school in a distinctly material manner.

Alumni

Isabelle R. Smith, Editor

Miriam L. Mengel, Associate

Among those who were present for Philo Anniversary and May Day Exercises were:

Rev. Raymond S. Heberlig, '19, who is preaching at Lichens, Pa.

Miss E. Virginia Smith, '20, who is teaching English and French in the Ontelaunee Vocational School, Leesport, Pa.

Mr. Edgar C. Hastings, '21, who is teaching in Phoenixville, Pa., and who has finished a semester's work at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Samuel T. Dundore, '19, who is preaching in Elizabethtown, Pa.

Mr. Russel O. Shadel, '22, who is teaching Sciences in the High School at Williamstown, Pa.

Miss Josephine Stine, '22, who is teaching English in the High School at Williamstown, Pa.

Miss Erdean Larew, '22, and Miss Marion Heffelman, '22, who are teaching at Delta, Pa.

Miss Ethel Hartz, '22, who is teaching at Downingtown, Pa.

Miss Minerva Rabb, '22, who is teaching in York, Pa.

Mr. Orin J. Farrel, '21, Supervising Principal of Schools in Mohnton, Pa.

Mr. Claude Engle, '02, Chemist in Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture, Bureau of Chemistry, Harrisburg, Pa.

Rev. George W. Hallman, '17, who is pastor of the First United Brethren Church, Harrisburg, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. Guy D. Wingerd, of Columbia, Pa. Mr. Mingerd, '12, is pastor of the Presbyterian Church, and Mrs. Wingerd was Miss Velma T. Heindel, '13.

Mrs. Norman C. Boudier (Miss Helena Maulfair, '20), of Baltimore, Maryland.

Miss Grace Deitz, '21, who is teaching in the High School at Lewistown, Pa.

Miss Dora Zeitlin, '20, who is teaching in the High School at St. Clair, Pa.

Mr. Leroy R. Walters, '18, who is preaching at Zion U. B. Church, Reading, Pa.

Miss Ruth Evans, '20, who is teaching in High School at Lebanon, Pa.

Mr. J. Paul Rupp, '19, who is teaching in High School at Crafton, Pa.

Mr. David Mader, who was in class of '24, but who is now a student in Franklin and Marshall.

Miss Anna Mae Stehman, who was a student in the Academy last year.

Mrs. Mary Stehman Longenecker, of Mt. Joy, who was formerly Dean of Women.

Mr. Elwood D. Heiss, '21, supervisor of Public Schools, Dillsburg, Pa.

Miss Miriam Lenhart, '19, who is a teacher in High School at Camp Hill, Pa.

Miss Mary Shettel, '21, who is teaching in the York High School.

Mr. Harvey Fishburn, '20, who is Physical Director of the High School in Downingtown, Pa.

Miss Christine Happel, '21, who is teaching at Mt. Penn High School, Reading, Pa.

Mr. Gaston Vanden Bosche, '22, who is teaching at Ambridge, Pa.

* * *

In an entertainment given a short time ago

by the Woman's Club of Lebanon at the Parish House, several members of our Alumni took part. Miss Anna E. Kreider, '00, is president of the club. Mr. J. O. Zeigler, '19, sang a solo, accompanied by Mr. R. P. Campbell, '15. Others who took part were Mrs. B. F. Daugherty (Miss Della Roop), Piano 1892; Mrs. G. R. Kreider, Jr. (Miss Alice Lutz), Voice '08; Mrs. Alfred D. Strickler (Miss Louise Kreider), Piano '08; Mrs. Guy Gerberich (Miss Lucille Mills), Piano '06; Mrs. Alfred K. Mills (Miss Edith Frantz), Voice '08; and Mrs. Ammon Kreider.

* * *

Miss Lena Hoerner, '10, a post graduate student at Columbia University, has accepted a position in Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn. During the coming summer her duties will be as Acting Dean of Women in the University Summer School. Next year she will take up her work as head of the Household Arts Department.

* * *

Rev. Carl M. Hiser, of the Class of 1922, a few years ago was an active contributor to the Crucible. Upon a recent visit to L. V. C., he kindly wrote the following poem for us:

* * *

Mr. Amos W. Herrman, '07, assistant district attorney of York, Pa., is prominently identified with the prosecution of the principals in the noted bank failure of that city.

* * *

Miss Pearl R. Seitz, '22, who has been teaching at Point Pleasant, is going to Jenkintown, North Philadelphia, Pa., with a marked increase in salary.

* * *

Mr. Ralph H. Homan, '22, is planning to present a May Day Pageant at Ticonderoga, New York, where he is teaching.

* * *

Mr. Jesse Orr Zeigler, '19, is taking post-graduate work at Lebanon Valley College in the Voice Department of the Conservatory of Music and also in the college proper. He is a member of the Glee Club, and has resumed active membership in the Philokosmian Literary Society.

PHILO—APRIL 27

On Friday, April 27, Philo rendered its annual Chemistry Program. The program was as follows:

The Human Side of Chemistry—Richard Smith.

Natural and Synthetic Perfumes—Maryann P. Matuszak.

Slides of Glass-Blowing Industry—Charles C. Smith.

An Auto and No Gasoline—Earle E. Fake.

The Composition of My Wife's Necklace—Roland R. Renn.

Humor in Chemistry—Lester M. Leach.

Lack of space prevents us from commenting upon the different numbers.

On Friday evening, May 11, there will be a joint hike by The Clionian and The Philokosmian Literary Societies of Lebanon Valley College.

Humor

Lena A. Weisman, Editor

Ellen S. Keller, Associate

ATTENTION!

Beginning with the next issue of the Crucible, we are going to run a series of doggerel verse about famous characters who are animated with L. V. C. We do not wish to deprive anyone of this opportunity to express their sentiments through the artistic medium of verse; therefore, all contributions are earnestly solicited. The names of the subject for the verse will be published in each foregoing issue of the Crucible, thus giving all a chance to meditate deeply upon subject in question. The best verses will be chosen and published with or without the name of the writer, as the contributor wishes. The names under consideration for the next issue are William Wenner, familiarly known as "Bill," and Roland Renn, alias 'Birdie'. Contributions for the next issue must be in the hands of the Editor by May 15. Pep her up Show some talent and express yourself.

Teacher: What is wrong with this sentence: "They were setting in the dark"?

Small Boy: "Oh! it just isn't the proper thing to do."

Dumb-bells playing five hundred:

One: "I'll play no trumps."

Other (just learning): "Let me see no trumps."

Prof. Wagner: "What's the matter, Carmie?"

Carmie: "I was praying about this Math. test."

Wagner: "It's not prayer you need, it's brains."

Why is it each new minute brings
Fresh bits of knowledge, polyglot?
Why can't I cling to useful things
As well as I remember rot?

Lena Weisman, on being informed that she was elected to the humor department of the Crucible, exclaimed: "That isn't fair; they shouldn't judge one's ability by face value."

Pearl: "He has a joke for every occasion."

Pete: "Yes, he told it to me."

Bachman: They say there's a lot of two-faced people around here. But I don't believe it.

Leber: Why don't you?

Bachy: Because if there were, they'd surely wear the other face.

Laura Strickler, who was a member of the Freshman Class of '24, is now in training in Lancaster General Hospital. She was sent for ethyl chloride to the operating room. Soon after she returned: "Doctor, they say they have no patient by that name."

C. C.: But, dearest, why must we wait until October to be wed?

Ruth: Well, you see, I've never been married in autumn before.

We notice from the Alumni Page that Farrell has received his P.A. and that Mabel has received her M.A.

Leach: Conductor, do you allow drunkards on this car?

Conductor: Sh-h; keep still and no one will know it.

Benton: Dearest, my love for you is like a babbling brook.

Dot: Oh! Dam it!

Beard: The tunnel we just passed through cost \$1,000,000.

Betty: It was an absolute waste of money as far as you are concerned.

May: What makes Tiny so popular?

Kathryn: When a fellow calls to see her she asks him a riddle and then keeps him in the dark all evening.

All the modern girl knows about a needle is it's used on a "vic".

Betty: Stop pulling my hair, Ralph.

Boyer: I'm not pulling it. I'm only holding it and you're doing the pulling.

Dunnick: Say, Smuck, how can you tell the difference between a Prof. and a student?

Smuck: Well, if there were only two in a lecture room and one of them was asleep, the other one would be the Prof.

Carmie: Are you good at lip reading?
Shorty: Only by the touch system.

C. C.: What is ordinarily used as a conductor of electricity?

Andrews: Why, er-r—

C. C.: Correct. Now tell me what is the unit of electric power?

Andrews: The what, sir?

C. C.: That will do. Very good.

Nitty: Give me grape juice and a little piece of yeast cake.

Swanger: Sorry, Nitty, but we have nothing but short cake.

Dad: The next time that young fool comes around here I'll sit on him.

Agnes: Oh, papa, please leave that to me.

A business man without his supply of boot-legger jokes is about as unusual nowadays as a college man who doesn't part his hair in the middle.

Love may be blind, but marriage is certainly an eye-opener.

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 16

MAY 25, 1923

Poetry frequents and keeps habitable those upper
chambers of the mind that open towards the sun's
rising.

—James Russell Lowell

Poetry Number

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Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.

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HINTS

The Crucible is the link that connects many people, alumni and others, with Lebanon Valley College. As such its purpose is to represent the institution. It is the policy of the Staff to fulfill this purpose and to give all readers a true insight into the inner life of the students as well as news of happenings at the College. This cannot be done unless the students themselves contribute to the paper. The Staff is capable, willing, and even anxious to edit the paper; but perhaps by letting the Staff manage and write everything the paper does not truly represent the spirit of the general student body. For this reason we will welcome any articles from the students, as well as from the faculty, that can be used for publication. News items are the things by which the students can most greatly help, for news is to be The Crucible's specialty.

* * *

You've seen many an opportunity slip by. One of the big opportunities at Lebanon Valley College is being disregarded everyday. We have reference to our library. Step in sometime when you've a spare half-hour or two, and make an acquaintance with it. You'll never have spent a more pleasant period of time. You may read any of the worthwhile magazines of the day. Plenty of newspapers load the rack. The papers on the reading table are just filled with things to interest a student. Magazines on every conceivable subject are there: on Nature, filled with pictures and photographs; on important questions of the hour, giving the opinion of the leaders of the world of today; on poetry, full of poems and free-verse of the day; on education, giving invaluable practical information about teaching; on art, containing pictures of the latest creations in sculpture and architecture; on the drama, giving not only accounts and pictures of the drama as it lives today, but also short plays of merit. There are thousands of books on the shelves—of fiction, history, biography, travels, poetry, science, drama, religion, essays. The library exists for use—have you been using it?

* * *

In these days of Spring Nature is Queen. Trees are clothed with green, fields are filled with growing things, flowers are blooming everywhere, living creatures are present in every nook and corner, birds are singing every moment, the very air is saturated with good feeling, with life, with pep. If you get blue just step out into the fields and woods. More than that, give heed to the invitation Mother Nature is holding out and go and commune with and learn from her.

Of what use is information unless it is used? Almost everywhere we meet with advice regarding health, prevention of disease, lowering of mortality rate, birth control. Have we fallen into the habit of passing these topics by? Thousands die because of lack of information or of misinformation. A bit of knowledge may save your or a friend's life. It's a good idea to get some information on the subject now.

* * *

The scheduling of Activities is in the hands of the Activities Committee, and all activities at the College should be reported to the Committee at least three days before the time planned. This rule is being obeyed pretty thoroughly, but there are certain times which are reserved for certain activities which occur regularly and it would be well that no other activities be planned for those times. Friday evenings are absolutely given over to the literary societies. Tuesday evenings, from six to seven o'clock are given over to prayer-meetings. The remainder of the evenings on Tuesdays and Thursday evenings are given over to the Conservatory Recitals. At these times no other activities are permitted at the College. You've an opportunity to attend all these without missing any other activity.

* * *

We have noticed that this year the members of the Freshman Class have been doing a great deal of work on the athletic field and on the tennis courts, not to mention cleaning the campus, decorating the gymnasium for receptions, and other odd bits of work. And for the most part this work has been done willingly, even though there have been some whose selfishness and devoidness of school spirit have disgraced their class. We also have noticed that the Freshmen have not had to suffer as many indignities as in past years. We believe the two go together, and we think that it would be a step forward if the rules and regulations were made less strict for next year.

* * *

A lack of interest has been shown by some members of the literary societies. This is natural when anyone can join the society. Members who consistently fail to perform their numbers on the program, who deliberately remain away from the meetings, and who do the least possible for the good of the other members, are certainly not of the best type of members. When society, would it not be well to maintain stricter new persons are proposed for membership to a standards and exclude those who will later be of little help to the society?

The Editor.

Mirror

Charles C. Smith, Editor

Edna R. Baker, Associate

In the last issue of the Crucible we urged students to make contributions of instances actually occurring here at L. V. C., where helpfulness has been conspicuous either by its absence or presence. Our object was to make the Mirror a page in which we might in a constructive way discuss our little faults so that they might be avoided in the future. We hoped that someone might be interested enough to give us contributions, but our ardor for the page and its idea was considerably dampened by finding that the "Crucible Box" was empty. You will not blame us then if we seem a bit critical in our article on Helpfulness.

But we have not lost hope. Our next subject upon which we shall focus the mirror is Language. We again solicit contributions, governed by the rules appearing in the last issue. Let us know your opinion of what language is suitable for a college group, and wherein we as a student body have used it or "murdered it", as the case may be.

Helpfulness

The meaning of helpfulness has been misconstrued by a part of society at least; for some seem to think that it means "help yourself" instead of helping the other fellow. We believe this is not true of society in general. Yet we find an inherent tendency to become so self-centered that others' interests are overlooked entirely. College life does not present an exception to this. We have heard a certain student say "time flies, and we are so busy; after we are graduated and have entered into life's work we can cultivate habits of helpfulness." Possibly we can, but will there be more time then? No, we will be going from school into life's school, where we will find a busy stage. It seems the great trouble is that we consider our education merely as a preparation of a few years; but it is not a matter of four or more years,—it requires a lifetime. It would be wise then for those who are waiting to become educated before starting to form habits of helpfulness, to change their method of reasoning.

Then again, we err when we think that helpfulness consists of great and heroic deeds. An act of kindness toward another may indeed be great, but need not be conspicuous. We may help by the unspoken word, for it is often that our very attitude speaks for us. Do we not measure the greatness of one's life by the character of the imprint left upon the hearts and lives of others? By living the helpful life we are able to do good without being conscious of it. College associations offer many opportunities for each of us to be helpful.

How often have you dropped into a student's room and found him "out of sorts", when all that was needed was a spark of true friendship, a sympathetic ear, a consoling word—easily given, yet invaluable. We gladly say that each dormitory contains many such "Good Samaritans".

A tall, dark-haired Sophomore girl seems to devour all such opportunities, and has won for herself a warm spot in the hearts of many. Her helpfulness has not been limited to the campus alone; for through her efforts many of the town girls entertain a more favorable opinion of the

college girls. There are many such girls and fellows at L. V., and gladly do we focus the concave mirror upon them.

A great deal might be said of the helpfulness displayed by various members of the student body during the week preceding May Day. Looking through the concave Mirror we might see that group of girls who worked untiringly until all the costumes were ready for the Day. We could also see those individuals who sacrificed a portion of their time to go for dogwood flowers so that the platform might be properly decorated. We could see those who volunteered for the folk dances, and were prompt in attendance of every practice. We could see that small group of "faithful Freshmen" who did more than their share of the preparation for the exercises, beside putting the tennis courts and the baseball diamond in shape for the games to be played on May Day. And we must not miss those upperclassmen who were willing to assume responsibilities for the success of the program, including the preparation of the costumes, the dances, etc.

But we have reasons, too, for using the convex mirror. Is it not right to belittle the attitude of those students who displayed as much interest in the preparation for the May Day exercises as if they were being given by the Esquimaux on the other side of the North Pole? Friday afternoon had been given to us as a holiday, from classes, so that all our energies might be directed toward the success of May Day. Yet we personally saw one Freshman and know of several more day students, who went home immediately after the noon hour so that they might avoid their share of the responsibility. Certainly all the indifferent ones had excuses—in fact, it is much easier to invent excuses than it is to do the work required, is it not? Have you ever noticed that although the number of Freshmen is quite large there is only a small group—always the same ones—who seem unable to invent excuses for not doing their share. It is among these alone that we may expect to find our subject: Helpfulness. It is this group who will assume the responsibilities as upperclassmen in future years, and will not think of inventing excuses so that work might be avoided. On them we turn the concave mirror.

What has become of our organized cheering? Or is it not necessary at a baseball game? Though the boys won the May Day game they might have piled up even a higher score if they had had some good healthy cheers to help them along.

As a final word on helpfulness, let us each try to find places where we can be helpful to others. There are some things that money can't buy, and these are good investments. The owner will receive a higher rate of interest than is offered by any other business the world over—the good will of man. It can be had by all those who seek it, and the simple formula by which it may be attained is "Think for Others"—the rest will follow, as the night the day. If once the spirit of helpfulness dwells within, the manifestations of it are made easy.

Literary

Cynthia Drummond, Editor

Sara H. Greiner, Associate

YOUTHFUL DREAMS

Let us sally among the Mayflowers,
And frolic in the meadows and glens.
Come, lit once more with the butterflies,
While sunshine dazzles the clear blue skies,—
And childish dreams dream o'er again.

Let us sit by the trickling rivulet,
And list to its musical chuckling trend;
Then soothed by the warm, dancing sunshine,
Jane,
And wrapped in thoughts that a king would
fane,
Close our eyes and dream past dreams o'er again.

Let us string our hooks with fat juicy grubs,
And cast in while fishermen's toasts we lend;
Then wait for the thrill when the cork bobs in,
And dream of a fish as thick as a shin—
That's dreaming the fisherman's dream again.

Let us sit once more on the old foot-log,
Where many happy hours we used to spend—
Dabbling our feet in the snow white foam,
And with our toes the rushing waters comb,
While dreaming some pleasant dreams o'er again.

Let us stroll once more down the shady lane,
The way in which the fondest heart would wend;
And joining hands and fondling looks alike,
As if some tender subject we would strike—
Then charming fairy dreams we'll dream again.

Let us tarry beneath the old pear tree
And list to the busy warbling wren,
While she sings her sweet, old-fashioned song,
That charms the hearts of the fair and strong,
And fills our hearts with youthful dreams again.

Let us shake off these old mossy shackles
And some misfortunes of past youth amend,
Before youth doth slip from our puny hold,
And looses to the grasp of age so cold—
Let us dream some fanciful dreams again.

Let us dream o'er the dreams of our childhood,
And cast aside these dull cares that now pend;
Lest the dazzling charms of life we forget
And our sunset be blurred by sad regret—
And we'd not dream these sweetest dreams
again.

(EDITOR'S NOTE—The above poem was found in the "Crucible Box." Will the writer please give his name to the Editor?)

"UNTO THE HILLS"

A young sparrow sat beneath my window
And shrieked until I awoke, throbbing with
anger.
I spoke unkindly to a friend,
And withheld sympathy from all whom I met.
I failed to answer the smile of a child,
Because I hated her, or thought I did.
I looked darkly on the distant hills
For they were larger than I.

The streets were noisy, people in a hurry,—
Everyone for himself, and I for myself.
"Why not?" thought I; "Who cares for me,
That I should take a thought for others?"

Then,
With sudden revulsion, my flood of wrath
Rolled back upon my own heart.
And lo! It was myself I hated,
My low-minded, carnal self!
"Come up", I cried, "Up into the sunshine!
There you will find your true self—
Your own self, beautiful, divine."

With tremendous struggle
I broke the chains of sinful thought;
And rose, and rose—up
Into the clear atmosphere
Of Universal Love!

'Tis strange how things had changed
There I found not only my own true self,
But the permeating light of Universal Love
Showed wonders never dreamed of!
There I found the true self of the friend I hated;
It was as perfect as my own!
As was the sweetness of the child,
The beauty of the hills, and
The loveliness of the bird-song—
"O God, this is Thy handiwork.
This is where I may live if I will,
Within myself is eternal beauty,
And this is the reason for my being.
And love,—and peace!"

Should I fall again into the valley of hate,
I shall look within;
And I shall find there my own true self,
The Image of Him!

Phoebe, '24.

"THE QUAIL"

Up over the hills and down through the dale
Whistles and sings my bonnie quail;
He sails and quails and shuns the hill.
Far o'er the meadow and across the rill,

Out in the wheat field circling around,
He suddenly espies his mate on the ground;
He wastes not a moment, but softly alights
And tells his mate the scenes of his flights.

She listens with head erect and ajar
About his adventures in the country afar,
While she at home on her eggs in the nest
Wonders and ponders which life is the best.

He carefully sees that she has no need—
And then he departs with a whizzing speed;
And out over grain fields and up over hill,
He seeks and finds and gathers his fill.

He forgets not his mate at home in her nest,
So he gathers some grain—the very best;
He grasps an ear of grain in his bill
And sails and flutters over the hill.

So happily lives this family of quails,
Out in a wheat field fenced in with rails,
As whistling and singing, my bonnie bird
Early in the morning may be heard.

Henry T. Wilt, '26.

TIME

The sun is dying in the west,
And heaven and earth are going to rest.
The birds their notes of music cease;
For day is done.

The moon is rising in the east,
And lights the world with silver streaks,
And lovers stroll their homeward way;
For night has come.

But night, he shall not reign supreme;
For dawn, his victor, comes upon the scene,
And drives the shades of night away;
And day has come. —E. E.

"AS I CAME DOWN FROM LEBANON"

As I came down from Lebanon,
Came winding, wandering slowly down,
Through streets and passes bleak and brown,
The cloudless day was well nigh done.
In emerald showed each pointed spire,
In prismatic colors full afire
With glowing, radiant beams of sun,
And glistening meadows, fields and lime,
Where song birds made melodious chime,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
Like lava in the dying glow,
Through apple orchards far below,
I saw the murmuring river run;
And 'neath the wall upon the green
Mild robins from distant southern scene
With precious name that they had won,
Lay gay and languidly in wait
Till they might spv their happy mate,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon
I saw strange women from afar,
In dunkard bonnets round and fair,
With tongues that spoke the words unknown,
Who strolled away to corners free,
And merry couples from L. V.,
And from the balconies over-run
With roses gleamed the eyes of those
Who dwell in quiet, still repose,
As I came down from Lebanon.

As I came down from Lebanon,
The flaming flowers of daytime died,
And night, arraved as if a bride
Of some great king, in garments spun
Of purple and the finest gold,
Out-bloomed in glories manifold,
Until the moon above the dun
And darkening campus, void of shade,
Shone like a keen Damascus blade,
As I came down from Lebanon.

Henry T. Ishimura, '26.

SUMMER TWILIGHT

The long, low hills stretch out at night
To sleep in a rosy, misty light.
From fields and hills and all around,
A damp, sweet odor leaves the ground.
I still the throb of my beating heart,
And list to the soul of Nature's art:

The sweet good-night of the bird's love-mate;
The cricket's soft chirp by the rose-bound gate.
The gentle west wind fans the faint perfumed
air,

While a great willow tree softly rustles her hair.
A calm, sweet peace, with holiness wrought,
Pervades the oppressed human heart.

It thinks, it feels,—yes, the heart truly knows
That Love breathes forth from all that grows.

—Phoebe, '24.

THE CHANGELING

Sometimes I think I am a changeling,
Or a fairy child placed by the elves
In my Mother's arms while she was sleeping.
One day I sat beside the brook and let
The laughing water play around my feet—
And I laughed, too. A butterfly, its wings
Were black and gold, was sitting on my hand.
I know it thought I was a fairy child,
As I lay hidden in the daisy bed
That grows along the stream. I watched
The blackbirds racing with the clouds,
And the breeze fairies swinging on the leaves.
When my mother calls, I lie still and smile,
'Cause she can't find me when I'm a fairy child.
Often I run down the big hill with the wind;
But long before I reach the bottom
Where the gray mill stands, he is there.
At night when the great sun
Has called his workers each and every one,
From the flowercups, and gathered them
Into a fire ball hanging in the West,
My father builds a fire upon the grate.
Outside the sun has set, and there is night
Without a star. Then we three sit together,
Listening to the fire fairies singing as they
Dance and whirl their red skirts up and down
An' round an' round. I hold close my father's
Hand, because the fairies beckon me to play.
I shut my eyes. My mother says, "Poor little
lad
Is sleepy. Sandman's coming with his dreams."
She doesn't know I'm a fairy child.

Don't borrow a creed from other people,
Nor hang most faith on the stoutest steeple.
Look up for your law, but oh! look higher
Than the hands on any human spire.
If ten think alike, and you think alone,
That never proves 'tis ten to one
They are right, you wrong; for truth, you see,
Is not a thing of majority.
It can never make you false, them true,
That there's more of them than there is of you:
If your touch is on Truth's garment's hem,
There is more of you than a world of them.
'Tis not alone in the Orient region
That a certain hero's name was Legion.
Nor was it only for once to be
That the whole herd together ran down to the
sea.

Your zenith for no man else is true:
Your beam from the sun comes alone to you.
And the thought the great God gave your brain
Is your own for the world, or the world's in vain.
—Edward R. Sill.

Silent watches of the night are those we forget to wind.

* * *

Prof. Butterwick: A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Faust: That's why we all flunked.

Activities

Mary R. Hershey, Editor

Kathryn H. Nisley, Associate

Y. W. C. A.—MAY 6

On Sunday afternoon, May 6, an interesting and novel program was given on the American Negro. Instead of using the usual hymns or sacred songs, negro spiritual and folk-songs were sung.

After the opening song, services and devotions, Miss Clarke gave a resume of an interesting article on "The Negro Girl." It brought to our attention the humanity of the negro girl and her plea for a square deal, especially from the press. Following this, the Misses Olga and Virginia Smith sang "Mighty Lak a Rose." Miss Carmie Kauffman then read "The Little Black Boy," by Blake, a beautiful interpretation of the forgiveness and sweetness of soul of the negro child.

The next number on the program was a talk by Miss Mabel Silver, on "The American Negro." The first thing that was brought to our attention was, "Is the negro an asset or a liability?" From this challenge there followed a review of the progress of this ill-treated people during the past fifty years. Then came a summary of the legitimate ambitions of the negro, which in brief are as follows:

1. To have his claim to brotherhood recognized.
2. To be different without being considered inferior.
3. To have justice and equality of opportunity.
4. To have his political, economic and civic rights recognized in any government which he is required to support and build up.
5. Not to plan a destiny separate and apart from the common destiny of other citizens.
6. To be measured by American standards and ideals.
7. To be measured and assorted, not herded.
8. Not to be singled as targets for maltreatment.
9. To have his home and family life kept sacred.
10. To have a square deal at the hands of the public press.

This was followed by the story of a Yankee veteran of the Civil War, Jordon, who saw the need of the freed negro and gave his short life to teaching negro children, of whom one was Dr. Lacey K. Williams, now pastor of the largest negro church in America.

While still under the spell of this tale of service, the story of Naurice Burroughs and his National Training School claimed our attention. The closing moments of the talk were given to a brief sketch of the life of Joseph Cotter, Jr., who has given us this tremendous challenge:

—And, brother, what shall you say?"
"Brother, come!
And let us go unto our God,
And when we stand before Him
I shall say,
Lord, I do not hate,
I am hated;
I scourge no one,
I am scourged;

I covet no lands,
My lands are coveted;
I mock no people,
My people are mocked."

The meeting was brought to a close by the singing of "Follow the Gleam", and a prayer that prejudice might melt away in our following the gleam of love.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER, MAY 7th

Due to the fact that Miss Janet Gilbert, the general secretary of the Otterbein Guild, was here on May 7th, the regular meeting of the Student Volunteer that would have met on the 8th was moved forward to the 7th. The meeting was held on the bank of the Quittie during the evening twilight hour. There were twenty-one persons present. Mr. Boyer read the Scripture. Miss Kathryn Nisley accompanied the singing on her violin.

The gist of Miss Gilbert's talk was that every one seek the stamp of approval on what they do by those in authority over them; the Christian should seek the stamp of approval from the One who has all authority over him.

The closing hymn was, "I'll Live for Him."

PRAYER MEETING, MAY 8th

It had been planned to have an open-air meeting on May 8th; however, the rain so spoiled the plans that the meeting was held in the Chapel. Ralph Boyer was the speaker of the evening. His subject was "The Voice of God In Nature." Mrs. Cooper sang a solo. The meeting was attended as well as usual, even though the plans were changed at the last meeting. The out-door meeting will be held some time in the near future. Watch for the announcement; you can't afford to miss that meeting.

MINISTERIUM, MAY 9th

Due to the fact that Dr. Spangler could not attend the meeting, the discussion part of the program was dropped till the next meeting. The regular programme was then carried out, the president presiding. Several visitors were present for the discussion. These are invited to come again; also any others who are interested.

"G-BURG"-L. V. C. GAME CALLED IN DOWNPOUR MAY 12

Our old rivals, Gettysburg, came here for that drubbing but luckily for them the weatherman saw fit to interrupt the carnage in the second inning, with Richards on third, two out, and Clarkin at bat. The boys had already touched "Crabby" Wise for three hits. So that from all appearances some L. V. batting averages would have been substantially increased and another win turned to our account. As it is, we will just have to await another opportunity.

All the world loves a lover. Mother is the exception. She must sit up till the young man leaves.

The Clionian and Philokosmian Literary Societies of Lebanon Valley College met in joint session in Philo Hall, Friday evening, May 11, 1923. It had been planned to have a joint hike by the societies, but the inclement weather forced the meeting to be held indoors.

The members of both societies, in spite of the rain outside, were all full of cheer and life. A feeling of good fellowship and good will seemed to pervade the hall. Though the meeting was called to order later than scheduled, no one became tired of the waiting. The presiding officer was Mr. Earle E. Fake, president of Philo.

The first number of the program, following the devotional exercises, was a reading given by Miss Lucille S. Shenk. Miss Shenk read a poem by Mr. Norman C. Schlichter, of the Class of 1897, and one by Rudyard Kipling. Both were rendered in that spirit and tone of voice which best suited the themes of the selections.

Following the reading was the singing of several songs by an octette composed of Misses Betty Leachy, Ruth Harpel, Rosa Zeigler and Marian Corle, and Messrs. Ray C. Herb, H. Y. Smuck, Calvin Fencil and Henry T. Wilt.

The third number on the program was a Socratic Debate—a veritable war of tit for tat—between Miss Sara Weider and Mr. Gladstone P. Cooley. The subject for their debate was: Resolved, That Tennis Courts are Beneficial to Lebanon Valley College. Miss Weider displayed special ability for asking embarrassing questions, while Mr. Cooley gave evidence of his capability to turn the words of another back upon himself.

Following the debate was a one-act play, entitled "Aunt Jane", in which Misses Sarah H. Greiner and Mary Fegan and Messrs. Lester R. Williard and Raymond Hutchinson had leading parts.

Miss Rose Zeigler delighted the societies with a vocal solo. It is always a pleasure to hear her.

The sixth number on the program was a pantomime given under the direction of Miss Sara Greiner and Mr. Raymond Hutchinson. Mr. Charles Runk starred in the rendition of this number.

Following the pantomime, a combination of the society papers, *The Olive Branch* and *Living Thoughts*, was read by Mr. J. Paul Gruver.

The final number of the program consisted of a number of selections by a uke quartette, composed of Misses Ruth Harpel and Marian Corle and Messrs. H. Y. Smuck and Samuel Earley.

Following the Critic's remarks, at the conclusion of the program, a social hour was enjoyed. Refreshments were served. When at last the members of the societies went away to their respective dormitories, it was with a feeling of having enjoyed one of the most pleasant meetings that Clio and Philo have had.

SENIOR RECITAL, MAY 17

The first of the Senior Recitals of The Department of Oratory of Lebanon Valley College was given on Thursday evening, May 17, in Engle Hall, by Miss Hazel Mae Morrow and Miss Sarah Lucille Shenk, under the direction of Professor T. Bayard Beatty, head of the English Department. Through the courtesy of the

Conservatory of Music some musical numbers were added to the program. The program presented a departure from the Senior Recitals given in the past years in that instead of several short selections given by the readers, one long selection was rendered.

The first numbers on the program were E. Lemaigre's "A Prayer" and E. Battiste's "A Meditation," both by Miss Ruth B. Rockefeller. Miss Rockefeller's ability is so well known as to need no comment.

Miss Hazel Mae Morrow then read John Galsworthy's "Joy", a comedy in three acts. Miss Morrow's ability as a reader was once more fully manifested to her many friends. A synopsis by acts of the comedy follows:

Act I.—The scene is laid on the country estate of Colonel and Mrs. Hope. As the curtain rises they are discussing the arrival of Mrs. Gwyn. Joy, her daughter, who has been living with them for some time, is eagerly awaiting her mother's arrival. A letter comes from Mrs. Gwyn stating that Mr. Lever, a friend, engaged in the mining business, will accompany her.

Act II.—Mr. Lever interests the Colonel in the mining venture. Mrs. Hope shows that she is dissatisfied with the friendship between Mrs. Gwyn and Mr. Lever. Joy discovers her mother's love for Lever, and pleads with her to have nothing to do with him.

Act III.—Dick confesses his love for Joy to her governess, Miss Beech. The Colonel and Mrs. Hope are not aware of the state of affairs between Lever and Mrs. Gwyn and between Joy and Dick. When Joy's mother forsakes her, Miss Beech puts her hand to the wheel and guides the affairs of Joy to a successful end.

The third number on the program was to have been the singing of "Sing of My Love" and "Robin Sing Me a Song," by D'Hardolet and Charles Gilbert Spross, respectively, by Miss Mary Elizabeth Leachy. Instead, Miss Helen McGraw played the piano; her playing, as usual, was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Sarah Lucille Shenk then read the Prologue and one act of John Drinkwater's "Mary Stuart". Miss Shenk more than realized the expectations of her friends with her splendid reading. A synopsis of the selection follows:

Prologue—John Hunter, an impulsive, ambitious young man, is stunned by seeming injustice done him when his wife tells him of her love for another. He goes to his old friend Andrew Boyd for the purpose of discussing the matter. He expects Boyd to comfort him, but instead the old man points out the fact that Hunter is in the wrong, and he cites the case of Mary Stuart as an example of a woman much understood.

Act—The scene reverts to the period three hundred years before when Mary Stuart reigned as Queen of Scotland. Her lovers, Riccio, Darnley and Bothwell appear, "A shabby lot," to quote the Queen, and in contrast with them a new Mary Stuart is portrayed. The scene ends with "Mary Stuart breathing on a new sorrow, the sorrow that is eternal."

The final number of the program was Beethoven's Symphony (First Movement) No. 1, rendered by Miss Ruth Baker and Mr. Ira Ruth on pianos and Dr. John Blose and Miss Marie Tierney on violins.

Music

Donald E. Fields, Editor

Dorothy Mancha, Associate

CONSERVATORY RECITAL

The first of the spring recitals was given Saturday evening, May fifth, by Miss Miriam Oyer, soprano, and Miss Helen McGraw, pianist. They presented a well-balanced program in splendid style. Miss Oyer is supervisor of music in the Annville schools and Miss McGraw, while of the Class of '26, gives splendid promise of what her future accomplishments in the music world will be.

The program follows:

- Mozart.....Sonata, No. IX
 (a) Theme and six Variations
 (b) Minuetto
 (c) Alla Turca—Rondo
 Miss McGraw
- Campbell-Tipton.....A Spirit Flower
 Miss Oyer
- Moszkowski, M.....
 (a) Air de Ballet, Op. 36
 (b) Liebeswaltzer, Op. 57
 (c) Moment Gioioso, Op. 47
 Miss McGraw
- Eckert.....Swiss Echo Song
 Miss Oyer
- Duvernoy, Alph.....Sous Bois, Op. 36
 Chaminade, C.....Zingara, Op. 27
 Miss McGraw
- Arne.....The Lass with the Delicate Air
 Spross.....Yesterday and Today
 Old Welsh Melody.....All Through the Night
 Miss Oyer
- Rachmaninoff, S.....Concertstucke, Op. 23
 Miss McGraw

STUDENT RECITAL

The second recital of the Commencement series was given Tuesday evening, May 8, in Engle Hall. The major portion of the program was rendered by Miss Madge Clem, pianist, and Miss Kathryn L. Hopple, soprano. The program was excellent throughout, both in material and in rendition. The compositions were well varied, ranging from Handel to Rachmaninoff.

Miss Clem's playing was admirable, both technically and from an interpretative standpoint. She was particularly pleasing in the group of Grieg compositions.

Miss Hopple has an attractive voice together with an attractive personality. She sang with ease and with perfect self-possession.

One of the most popular numbers of the evening was Rachmaninoff's "Polichnelle," as played by Miss Grace Bauder. The number was repeated at the close of the program, by request from the audience.

A fitting climax to the program was provided by the overture, "Figaro's Hochzeit," by Mozart, arranged for three pianos, ten hands and two violins. It was received with so much enthusiasm that the performers consented to repeat it.

The complete program follows:

- Rachmaninoff.....Polichnelle
 Miss Grace Bauder
- Grieg.....a The Wedding Day, Op. 65

- b The Bridal Procession, Op. 19, No. 2
 c The Carnival, Op. 19, No. 3
 Miss Madge Clem
- Handel.....Oh, Had I Jubal's Lyre
 Miss Kathryn Hopple
- Chopin.....Polonaise, Op. 26
 Miss Sara Lindermuth
- Schuett.....a Valse Lente
 Schumann.....b Polonaise, Op. 2
 Miss Clem
- Mason.....Awakening
 Miss Hopple
- Mendelssohn.....Rondo Capriccioso, Op. 14
 Miss Clem
- Beach, H. A.....a The Years at the Spring
 Lehman, L.....b If No One Ever Marries Me
 Miss Hopple
- Mozart.....Overture, "Figaro's Hochzeit"
 (For three pianos, ten hands, and two violins)
 The Misses Clem, Bauder, Lindermuth; Esther
 A. Gilbert, Ruth B. Rockafellow (pianos),
 Dr. Blose and Miss Tierney (violins)

EURYDICE CONCERT

The Eurydice Club, under the direction of Prof. Hardman, gave its second concert of the season on Monday evening, May 7, in the Iroquois Theatre, Palmyra, under the auspices of the First United Brethren Church. The concert was entirely successful, and excited a considerable amount of favorable comment. The attendance was unusually good.

The program remained as given in Engle Hall with the exception of the solo parts, which were taken by Misses Dorothy Sholly, Hannah Fishburne and Esther Gilbert. Mr. J. O. Ziegler also assisted, in a duet with Miss Fishburne.

CONSERVATORY RECITAL MAY 15

The third recital of the Commencement series of the Conservatory Recitals was given on Tuesday evening, May 15, in Engle Hall. It was given by Miss Esther A. Gilbert, soprano, and Miss Ruth C. Baker, pianist. Miss Baker has completed her third year in the Full Conservatory Course; Miss Gilbert has completed her second year in the Public School Music Course. The numbers were all very well rendered.

The program as rendered was:

- Schumann.....Aufschwung Op. 12
 Miss Ruth C. Baker
- Puccini.....Un Bel Di
 Miss Esther A. Gilbert
- Chaminade.....Aid de Ballet, Op. 30
 Miss Baker
- Grieg.....a Ich Liebe Dich
 b Im Kahne
 Miss Gilbert
- Liszt.....a Die Lorelei
 b Hark! Hark! the Lark
 Miss Baker
- Campbell-Tipton.....Crying of Water
 Spross.....Minor and Major
- Novello, I.....The Little Damsel
 Miss Gilbert
- Moszkowski.....a Condoliera, Op. 34
 b Waltz in E Major, Op. 41
 Miss Baker

Alumni

Isabelle R. Smith, Editor

Miriam L. Mengel, Associate

Some of our Alumni who visited us during the week-end, May 4-6, were:

Mr. Boaz Light, '13, who is salesmanager of the Wholesale Coal Co., of Lebanon, Pa.

Miss Lucia Jones, '19, who is teaching in Lebanon, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lehman, of Detroit, Mich. Mrs. Lehman was Miss Edna Widler, '19. Mr. Lehman, '11, is in charge of the Biproduct Recovery Semet and Solvay Coke Ovens of Detroit.

Miss Esther Bachman, '17, who is teaching English in the High School at Hershey, Pa.

Miss Kathryn Ruth, '18, who is teaching Commercial English in Trenton, N. J.

Miss Luella Hertzler, '16, who is teaching Piano in Manheim, Pa.

Mr. Edwin M. Rhoads, '22, who has completed a year's work at Princeton, was at the College for a few hours on May 10. He will go to McKeesport, Pa., to take charge of a church for the summer, after first visiting his parents for a few days.

LOUISE HENRY HEINTZELMAN

Louise Henry Heintzelman, '17, died in the Chambersburg Hospital, Monday evening, May 14, after an illness of three weeks. She is survived by her husband Huber Heintzelman, '16; an infant son, Huber Henry Heintzelman; her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Henry, of Annville; a sister, Mrs. H. E. Wanner, of Philadelphia. Her grandfather Mr. Oliver Henry, of Annville, followed her in death on Tuesday, May 15.

Mrs. Heintzelman graduated from the Annville High School and from Lebanon Valley College. After graduation from college she taught English in the Annville High School for several years.

She was a loyal student and alumna of her Alma Mater, and her departure is bereaved by innumerable friends. A sweet singer, she will always be remembered as one of the finest women in our circle of alumni. The bereaved family has the sincere sympathy of many friends.

Prof. Lester Appenzellar, '01, of Lebanon, Pa., principal of the Lebanon High School, has been elected to a similar position at Wyomissing.

Mr. Rufus Rhodes Stabley, '22, of Dallastown, Pa., who has completed a year's work at Princeton, visited his numerous friends at Lebanon Valley College for a few days on May 13. Mr. Stabley was the third editor of The Crucible. He won the tennis championship while at Princeton.

Among the alumni who are making a splendid success we note in particular Mr. Russell H. Rupp '17. He is the principal of the High School at Athens, Ohio. Mr. Rupp was the quarter-back of the famous '16 football team. He was recently elected to the State Board of Control of the Ohio High School Athletic Association. The Board consists of six members

elected from the Superintendents and Principals of the State of Ohio, and it is their duty to draw up the rules and regulations that govern all inter-scholastic contests. The State of Ohio is divided into six sections; each section elects three members to a District Board, and one of the three to the State Board. Mr. Rupp has also been elected President of the Southeastern Ohio High School Principals Club. This club meets once a month to discuss problems of high school administration, as well as new movements in the field of secondary education. Mr. Rupp and his family are planning to visit the college during Commencement Week.

Rev. Carl W. Hiser, '22, on a recent visit to Lebanon Valley College, wrote the following poem for The Crucible. This poem was accidentally omitted from the last issue of the paper and so we are printing it in this number:

CHOOSING

A thousand choices once I had
For life—from dawn till setting sun,
But now the Captain of my soul
Resolves my choices into one.

How can I please my friends so true,
Whose dispositions differ quite?
I've worried over thoughts like these
By day and in the restless night.

But now one question comes to me;
Apart from this it matters not,
For nowadays and evermore
I need but ask, "Good Master, what?"

And rules I oft eliminate
While dwelling on this transient sod;
I ask but this—it holds them all,
"Is this or that the Will of God?"

And when it seems it is not clear,
I know He will not let me slip,
If I submit my ways to Him;
For He is the Captain of my ship.

And in the hours when sorely tried
So sure am I that He can keep;
I trust by day—and in the night
He giveth his beloved sleep.

The winds may howl and thunders crash,
Yet He's my covert; like a fort,
He shields from winds and waves alike,
And He will guide me safe to part.

Yvonne: Do you believe in free love?
Joe: Goodness, no. Charge them at least a few boxes of candy, some roses, and several theatres and auto rides.

Mr. Leber: How does your son get along with his studies?

Mr. Reidel: Oh, ver- finely! He doesn't bother 'em none.

Exchanges

Ruth H. Oyer, Editor

Lester M. Leach, Associate

Brown and White—Your paper is well arranged, except that in order to find reading material on the last three pages it is necessary to hunt through the advertisements. Your "Around the Campus" column in the paper of May 1st is an excellent idea, and should appear in every issue.

* * *

Freshmen—Notice! In the Gettysburgian of May 2d an article appears concerning the Freshmen organizing a baseball team and arranging a schedule. In their proposed schedule Lebanon Valley Freshmen are mentioned. So, Freshmen of L. V. C., whv not get organized and meet our rivals and show them that they are not the only Freshmen who are full of pep?

* * *

The Red and Black—Your magazine is among the best High School publications we receive. Every department shows that they are doing their best in making your magazine what it is. Keep up the good work.

* * *

The Gettysburgian—Your paper is quite newsy and one glance shows it to be one of the best papers we receive. Your advertisements and reading matter are well arranged. More jokes would help get the students interested. Try it.

* * *

The Blue and Grey—Your paper is a very wide-awake publication. From your April 27th and May 4th numbers we surmise that Hood is not lacking in College organizations. Your idea of forecasting events in your "College Bulletin" section is rather novel and is well arranged and placed. The article in the May 4th number, "An Interesting Adelphian Meeting", presents some good ideas for society programs that other societies would do well to take note of.

* * *

Some of the papers have well-built-up Humor Departments. As we think a paper is somewhat represented by its laugh-producing qualities we have ventured to borrow some jokes from them:

The Red and Black

He.—What do you mean, S. O. S.?

She—Oh, S. O. S.

She.—Same old story.

* * *

The June-bug has his wings of gold,
The fire-fly wings of flame.

The bed-bug has no wings at all,
But he gets there just the same.

* * *

"Whats' that?"

"I sez, is a feller wot calls on his girl in a thunder shower a rainbow?"

* * *

"One of them city fellers tried to sell me the Woolworth building."

"What did you say?"

"I sez, 'All right, young feller, wrap it up.'"

* * *

The Gettysburgian

"Do you have trouble paying your rent?"

"No—the trouble comes when I don't pay it."

The Narrator

"Services at 10:30 A.M.

Subject: 'Three Great Failures'"

Choir

Sermon

Pipe Organ."

The Blue and Grey

"Is it safe to marry on \$20 a week?" asks an inquisitive female. It may be safe, but it's scarcely sane.

* * *

Somebody Said—

Bonehead cannot be substituted for backbone. A penny saved is a good example to the other ninety-nine.

It is better to be small and shine than to be great and cast a shadow.—Almanac.

SPROSS-MILLS RECITAL MAY 14

One of the most delightful musical events of the season was the joint recital given in Engle Hall, Monday, May 14, by Charles Gilbert Spross, pianist, and Edith Frantz Mills, contralto. Mr. Spross besides being a pianist of ability, is a composer of some note, especially of songs. Several of his compositions have appeared on recent Conservatory programs. Mr. Spross played with "wim and vigor" and entered fully into the spirit of each number. He proved equally efficient as an accompanist. He generously responded to the applause of the audience with several encores.

Mrs. Mills is so well and favorably known in this vicinity that comment upon her share of the recital is almost superfluous. She sang in her usual talented manner. Her voice is full, rich, and well trained. Her program was both attractive and well arranged.

LEBANON VALLEY BLANKS DICKINSON MAY 9

With "Rosey" Reigle upon the mound, and Updegrave receiving him in great style, Dickinson faced a battery that retired eleven of their batters on strikes and at the same time kept their five hits so scattered as to render their offensive powerless to score.

Upon the other hand, our boys registered twelve safeties off of Book's delivery, netting us six runs. "Rosey" won his spurs and nickname at Blue Ridge with the winning of that, his first college game. Aside from his stellar twirling, his two hits also helped in this win. Yet he was not the only member of the squad who deemed it a duty to hit, for every one hit the ball, with "Heinie" and "Upde" coming through with three safe ones apiece.

Books pitched good ball up until the ninth, when he was overwhelmed by the uncanny clouting of our batsmen. Saterlee also showed up well for Dickinson.

Score by innings:

Lebanon Valley	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	4	—6
Dickinson	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

Humor

Lena A. Weisman, Editor

Ellen S. Keller, Associate

We are printing below two bits of verse about two of the persons affiliated with our enormous institution. They have been selected because of their comparative mildness. As was announced in the last number of *The Crucible*, in each number of the paper will appear some doggerel verse about famous characters who are associated with L. V. C., contributed to the paper through the Crucible Box. The persons under consideration for the next issue of *The Crucible* are Dick Smith and Esther Brunner. Contributions must be in the hands of the Editor by May 30.

Birdie

"Birdie" is a fine big chap,
Who wears a size nine-and-a-half hat;
He has a voice like a big bass horn,
And I suppose he's had it ever since he was born.

And when he is on the football field,
His man before him must ever yield;
For he pushes and shoves with all his might—
For he knows on the field that "might is right".

And when he was King Winter bold,
He surely did stutter and sputter and scold
At the poor little knight with his wooden sword,
Who defied him so boldly like a lord.

But our good friend "Birdie" is about to depart
From L. V. C. with his sheepskin smart—
Yet we'll always remember him as a fine big chap
Who wore a size nine-and-a-half hat.

"Bill"

"Bill" Wenner is a pretty nice fellow,
Whose hair is far from being yellow;
He plays for all the great big feasts
Because his music calms the savage beasts.

Now "Bill" is slender and his lady is thin—
Don't push, fellows, you'll all get in;
The doors must be open and the seats must be wide
To let "Bill" Wenner and his lady inside.

But "Bill" and his lady are about to depart,
Which I know will break everybody's heart;
For "Bill" and his lady are fine, good fellows,
Though their hair is far from yellow.

Our Baby's Bottle

(Dedicated to "Bill")

'Twas only an old milk bottle
Which came to "Bill" from us;
While sitting at the table—
Received it without any fuss;
And on it there was a nipple,
With a ribbon tied about;
Whoever seeks that bottle
Will find it without one doubt.

Shroyer: Does Sara exercise her voice very much?

Gates: Well, she makes running comments on everything.

HARVARD PROFESSOR CLIMBS POLE WITH AUTO, SIX INJURED—Headline

This causes us to wish that the freedom of the press at L. V. C. was sufficiently established to inform you of how Prof. Butterwick looped the loop on the William Penn Highway at Cleona, how Prof. Wagner socked a motorcycle at Elizabethtown, how Prof. Shenk defied the law of centrifugal force in Annville, and how Prof. Derrickson locked horns with a truck at Halifax. We have mentioned only a few of the professors for, as we are not permitted to publish anything that is worth the reading, we have made no attempt to ferret out news of this type. We have no doubt, however, that, if we were permitted to publish items of the sort hinted at above, we would fill half our columns with news of the auto experiences of not only the professors above named, but also of Prof. Bender, Prof. Bennett, Prof. Grimm, Prof. Beatty, Prof. Hollinger, Prof. Hoke, Prof. Gingrich and, once in a while, Pres. Gossard.

Due to the censorship of news, Lebanon Valley College is being robbed of some most valuable free advertising. For, if we were enabled to print news of mashed automobiles, sleepless nights, scarred and scared children, and other phases of the exploits of our death-defying motor-insane faculty, the front pages of the *Metropolitan* would contain nothing but views of our faculty and of the college at which they have been confined. And the Sunday papers would devote their feature sections to the dispensal of the details of these dare-devil stunts and to diagnoses, physical, mental, intellectual, psychological, meta-physical, and spiritual of the *raison d'être* of these conditions.

Knowing the monotony of relating the details of each experience, in order to make adequate replies to the innumerable questions coming to the persons most concerned, and for the sake of saving the time of the hustling members of the faculty, *The Crucible* has worked out the following form, which by arrangement with the printer has been set up ready for insertions to fit the circumstances. We are offering these forms for the purpose indicated (underline the part that fits the circumstances):

To Whom It May Worry:

This is to inform you that on the.....day of....., 192....., Professor..... did with his motor car (lock horns with a truck) (loop the loop) (climb a pole) (kiss a dog) (run after a hen) (turn turtle) (run over the town hall) (send a bystander west) (wipe the road from the map) (sock a motorcycle) (make mince-meat).

* * *

We note that some persons connected with the college do not have cognizance of the unwritten law that one may not pick any flowers that grow on the campus except dandelions.

If the latest book on etiquette really tells one how to take leave gracefully, the publishers might interest France.

Mr. Reidel: Is your boy familiar with the classics?

Mr. Leber: I reckon he is by this time. Hinky's specialty is getting familiar on short notice.

* * *

Mrs. Hostetter: My daughter at college hasn't written for several weeks. I'm getting worried.

Neighbor: Yes, instead of sending her to college, you should have sent her to one of those correspondence schools.

* * *

Why is it that girls use better English than boys?

They talk more.

* * *

The romantic hero of the day is the adventurer going forth in quest of new hair nets to break.

* * *

Do you have much variety in your board at school?

Well, we have three different names for the meals.

* * *

Prof. Shenk: The Diet of Worms was one of the most dramatic in all history.

We can well imagine that it must have been.

* * *

"Did you say your boy was still pursuing his studies at college?"

"Yes, he hasn't caught up with them yet."

* * *

A college girl's heart is like the moon,—it has many changes but there is always a man in it.

* * *

Yvonne: "I got a letter from a friend of mine in Paris."

Sara: "How's she getting along with the French people?"

Yvonne: "Oh, she says they're very nice but they don't seem to be able to understand their own language."

* * *

If it takes a monkey half an hour to sweep the damp air out of a ventilator with a whisk broom, how long will it take a cross-eyed mosquito to shingle a barbed wire fence on a rainy night?

(Hint: Apply logarithms.)

* * *

After enjoying a big feed at Isabelle Smith's birthday party, on leaving, Mildred Leech said gratefully: "Thanks, I'm glad you were born."

* * *

Prof. Derickson: Are there any more questions on this subject?

Freshman: Yes, sir. I'd like to know, if a clam is silent, what is a clamor?

* * *

Gerald: He's an awful tightwad!

Geraldine: Is he?

Gerald: I should say as much. He won't even tell a story at his own expense!

Isn't it a pity that all the lemons cannot be converted into lemonade?

* * *

"Oh, may we hope?" the lovers say.

The silly geese! Of course they may!

There's nothing in life's horoscope

That's half so sweet as hope, sweet hopp.

* * *

Sam: I wish I had money. I'd travel.

Permelia: How much do you need?

Freshman: Well, I've looked all thru my Political Science books and I haven't found out yet what the Bonar Law is.

Alumnus: Oh, Mary, you're as beautiful as ever; I have never forgotten you.

Alumna: And you are just as big a prevaricator as ever and I believe you just the same.

* * *

Mr. Hamburg to Leon: I don't object to your remaining here until the late hours, but I do object to your leaving with my morning papers.

* * *

Small boy (at zoo): Ain't that a helluva big animal?

Mother: Willie! How dare you say "ain't"?

* * *

This is a dead secret, but the truth will out. One day last winter Burtner showed Olga how to make a fighting fist. But he didn't realize his danger, for only three days later Burtner was nursing a black eye.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Hess, of Bancroft, Kansas, announce the birth of a child. Mr. Hess, of the class of '21, is principal of the Bancroft High School. Mrs. Hess was Miss Anna Stern, of the class of '22.

* * *

Mr. Robert B. Morrow, '20, died at his home in Duncannon, Pa., Monday, April 23, 1923.

* * *

Kissing a girl is like opening a bottle of olives—if you can get one the rest come easy.

* * *

He.—That coffee you gave me tastes like mud.

Waiter.—No wonder—it was just ground this morning.

DREXEL AT ANNVILLE MAY 5 (MAY DAY)

With the May Day crowd filling the bleachers, our sturdy baseball artists were at their best, and with superior playing, outclassed Drexel and won by the score of 5-0.

Walter Wolfe, although a little wild, had the opposing batters at his mercy, and only allowed them two hits, both of which were singles, besides striking out ten men. The infield of Drexel was miserable, and kept their pitcher in the hole throughout the entire game.

Our boys played their usual consistent game, getting six hits and batting the ball at the right time. This is the fourth win in a row for our boys, and they are now out to run this string of victories up a bit. The score:

L. V. C.	h.	r.	o.	a.	c.	DREXEL	h.	r.	o.	a.	c.
Smith, lf.,	1	1	0	0	0	Weinb'g'r, 3b,	0	0	1	6	2
Homan, 2b.,	1	0	3	2	0	Schanley, 1b.,	0	0	13	0	1
Perry, 1b.,	1	0	7	0	0	Maten, 2b.,	1	0	2	3	0
Updegrove, c.,	1	2	8	2	1	Saach, lf.,	0	0	2	0	0
Richards, ss.,	1	1	1	1	0	McQuillan, p.,	0	0	0	4	0
Wolfe, p.,	1	0	1	2	0	Hagan, ss.,	0	0	0	2	3
Yake, cf.,	1	0	0	0	0	Seekin, c.,	0	0	0	5	1
Clarkin, rf.,	0	0	1	0	0	Siddeth, rf.,	0	0	0	0	0
Nitrauer, 3b.,	0	0	1	2	0	Pla, cf.,	1	0	1	0	0
Finn, rf.,	0	1	0	0	0						
Totals,	7	5	22	9	1	Totals,	2	0	24	15	7

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THE CRUCIBLE

LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE
ANNVILLE, PA.

VOL. III No. 17

JUNE 8, 1923

Search thine own heart. What paineth thee
In others, in thyself may be;
All dust is frail, all flesh is weak;
Be thou the true man thou dost seek.

—Whittier.

Commencement Number

PORTRAIT OF



SIR ISAAC NEWTON

James II is Dead— NEWTON Lives

IT has always been known that free bodies fall. The earth has a strange attraction. How far does it extend? No one knew before Newton, sitting in his garden, one day in 1665, began to speculate.

"Why should not the attraction of gravitation reach as far as the moon?" he asked himself. "And if so, perhaps she is retained in her orbit thereby." He began the calculation, but overwhelmed by the stupendous result that he foresaw, he had to beg a friend to complete it.

In Newton's *Principia* were laid down his famous laws of motion—the basis of all modern engineering. The universe was proved to be a huge mechanism, the parts of which are held together in accordance with the great law of gravitation.

James II was reigning when

the *Principia* appeared in 1687. He is remembered for the Bloody Assizes of Jeffreys, for his complete disregard of constitutional liberties, for his secret compacts with Louis XIV and the huge bribes that he took from that monarch, and for the revolution that cost him his crown; Newton is remembered because he created a new world of thought, because he enabled scientists and engineers who came after him to grapple more effectively with the forces of nature.

When, for instance, the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company determine the stresses set up in a steam turbine by the enormous centrifugal forces generated as the rotor spins, they practically apply Newton's laws in reaching conclusions that are of the utmost value to the designing engineer.

General  Electric
General Office Company Schenectady, N.Y.

THE CRUCIBLE

Lebanon Valley College, Annville, Pa.

VOL. III, No. 17

JUNE 8, 1923

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A STEP

Everyone of us at Lebanon Valley College is taking a step forward. The members of the Class of Twenty-three are stepping out into a world of work and service. For most of them school days are over. They are now full-fledged warriors, ready to strike out for themselves. To each of them there is open a field of work and service for which they have spent four years in preparation. Those four years have been well spent. They have made them able to fulfill their new duties and requirements. Some of them will go to higher institutions of learning, to prepare for more difficult work, to prepare for greater service. Theirs is a laudable step; they realize the greater usefulness that they may accomplish by more thorough and more advanced preparation.

Thorough preparation is unquestionably a requisite in every activity of life. A minister may not safely mix chemicals together; a chemist knows what he can include in a mixture and what to leave out, and he can thereby be of great use. A chemist could not well preach theology; a minister would be at home in such a field. Lack of preparation for any one thing makes a man a complete failure in that one thing; thorough preparation makes him a master in that thing.

To be a master is the true reason for the presence for every student at Lebanon Valley College. We, who, other than those of the graduating class, are taking a step forward in going to the next higher grade, have been at the College preparing ourselves for that step, and not only for that, but also for our work when we, too, shall leave College. Preparation for that work consists not in getting through with a passing grade, nor does it mean the securing of the highest marks. And it may not even mean the knowing of things. A book may contain all the knowledge of the world, yet it cannot make use of that knowledge. Likewise, a man may be filled with knowledge, but if he uses it not he is of no more service than an unused book.

Not only a gathering of knowledge, therefore, but also the acquiring of ability to use that knowledge is what our preparation in College should get for us. We are now finishing a year of College; in the fall we shall begin another. The vacation is the opportunity to lay aside our books and in a measure our knowledge-getting; it is also an opportunity to acquire more of the ability for using the knowledge that we have thus far acquired. Let us when we return in the fall not be at the same level as now, but let us be a step higher; let us have made a little more complete that preparation for our life's work.

IN VACATION

Vacation days are soon with us. Many of the students will work during a part or all of the summer to help pay their educational expenses. Others will take part in social activities. Others will go to summer school. Suffice it to say that students of Lebanon Valley College will be widely scattered in this and neighboring States. Everywhere they go they will give the people they come in contact with an opinion of the College where they are preparing for their future work. The opinion, formed usually from the student's character as he displays it, may be good, or it may be bad. It may be helpful to the College; it may be harmful. Students of Lebanon Valley College, do you realize what you will be doing during the vacation? Will you not help yourself and your Alma Mater by seeing that you do nothing that can reflect on your College?

The Seniors are about to leave the College to take up their work in the world or to prepare for fuller service. The following poem, written by an author unknown to the Editor, may contain a bit of wisdom for them:

The graduates are going forth—
God bless them, every one!
To run the hard and stubborn world
Just as it should be run;
But much I fear they'll find their facts
Don't always track with dreams;
And running this old world is not
As easy as it seems.

The graduate is prone to think
His wisdom is complete,
He's but to ask—the world will lay
It's trophies at his feet.
But school days done and work begun,
He learns to his regret
The college of experience
He has not mastered yet.

The world has garlands and applause
At graduating time;
But may forget him the next day,
When he attempts to climb.
Life is a battle where each one
Must seek and hold his own.
He who would rise above the clouds
Must scale the heights alone.

This is the rule of life today,
As it has ever been:
The world bestows its smiles on those
Who have the strength to win.
Beneath all outward semblances
It looks for merit true.
It little cares how much you know,
But asks, "What can you do?"

Mirror

Charles C. Smith, Editor

Edna R. Baker, Associate

We had listed "Language" in the last issue as the subject upon which we would focus our discussion. But something phenomenal has occurred, which we considered sufficiently important to make us change our mind and hold off a discussion on Language to some future date. Yes, the unusual has happened; some helpful individual (who desires that we omit his name) has taken the time to write an extensive article, neatly typewrite it and place it in the Crucible box for our use. We say again that he has written it willingly, without our requesting it, and with no desire of deriving personal benefit from it. It is for these reasons, as well as the merit of the article itself that we include herewith the contributor's ideas concerning

THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

I once heard of a man who offered a reward of five hundred dollars for the apprehension of any one person who possessed the quality of minding his or her own business. To the best of my knowledge, that man never needed to pay the reward to anyone. In fact, people who can mind their own business are so few and far between that it is sometimes stated that they are even fewer than hen's teeth.

There is an old maxim: "Draw an imaginary circle around yourself, and mind the affairs of the person within that circle." This old maxim is perfectly all right theoretically, but to our great sorrow it fails most horribly when put into practice. Would not this old world of ours be wonderful if everyone had a circle drawn about him or herself, and confined his attentions to the affairs within that circle? That would be Utopia indeed. I often wonder if there is not some planet out in space, among the other heavenly bodies, on which the inhabitants possess the quality we all lack. If my surmise is correct, that is my idea of "Wonderland".

No matter how we try, we are always just a little curious to know what the other fellow is doing or what he is going to do. Although it pains us to admit it, it always interests us to know just how his personal affairs are run, and the more we know he doesn't want us to delve into his business, the more we delve. If one certain person lives lavishly, and has no visible means of support, we sit down, prop our feet on the table and draw all kinds of conclusions about him and the methods of making both ends meet. Girls are just as bad, if not worse. Take an example: a girl gets new dresses oftener than we deem it fitting and proper that any self-respecting girl in the financial and social position in which we think she belongs should do. Then don't we convene in secret sessions and raise an awful argument and brew all kinds of scandal concerning her? Isn't she considered very extravagant? What does she want with so many clothes, and where does she get the money with which to purchase them? And when she kindly informs us that it is all a matter of but her own personal interest, and not a subject for international discussion, we again raise our hands heavenward in the most indignified expression of horror and amazement, and convene again to condemn her evil practices and start

new reports upon the winds. Is not this the truth? Be honest, we all must admit it.

There is little or no doubt as to the fact that we are all "busy bodies" and always in the market for some choice piece of scandal which we can dissect, chew and digest with the greatest pleasure; but the person who is always curiously asking you where you were last night, when you got in this morning, who the charming gentleman was, or on the other hand who the pretty maiden and her address, and this and that, is the person who gets on our nerves and causes us much righteous indignation. Some people are worse than a Philadelphia lawyer defending a criminal with a long prison record in a murder trial, when it comes to asking the most embarrassing questions. They simply want to know everything, and make no little fuss trying to gain the knowledge desired.

It is a well known fact that the man who minds his neighbor's business less and his own business more, is the man who gets the most out of life and is the richer in the long run. It is quite true that there is no harm in knowing just what trick the other fellow is up to, so that you can get the jump on him in a business deal when he comes out with the "phoney stuff". That is a right you have in competition, and is not in the strict sense of the term minding the other fellow's business, if you do not hinder him in any way while you are collecting your "dope," and if you are not collecting knowledge which will give you an unfair advantage over him.

However, the prize "Mr. Busybody" is the chap who comes up to you when you are doing some specific task about which he knows nothing at all, and he tries to show you how to do it and where you are all wrong, and when you give him the tools and tell him to show you how it's done,—well, he's either done before he starts or he mixes things up so thoroughly that it means start all over again. When your radio is not working or your machine simply doesn't function right and you are sweating over it and Mr. Busybody, who doesn't know a storage battery from an amplifier, steps in upon the scene and makes life unbearable in that locality, doesn't it get you a trifle sore? I think the chap who leans on your shoulder when you are writing a personal letter which you don't care to have published, and expounds the contents thereof to all present, deserves dishonorable mention. George Washington had a code of morals to which he religiously adhered at all times; one of the most important of which was "When another person is writing, do not look over his or her shoulder." However, I think this case could come under the title, "How to learn to mind the affairs of the person in the circle."

It is well to remember that no matter what the other fellow does, so long as it does not materially affect you, it is always a good policy to leave his affairs to the guidance of that person. Of course it is humanly impossible to adhere strictly to this rule, but we can do our best to obey the Eleventh Commandment, which says: "Mind thine own business", and we will have a better and bigger Lebanon Valley College.

Literary

Cynthia Drummond, Editor

Sara H. Greiner, Associate

THE DEEP WOOD

What is more delightful, more interesting and inspiring than an afternoon stroll into the deep wood? The very words themselves seem to call forth a response from our innermost selves. A feeling that longs to express itself immediately and in many ways.

Sometimes it is a poetic feeling, a desire to express ourselves in words beautiful—beautiful as every tree, flower, and work of Nature we may find there. Or it may be a desire to paint these scenes as we see and feel them, to put into a visible picture our conception of Nature. Some of us have perhaps attempted these things, but we have never been satisfied with them. Our efforts might have been technically or grammatically correct, yet something is lacking. We seemed to have groped blindly for the intangible. Why? Because we attempted something too vast, too mysterious and boundless for human conception. We attempted to describe Nature—and Nature is God!

Just what is it that causes such an excitement of our feelings? Why do we lose our cold, passionless reserve and become eloquent, fiery, carefree beings? It is the ever-present spirit of the wood. It manifests itself in the rustling leaves, the rippling of a near-by stream, the croak of a frog, hidden under a mossy bank, and that endless buzz-buzz of the honey bee and myriads of numerous bird calls, sometimes sharp, imperative, or plaintive and coaxing. All these contribute to the fascination we find in the woods.

Let us journey together into the deep wood. First we tramp across country, several miles, under the blazing sun. Then suddenly we find ourselves in the cool shade of the forest trees. We cross a creek, scramble over rocks and fallen trees. Then carefully threading our way thru thick underbrush and briars we suddenly burst out into a perfect paradise of Nature.

The massive oaks, like grim pillars, tower high, their thick foliage forming a semi-transparent dome. Stray sunbeams, shot through it, find marks on mossy beds or rippling waters. A quiet pool lies before us, while farther up-stream a musical fall, playfully reflecting stray sunbeams, reminds us of a sparkling jewel half-hidden in the shrubbery. Each bank of the stream is covered with a soft blanket of moss, where we can recline at ease and build air castles, or dream as fancy leads us. What is more inspiring than the grandeur, the majesty and the beauty of God's work as found in Nature? When we think that He created all these things, from the giant oak to the tiny insects, for the benefit of humanity, are we not inspired, spurred on with a determination to elevate ourselves and be a benefit to our fellowmen?

Perhaps we are weary of the city, that clamorous, steel-hearted monster, constantly hurrying and jostling us about, until our nerves are ready to break under the strain. In the deep woods, then, we are sure to find rest.

Far removed from familiar noises, we find a strange world in miniature, teeming with life. Among the trees we see flashes of color as a

brilliant-hued bird darts across the open space, or a delicate winged butterfly flits from one choice flower to another. Of flowers there is a great variety. Here is a bed of blue and yellow violets, peeping inquiringly over the edge of the bank into the pool below. Yonder lies a bed of rosy-white anemones, their slender stalks swaying obediently with the slightest breeze. On the edge of the clearing a tall dogwood tree in full bloom contrasts beautifully with its dark green background. Marigolds, wild geraniums, pinxters, spring beauties, trilliums, buttercups, and arbutus all scattered freely about our natural paradise fill it with a perfect riot of colors and fragrances. These alone would occupy us for hours.

But our attention is drawn by a rustling sound to a nearby bush. We see a pert little chipmunk slyly peeping at us from behind his shelter. He winks at us and then laughingly scampers away soon to be lost in the distance. A guttural croak is heard and curiously we search the edges of the pool for its source. Ah! There he is! blinkingly soberly, in a patch of sunlight, dignified and disinterested as Diogenes in his barrel. Crack! a stout twig snaps as we step on it. Mr. Frog, suddenly aroused, dives disgustedly into his watery refuge until such ignorant disturbers as ourselves should go and leave him to sun himself in peace. We lie down on the edge of the pool. Perhaps we can see some of his water cousins. There is the crayfish! Earnestly at work digging out his home, he slowly carries away the sand, pebble by pebble. A little school of fishes, led by a great shiny fellow, darts past and we hastily jump up to follow, only to loose them in the turbulent waters below the falls. Playfully we run back, and resume our seat by the edge of the pool.

Ah! What is it that moves on that dead twig extending just beyond the bank? As we approach, we find it to be a cocoon, the moth just emerging from it. How fortunate we are! We can now watch one of the most remarkable developments in Nature. The head and forelegs have already emerged. Slowly, cautiously, he crawls out of the case, until he is entirely free. Now he is quiet, as if resting or enjoying his new-found existence. His wings—pale-green, as the moon, with long swallow-tails, and a soft brownish-violet border on the upper edge of the forewing,—hang limp as tho a royal cloak were draped about him. How can he fly with these, we wonder? Look! slowly they strengthen, they move spasmodically as if the blood were being pumped into them. They expand and stiffen until at last we see him, wings spread out, resplendent in his new-found beauty. A masterpiece of God's handiwork.

His whole body quivers. He moves his wings several times as if to test them, and we feel that he is ready to make his trial flight. Tensely, on tip toe, we watch him as he crawls slowly, slowly, slowly, to the tip of the branch. Again he tries his wings, and suddenly he is off, soaring majestically away to begin this last stage of his existence. We watch him until he is out of sight. Strange thoughts arise. Again we

(Continued on Page 12)

Activities

Mary R. Hershey, Editor

Kathryn H. Nisley, Associate

GENERAL EDUCATION BOARD (ROCKEFELLER) CONTRIBUTES \$183,000 TO LEBANON VALLEY COLLEGE

For many years efforts have been made to secure financial aid for Lebanon Valley College from the General Education Board, in New York City. These efforts, through the years, were seemingly in vain, so far as visible results were concerned. In 1921, however, after the College had made marked development in many ways, the Board came to the rescue by making a contribution of \$8,000 a year for two years towards the payment of professors' salaries. This proved to be a godsend and brought great inspiration to all persons connected with the College.

The College continued on the up-grade by greatly strengthening its faculty, increasing its endowment and number of students, and also by creating a splendid and harmonious feeling throughout the co-operating territory. Realizing our need of continued help in paying salaries, and also the still greater need of a large endowment fund, the General Education Board was requested to continue the grant of \$8,000 for next year, and at the same time it was asked to make a large contribution toward an additional endowment fund. A few days ago we received a letter from the General Education Board stating that they had granted our request for a contribution of \$8,000 towards professors' salaries for the year 1923-1924. It also stated that the Board would grant a contribution of \$175,000, on the condition that the College would raise \$350,000 additional and thus make the new endowment fund \$525,000. When this is added to the present endowment fund, the total amount will stand at about \$900,000. This ought to make the hearts of all friends beat fast and warm in gratitude to the General Education Board for its splendid generosity.

This means that the campaign to raise \$700,000 for endowment, debt and improvements should go forward with a great impetus, and by July 1, 1924, we should have more than enough to meet the proposition of the General Education Board and the other items mentioned above.

In deepest gratitude to the General Education Board we express our sincerest thanks for these gifts, and most humbly thank God for hearing our prayers and putting into the hearts of the members of the Board and its officers the desire to render this inestimable assistance to Lebanon Valley College.

There is glory enough in it for us all. I trust every friend of Lebanon Valley College who can do so will be present during commencement week, in order that we may rejoice together because of this contribution, which will mean the greatest impetus in the forward movement for a greater and better Lebanon Valley.

Sincerely,
G. D. GOSSARD.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of Lebanon Valley College, Mrs. G. D. Gossard, President, held a food sale on the South Hall lawn, May 12, 1923. The sale was very well attended and considerable profits received.

The Auxiliary has from time to time been making improvements in the Girls' Dormitories. The money received from this sale will be used for the same purpose.

EURYDICE CHORAL CLUB

Under the direction of Professor Hardman, head of the Voice Department of the Conservatory of Music, the Eurydice Choral Club of Lebanon Valley College has finished a most successful season. Two departures characterize this as a banner season. The first of these was an out-of-town concert. After giving the home concert, assisted by Mr. Waldo, to a somewhat small but very appreciative audience, it was decided to give a concert at Palmyra. In addition to the choruses by the Club, there were solos by Mr. Jesse O. Zeigler, Miss Esther Gilbert, Miss Dorothy Sholly, Miss Hannah Fishburn and a duet by Miss Fishburn and Mr. Zeigler. The Club takes this opportunity to express its appreciation to these persons for helping to make the concert at Palmyra a success.

The second departure was a banquet at the Crystal Restaurant, Lebanon, on Wednesday, May 16. Everybody thoroughly enjoyed the evening, a fitting close for the year's work. The menu consisted of:

Fruit Salad		
Chicken Noodle Soup		
Roast Chicken		Filling
Corn	Olives	Rolls
Ice Cream	Cake	Salted Nuts
	Coffee	

Between courses a program was given, consisting of: "Prospects for Next Year's Club," by Miss Agnes Merchitis; a few pleasant remarks from our guest, Madam Green; a duet entitled "In the Winter-time," by Misses Harvene LeVan and Madge Clem and readings by Misses Helen Hostetter, Mary Heister, and Ruth Oyer. The banquet ended with the singing of the "Alma Mater."

STUDENT VOLUNTEER—MAY 15

The novel idea of having a get-acquainted meeting was introduced. The names and addresses of each of our missionaries, having previously been written on slips of paper, were distributed among the Band members. The members were then asked by the leader to put the names of those found on their slips on their prayer list and between this and the meeting of May 29th to find out a few things about each of them and what they are doing. It is intended now that in the meeting on the 29th each one will tell what they have found. In this way the Band will meet in an indirect way and know something of every missionary from our church.

After the distribution of the slips, Miss Betty Brenneman brought a short message on the world's need, using as her authority quotations from great men. Mr. James Bingham then reported on the mission thoughts brought in the recent Y. M. C. A. conference held at Gettysburg, which he attended. The meeting closed

with the usual circle of prayer.

May 22nd—The regular meeting of the 22nd was not held until the 23rd, in order that it might be a sunrise meeting. According to schedule at five-thirty A.M. the little group was gathering along the banks of the "Quittie" and a few minutes later the meeting began. The Seniors were given charge of the programme. After an informal song service, Mr. Ralph Boyer and Miss Eleanor Shaffer each spoke, telling of their mission calls and their mission hopes for the future. The sincerity of the speakers and the quietness of the early morning hour made the meeting a very sacred one.

PHILO—MAY 18

The program for Philo on May the eighteenth was as follows:

Philo Hall May 18, 1923.

- koMiKpr OgRam
- 1 InFor MaLES say.....henRyw ILt
 - 2 eXT EMpor E.....Ar tHu Rfr ock
 - 3 rEA dinG.....RAYtr oUtmAn
 - 4 OntH eSea S.....DaN adUn Nlck
 - 5 dEb AtE (eX TEmp pOr AneoUS)—
bEN TONsm iTH—rICH ArdBe Ard, aFF.
Ro BeRTeaL JeN—KeN NeT hro PER, NeG.
 - 6 VIOL inso LO.....cHarLe SrUNK
 - 7 sWEi TzEr ChE Ese.....edW ArDs WeLT zER
 - 8 wHYme Nlea vEC OLLeGe.....LsBo WMan

Due to the fact that the ball team was away and that there was a house party at Mt. Gretna, the attendance was not as good as usual. But those present showed the usual Philo spirit, and as a result several seniors were heard to remark as they left the hall, "This was the best programme I have been to for a long while."

Philo also felt honored to have present at this meeting representatives from South Hall. The acting critic, Mr. Ralph Boyer, expressed the joy of the society at having those of the fair sex, as he expresses it, present, and gave a general climax to the meeting with his constructive and humorous criticisms. The presiding officer was Mr. Maryan P. Matuszak, chairman of the Executive Committee, who, in the absence of both the president and the vice-president, took the chair.

PRAYER MEETING—MAY 22

The open-air prayer meeting that had been planned for May 15th was held on the grassy banks of the "Quittie" on Tuesday evening, May 22. The meeting had been postponed due to rain on May 15th. The meeting was opened by a short song service, led by Mr. Ralph Boyer. Then the group was favored by a solo by Miss Olga Smith, accompanied by Miss Kathryn Nisley on her violin. Mr. Raymond Hutchinson, the leader for the evening, then spoke for several minutes on the beauty, quietness and joy of nature. He followed up this thought by showing how that though we experience great joy and peace in nature, even this joy sinks into nothingness as we learn of the One who is complete and perfect beauty, quietness and joy.

Following this expression of thought there was a circle of prayer. The meeting closed with the singing of "Day is Dying in the West."

Judging from the interest shown thus far by the new leaders in supplying speakers and special music numbers for each programme, it is possible to look forward to the meetings of next year with great anticipations. The leader expresses himself as follows: "I wish to express my gratitude to all in the student body who have partaken in the weekly meetings. Let

us look forth to wonderful meetings next year, led by the Holy Spirit as He has been leading in the past."

PHILO ORCHESTRA—MAY 24

The Orchestra of the Philokosmian Literary Society of Lebanon Valley College went by request to York on May 24 to give a program in the Fourth United Brethren Church, of which Rev. Benjamin D. Rojahn is pastor. Rev. Rojahn, a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, of the Class of 1905, was a member of Philo while a student here, and his remarks of the evening concerned Philokosmianism and what it has meant to him.

The mixed quartette which sang at the beginning of the program, composed of Mrs. Paul E. Cooper and Messrs. Ralph E. Boyer, Jerome Stambach and Paul E. Cooper, sang "Home, Sweet Home". At the conclusion of this number, it was applauded, an occurrence which has rarely happened in the church. The Orchestra was assisted by Miss Margaret Rhodes, who played the piano. The complete program follows:

- "Marche Pontificale"Ch. Gounod
Philo Orchestra
InvocationMiss Elizabeth Hopple
Mixed Quartette.....Home Folks
"Poet and Peasant".....F. v. Sauppe
Mr. Ray Troutman
"Nursery Rhymes"Curran
"Love Song"Kaesche
Mrs. Paul E. Cooper
Overture—"Golden Sceptre".....R. Schlegel
Philo Orchestra
"The Years at the Spring".....Beach
"If No One Ever Marries Me".....Lehman
Miss Kathryn Hopple
Reading.....Mr. J. Paul Gruver
"Rigoletto"Liszt
Miss Margaret Rhodes
"Morning and Evening".....Spicker
Miss Kathryn Hopple
Offering and Remarks by Pastor
SelectionOrchestra
"Traumerei"Schumann
Mr. Chas. Runk
SelectionsOctette
"Open the Gates"Knapp
Mrs. Paul E. Cooper
Audience....."Blest Be the Tie That Binds"
Benediction
March—"Color Guard"Orchestra

BOTANY—MAY 24

The Botany Class of Lebanon Valley College took the annual trip to Mount Gretna on Thursday, May 24. The journey was made by machines, by way of Lebanon. The road was taken at one o'clock. One of the machines became separated from the others and the party was not reunited until Mount Gretna was reached. Several stops were made on the way to gather and analyze specimens. The most beautiful and the rarest of these were orchids. The afternoon was spent in searching for specimens. Supper was eaten in the Derickson cottage, the meal having been furnished through the courtesy of the chef, Mr. Favinger. After supper the entire party paid a social call to The Hermit. The journey back was made in the dusk of the evening, Annville being reached at eight o'clock. The students who are preparing herbariums added many specimens to their collections as a result of the afternoon's work.

ORATORY RECITAL—MAY 24

The second of the Senior Oratory Recitals was given Thursday, May 24, in Engle Hall, by Miss Kathryn E. Kratzert and Miss C. Mae Reeves, assisted by students of the Conservatory of Music. The first number of the program was Batiste's "Offertoire to St. Cecelia No. 1," played by Donald E. Fields, organist.

Miss Kratzert then read "Lady Windemere's Fan" (a drama in four acts), by Oscar Wilde. The play, of a serious psychological nature, required deep emotional interpretation, and offered an excellent opportunity for character delineation. Miss Kratzert's reading of it was powerful, but at the same time refined. One was conscious rather of the characters themselves than of the presence of the reader.

Following is the synopsis of the play:

Act I—Scene: Morning room of Lord Windemere's house in London. Lady Windemere is planning a birthday party. The Duchess of Berwick calls for an afternoon's social chat. She informs Lady Windemere that her husband is infatuated by a Mrs. Erlynne, a stranger in London. Lady Windemere accuses her husband, and a quarrel ensues. In spite of everything, Lord Windemere would have Lady Windemere invite Mrs. Erlynne to the party. The suggestion is indignantly spurned.

Act II—Mrs. Erlynne comes to the party. Lady Windemere is enraged. She appeals to Lord Darlington, who declares his love for her and persuades her to accept his love, leave her husband's house and go away with him.

Act III—Scene: Lord Darlington's rooms. Mrs. Erlynne, who is really Lady Windemere's mother, discovers the plight into which she has thrown herself together with Lady and Lord Windemere. She hastens to Lord Darlington's rooms, where she saves her daughter in an exceedingly compromising situation by taking the burden upon herself. Lady Windemere never knows the real basis of the sacrifice.

Act IV.—Scene: Same as Act I. Lady Windemere feels that she has wronged her husband, who is entirely ignorant that his wife ever left his house. Lord Windemere, too, feels guilty toward his wife, and wants to reveal the secret of the whole matter. But Mrs. Erlynne foils it. She leaves London forever and happiness and love again reign supreme in the Windemere home.

Miss Hannah C. Fishburn, contralto, appeared in a group of two numbers, Galloway's "Over the Housetops" and Lieurance's "By the Waters of Minnetonka." Prof. Hardman accompanied.

"A Kiss for Cinderella" (a comedy in three acts), by James Barrie, contrasted favorably with the heavier drama which preceded. The comedy is of a fanciful, fairylike character, yet is pervaded throughout by a strain of pathos.

The action takes place in London during the period of the world war.

Act I.—The scene is in Mr. Bodie's art studio. He is alone, curled up in a wicker chair when a policeman comes to reprimand him about a passage window. Conversation drifts to a little drudge employed by the woman who keeps the studio in order. She has been acting queer, and they are suspicious of her because of war times. She is called in, and we see our heroine, Cinderella.

Act II.—The scene is in such a street as harbors London's poor. One sign attracts attention:

Celeste et Cie The Penny Friend

We are privileged for a time to look into a tiny room and see Cinderella at work. The policeman in disguise comes for information; instead he goes away having learned she lives on dreams, and having deepest regard for her. She wanders to the door to await her fairy god-mother, who comes beautiful in a Red Cross nurse's uniform. Cinderella is carried away in dreams, and we see her at the Prince's Ball. Soon the ball room fades, the dream is ended, we see our heroine seated at the door—almost frozen to death.

Act III—It is two months later, and Cinderella, very weak, is seen at Dr. Bodie's, the home of the artist's sister. This home is now a hospital for convalescent soldiers. Mr. Bodie sent her here after her discharge from the hospital, where she had been taken, having been found frozen in the street. Mr. Bodie and the policeman call to see her. She is still a dreamer. The policeman, knowing that she will never get well, and loving the child as a father, fills her last days with joy by being her Fairy Prince. He proposes, and presents her with a tiny pair of glass slippers as an engagement token.

Miss Reeve's interpretation was warm and sympathetic. She portrayed the burly London policeman and the dainty Cinderella with equal fidelity. Her stage deportment was delightful.

The recital was brought to a close by Miss Katherine Nissley, violinist, who played Seitz's "Concerto No. 1" (2nd and 3rd Movements), with Miss Helen McGraw at the piano.

The work of the oratory department this year, as evidenced by the Senior Recitals, has been of an unusually high caliber. The readers, while interpreting faithfully the authors' meaning, have nevertheless retained their own individuality. Prof. Beatty deserves great credit for the excellent work done by his department.

CLIO HIKE—MAY 25

The banks of Fisher's Creek was the scene of a delightful gathering of the Clionian Sisters on the evening of Friday, May the twenty-fifth.

Seniors, Juniors and Sophomores alike joined the ranks of merry-makers to pay honor to Clio's Freshmen. Clio took this means to express her approval of honest and sincere effort, and her desire to award such effort—as much as it was within her power.

This hike, as most all hikes, was participated in by a jolly, peppy crowd, in for all the fun possible. There were stunts, yarns, and innocent gossip intermingled with the lunch.

Some may think that this little party was incomplete because of the lack of hims, but college songs were sung instead.

All present joined in a whole-hearted yell for Clio, and then returned home with one assent that they had had a jolly good time, and with a wish for many more such gatherings.

MEN'S GLEE CLUB—MAY 25

The Men's Glee Club gave the fair sex their fifth annual thrill on Friday, May 25th, in the shape of the fifth annual banquet. The main difficulty seemed to be in getting to the scene of action at Hershey. Some had their own private cars, some had invitations to use strange cars, and still others used the street car.

Our own school chef prepared what was surely a royal feed at the Hershey Cafe. It was served on the large veranda of the cafe, and the appropriate decorations made a nice setting for

the radiant and happy guests of the club members.

The main dish of the evening was roast chicken, a la Braise, and with chef's art displayed in the usual manner, as to preparation and serving, made one of the best feeds the club ever had.

After all had eaten, they settled back in comfort to enjoy the unusually interesting and entertaining after-dinner speeches. The guests of honor were Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard. Dr. Gossard acted as toastmaster in his usual cheery manner, giving a fitting introduction to each number.

The program of the evening was as follows:
Greetings.....Prof. Frank F. Hardman
Solo.....Miss Hannah Fishburn
High Lights of Shamokin Trip—William F. Wener, '23
Ups and Downs of the Washington Trip—S. D. Evans, '24
Solo.....J. O. Zeigler
Four Years in a Glee Club.....L. R. Williard, '23
Peerless Four—Evans, Smuck, Herb, Whistler
Alma Mater

FRESHMAN BOYS ENTERTAIN—MAY 31

All the first-year resident students of Lebanon Valley College gave a special entertainment at midnight, May 31. Their activities on the campus were a manifestation of their becoming Sophomores. Two full programs were rendered, one before North Hall and one before South Hall. A fair audience witnessed with pleasure the vigorously executed presentations.

RESUME—MEN'S GLEE CLUB

The Men's Glee Club has just finished the most successful season in its history, both from a financial standpoint and from the quality of concerts rendered.

The first trip of the season was begun with a concert at Tremont, in Herb's "iron-clad" theatre. We left next morning for Lykens, where we met with our usual warm welcome. This concert was rendered in the First U. B. Church, to an audience that had to fight for seats. Our next concert was given at Millersburg in the H. S. Auditorium. It was here that we got the first evidence that audiences drank in some humor from our "deep" sketch. Next day we left for Shamokin, but as usual stopped at Herndon, where we sang to the school pupils of that metropolis. Upon arriving in Shamokin we sought out our homes, piloted by "Jess" in his Buick. Those of us who were historically inclined, went to see "Henry VIII", a picture of great merit, while the remainder, including Troutman, studied harmony of sound and movement in a burlesque show. That evening we rendered a concert to the banner audience of the year, in the handsome H. S. Auditorium. "Jess" sponsored this concert, and consequently is building a bungalow from the receipts. After the concert, each man was given his carfare, and as a result the homecoming of the Club lasted from Saturday until Monday. It was very lucky for some of our members that the business manager lives in Shamokin, or they'd be there yet, washing dishes for train-fare back to school.

Our second and last trip of the season began with a concert at Middletown, which was well received by a capacity audience. From Middletown we went to Harrisburg, where we ren-

dered a concert in the Tech. H. S. Auditorium, sponsored by Messrs. Rhoads and Quaid. This proved to be one of the best concerts of the year.

Anticipation ran high the next morning, for we were leaving for that western metropolis of Manchester, the home town of Wilt and "Kid" Roperio. Our homes were scattered within a radius of six miles, but attractive damsels made it their business to see that we were not lonely. The highest ambition of any first year Glee Club man is to visit Red Lion, the home of cigars and abundant eats. It's a good thing the 18th Amendment does not apply to transportation of cigars, or all of us would be serving time at present. Next day was Sunday, with compulsory church and Sunday School attendance. Our budding minister, Ray Troutman, delivered the morning sermon. That afternoon we left in machines for York, where we boarded a train for Baltimore. It sure was tough for "Hinkie" to say goodbye at York. We all wished we could have helped him.

Sunday evening found us in Baltimore, with more church services to attend. Mr. Troutman again delivered the message. Monday we roamed around the city, visiting points of interest. In the evening we rendered our concert in Salem U. B. Church to a very large audience including Prof. Wagner and his "sister".

Tuesday noon found us in Washington, a heavy rain greeting our arrival. Seemingly there were only three members of the club who were foolish enough to brave the rain and visit the capitol and other points of interest, including the Washington monument. They included "Babe", "Jess" and the writer, but we certainly were well repaid. In the evening we rendered our usual good concert to a banner audience in the First U. B. Church.

The trip home consisted of sleeping, and sleeping and still a little more, for the fellows had lost all pep and ambition.

Several "one night" concerts were rendered in places including Reading, Lebanon, Hummelstown, Ephrata, Palmyra, and the home concert.

The season closed with the Lebanon concert, which was well attended. At a recent meeting the boys voted this a banner year, and are looking forward to great things for next year under the leadership of Business Manager S. D. Evans.

SENIOR CLASS PLAY

The Annual Senior Class Play will be given by the Class of 1923 on Wednesday evening, June 13, at eight o'clock, in Engle Hall. The play will be given under the direction of Professor T. Bayard Beatty, head of the English Department of Lebanon Valley College. The previous experience of both the director and the members of the cast insures a flawless production.

Instead of the customary Shakespearean production of past years, the Senior Class will present Stephen Phillips' poetic treatment of the hapless lovers, Paolo and Francesca. This presentation to the students, alumni and friends of the college will mark a departure that will live long in the memories of all attending.

The motif of the hapless lovers is familiar to all in one form or another, for "Tristram and Isolde" appears in opera, drama and poetry. Dante makes free use of the theme in his "Paolo and Francesca," in his Divina Comedia; D'Annunzio, too, treats the theme powerfully; Maeterlinck has much of the same theme in

"Pelleas and Melisande," but Phillips has a restraint, a power, charm and a spiritual appeal not met with elsewhere.

"Paolo and Francesca" is the story of one Francesca, who is wed to Giovanni, but who loves his younger brother, Paolo. The husband, urged on by the envious cousin, Lucrezia, who too late suffers a change of heart, slays the lovers in a fit of madness.

The cast of the production is as follows:

Giovanni—Tyrant of Rimini.....Roland R. Renn
Paolo, brother to Giovanni.....Ira M. Ruth
Officers in Paolo's Company—

MarcoRalph E. Boyer
CorradoRichard Smith
LuigiWilliam Wenner
Pulci, a Drug-Seller.....Raymond Hutchinson
Francesca, bride of Giovanni.....Mary Hiester
Lucrezia, cousin to Giovanni.....Kathryn Kratzert
Costanza, kinswoman to Francesca.....Lucille Shenk
Tessa, daughter to Pulci.....Mae Reeves
Nita, maid to Francesca.....Agnes Merchitis
Angela, a blind servant.....Dorothy Fencil
Guests, Couriers, Soldiers, costumers of Pulci,
Servants, etc.

Time and Place—Mediaeval Italy.

SENIORS ENTERTAINED BY THE GOSSARDS

The members of the Senior Class took a journey to Puzzle-Land, under the delightful chaperonage of Pres. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard, on Friday evening, June the first. The group left headquarters, the Gossard home, at a few minutes after eight o'clock. The first lap of the journey led the wanderers through a mystery-maze to the goal, a butterfly, where companions were met to help make the journey more pleasant. While on the way the merry party decided to take journeys to various cities and countries, and it was interesting to discover the number of army men that it was necessary to pass on the way. Messrs. Wenner and Kreider were elected captains to help find Jenkins. The other members of the party aided much in the search.

Perhaps one of the hardest things to do on this journey was to find Alma Mater. This task was quite a difficult one in the maze of twenty-eight colleges. In order to make the sojourn in Poland more interesting the party learned to decipher Polish poetry. Next in order was the Key to Character, given so that the travellers might learn to know one another the more. Some startling revelations were made in this connection. President Gossard delighted the tourists with a bit of the black art "Magic Dominoes."

The last part of the journey was given over to "Movie Stunts" by various groups. Dick Smith starred in the Acrobatic Stunt, Ralph Boyer displayed unusual ability as an animal tamer and trainer and Earle Fake will long be remembered for his splendid imitation of the Donkey. Warren Kreider added an interesting feature to the fun when he posed as the Rising and Setting Sun. Frances Durbin and Kathryn Long certainly were in their respective elements as actresses. Bill Wenner and Mae Morrow interpreted the emotion of hatred to everyone's satisfaction.

The journey came to a delightful end when a delicious "Mystery Menu" was partaken of by the tourists. The happy journey ended, a characteristic college yell informed the "Gossards" that the journey was one of the most unique and delightful experiences of the college career.

To cap the climax everyone joined in the singing of the beloved "Alma Mater," which is the most fitting end to all college affairs.

SUMMER SCHOOL

The third year of the summer course of Lebanon Valley College will open on Monday, June 18, and continue until Saturday, August 25, inclusive. The Summer School will be divided into two terms of five weeks each. This new and unique plan of arrangement of terms has been adopted with the belief that it will meet the needs of three classes of persons: those who desire to earn credit for six weeks' training in the early part of the summer and to have a long vacation in the latter part of the summer; those who prefer to have the vacation period first, and to engage in study during the latter half of the summer; and those who desire to make more rapid advancement towards a degree, and will therefore attend the school through both terms for this or other reasons.

The courses are planned primarily for the following groups of men and women:

1. Those who wish to complete their college entrance requirements.

2. Those who desire to shorten the period of college residence or to make up deficiencies.

3. Teachers in service who wish, while teaching, to advance towards a college degree.

4. Those who hold the Bachelor's degree and desire to work towards the Master's degree.

5. Those who wish to meet the requirements for the various classes of teachers' certificates.

6. Teachers whose certification is already satisfactory, but who desire to improve and to keep abreast of developments in their profession.

7. Persons who desire collegiate instruction for other reasons or purposes.

All courses will be taught by regular members of the Faculty of Lebanon Valley College, or, in a few cases, by other suitable persons selected to augment the Faculty for the Summer Session.

May Bulletins announcing the Summer School to High School Graduates, as well as the Summer School number of the Bulletin, have been sent to all public school teachers and High School graduates within a radius of 100 miles.

More students have enrolled at this early date and more inquiries have been made in regard to the Summer School than in previous years.

Last year the sessions were held at Mount Gretna. This year they will be held in the buildings of the college. By this arrangement, those pursuing science courses will have the use of the facilities of the well-equipped laboratories, thus being enabled to do the same work as that offered in the winter courses. Persons living out of town will be housed in the dormitories so that there will be no congestion nor difficulty in obtaining rooms.

ASSEMBLY—MAY 24

The Freshmen challenged the Sophomores to play a baseball game, subject to the rules of the Men's Senate. The challenge was heartily accepted by the Sophomores.

Bowman.—For whom did you vote for maids of honor? I voted for the dark-haired girls because the May queen has light hair.

Wilt.—I voted for those whose names I could spell.

Athletics

Benton P. Smith, Editor

Dana Dunnick, Associate

SWARTHMORE AT SWARTHMORE—MAY 18

Failure to tally more hits cost us the game with the Garnets. That is, altho hitting the ball consistently, safe bingles were few and far between.

"Rosey" held them to seven safe ones, pitching excellent ball and at the same time had the first hit—a three-bagger, coming in the sixth. With the score 5-1 and two men down in the ninth, "Upde" started things going in real L. V. C. style. His hit was followed by three pretty singles by Richards, Yake, and Nitrauer, which scored two runs, and left two men on; another hit might have tied the score.

Score by innings: R. H.
Swarthmore 0 0 3 0 0 2 0 0 *—5 7
Lebanon Valley 0 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 2—3 5

DREXEL AT PHILADELPHIA—MAY 19

Walter's twirling and a pretty assortment of timely hits by our men at bat placed another win to our side of the ledger.

The game was featured by two home-runs, their catcher getting one and our pitcher the other. Score by innings: R. H.
Lebanon Valley 0 0 2 0 1 0 0 2 0 *—5 10
Drexel 0 1 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 0—2 5

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL AT ANNVILLE MAY 23

Captain "Hennie" and his team mates reaped sweet revenge for L. V. C. when they defeated F. & M. to the tune of 8-3. "Rosey" allowed the visitors but four hits, all of which were singles. "Hennie" and "Bobby" Yake starred at bat, with three safe ones apiece, while Richards, "Upde" and Walter Wolfe each accounted for two. Third Baseman Payne seemed to be the mainstay of their infield if not of the entire team. The score:

L. V. C.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.	F. & M.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Richards, ss.,	0	2	1	1	0	Ohn, cf.,	0	0	2	0	0
Homan, 2b.,	1	3	3	3	0	Cocklin, c.,	0	0	0	0	0
Perry, 1b.,	1	1	10	1	0	Payne, 3b.,	0	0	4	3	1
Updegrove, c.	0	2	7	1	1	Cragin, 1b.,	0	1	9	0	0
Smith, lf.,	1	1	0	1	1	Honne, cf.,	1	1	4	0	0
Yake, cf.,	3	3	2	0	1	Childs, 2b.,	1	1	2	1	0
Wolfe, rf.,	1	2	2	0	0	Fessler, rf.,	0	1	3	0	0
Nitrauer, 3b.,	0	1	1	1	2	J. Cragin, ss.,	1	0	1	3	1
Reigle, p.,	1	0	0	5	0	Harris, p.,	0	0	0	2	0
Heilman	0	0	1	2	0						
Totals	8	15	27	15	5	Totals	3	4	25	9	2

BUCKNELL AND SUSQUEHANNA TRIP

May 25 we met the Bucknell nine upon their field. Our infield had an off-day, so that their batting spurts proved irresistible and netted runs in nearly every instance. Bucknell registered seven hits to our five. A homer by Julian, the Bucknell catcher, was the feature of the game. Wolfe and Tarr both pitched winning ball, but Tarr had the edge, having the better support. The score by innings: R. H.

Bucknell 0 0 2 0 4 0 1 0 *—7 7
Lebanon Valley 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0—2 5

On the following day the team journeyed to Selinsgrove, where our time-honored rivals,

Susquehanna University, finally managed to send our boys to the showers while they retained the bacon.

Perry had a triple, while the rest of the boys collected a total of ten hits. Witmer pitched good ball, yet lost thru timely hitting after the bases had been filled by mis-plays.

Score by innings: R. H.
Susquehanna 0 0 3 0 3 0 3 0 *—9 11
Lebanon Valley 0 0 2 2 0 3 0 0 0—7 9

FROSH-SOPH TILT—MAY 31

The Sophomore ball tossers won the annual classic from their greener brothers, by the score of 8-5. Perry was on the mound for the Sophs, and struck out fourteen men. The twirling honors for the Frosh were divided between Saylor and Krause, neither of whom showed very good form. A two-base hit by Reigle and a three by Perry were perhaps the only long hits of the game.

For the Frosh, Richards, Metoxen, La Point and Smuch played the best game; while Finn, Reigle and Fey did well for the Sophs. A few additional thrills were afforded by the sensational base umpiring of "Upde", our hefty varsity man. Score by innings: R. H.

Sophs 0 1 2 0 2 3—8 11
Frosh 2 0 1 0 0 2—5 6

SUSQUEHANNA UNIVERSITY HERE

JUNE 2

They did hand us the short end of a 7-2 score, and all of that, but did they do aught to harm the L. V. C. fighting spirit?

We say that such an achievement as this shall undoubtedly be their last for many, many moons, for they have but rekindled that which will be their undoing. The game was more or less listless, with an occasional snappy play by Richards. Witmer kept the real thriller up his sleeve until our last bat, when he uncorked a homer that brought even the Susquehanna contingent to their feet, such a beautiful drive it was. Wolfe pitched good ball, but mis-plays allowed the bases to become loaded and then a lucky hit scored for Susquehanna.

Score by innings:

R. H.
Susquehanna 1 0 2 0 0 3 1 0 *—7 7
L. V. C. 1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1—2 2

L. V. C., 6; JUNIATA, 2—JUNE 4

"Blue Monday?" Oh, no! Not for our sturdy diamond men. No later than just last Monday did they score a signal victory over our up-river rivals—Juniata.

Witmer hit his old-time pace when he defeated this nine, for they have a strong, well-balanced nine. Walter Wolfe connected for a homer, and Witmer tapped another for three bags, while nearly every other man on the team shared in the hitting. Score by innings:

R. H.
Juniata 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 0—2 5
Lebanon Valley 0 1 0 3 0 2 0 0 *—6 10

Music

Donald E. Fields, Editor

Dorothy Mancha, Associate

STUDENT RECITAL—MAY 10

A Mistake—The recital given on Tuesday, May 15, by Misses Esther A. Gilbert, soprano, and Miss Ruth C. Baker, pianist, was the fourth, instead of the third, recital of the Commencement Series of the Conservatory Recitals.

The third recital was given on Thursday evening, May 10, in Engle Hall, by Miss Harvene E. LeVan, pianist, assisted by Miss Marie Tierney, violinist and by Miss Hannah Fishburn and Mr. Jesse O. Zeigler, who appeared in a duet.

Miss LeVan's program consisted almost entirely of modern works, and included several numbers which are justly popular in the best sense of the word. She played in both an expressive and a technically sure manner.

Miss Tierney added both interest and variety to the program, and displayed excellent mastery of her instrument. Her stage deportment is especially attractive.

The program follows:

Grieg, E.	Sonata, Op. 13
a Allegro Moderato	
b Andante Molto	
c Alla Minuetto	
d Finale, Molto Allegro	
Haendel-Blöse	Gavotte, in D
Wagner, R.	Prize Song, "Die Meistersinger"
	Miss Marie Tierney
Paderewski	Polonaise, Op. 9
Rachmaninoff, S.	Prelude, Op. 3
	Miss Le Van
Offenbach	O Lovely Night
	Miss Hannah Fishburn and Mr. J. O. Zeigler
Seitz, F.	Concerto, No. 3
	Miss Tierney
Kreisler, F.	Caprice Vennois
Liszt, F.	Liebestraume, No. 3
	Miss Le Van

GROUP RECITAL—MAY 31

Lebanon Valley College was afforded an unusual treat in the group recital given Thursday evening, May 31, by Mr. Charles Sofronski, pianist; Miss Sarah G. Werner, organist, and Mr. J. O. Zeigler, baritone. Mr. Sofronski, while only fifteen years old, has given evidence of unusual talent, and in his work this year under Sir Edward Baxter Perry, has developed remarkably. His technical ability fully met the demands of his program, which was by no means of an amateur nature. His work, while lacking depth, gives promise of future development of the highest order.

Miss Werner's playing was distinguished by surety and clearness, the latter rather a difficult result to obtain of the Conservatory organ, due to its somewhat sluggish action. This clarity was especially noticeable in the Guilmanet sonata. Miss Werner handled the organ in a quiet and efficient manner, and accomplished rapid changes of combinations with ease. Her registration was attractive and tasteful.

Mr. Zeigler's singing has come to be regarded as one of the features of Lebanon Valley programs, and he has established for himself quite an enviable local reputation. Mr. Zeigler was

in excellent voice, and displayed both power and finish.

A delightful addition to the program was Sir Edward Baxter Perry's analysis of the last number of the recital, Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 6." Sir Edward, in his inimitable style, gave a short sketch of the Gypsies as found in Europe, their origin, manner of life, and music, from which Liszt, who was admitted to one of their tribes, obtained material and inspiration for some of his greatest works.

SENIOR RECITAL—MAY 22

The first of the Senior recitals of the Conservatory of Music was given Tuesday evening, May 22, in Engle Hall, by Miss Dorothy Mae Sholly, soprano, and Miss Verna Bell, pianist. Miss Sholly possesses a very attractive voice, which, though somewhat light, is well trained. Her program was well selected and well arranged, and her stage demeanor was particularly pleasing. Prof. R. Porter Campbell acted as accompanist.

Miss Pell, who graduates in the Piano Normal Course, displayed excellent technical ability, and her interpretation evidenced an understanding of the composers' intentions. Her manner was marked by poise and assurance.

The program:

Mozart	Romanza in A flat
Chopin	Polonaise in A Major, Op. 40
	Miss Verna Pell
Verdi	Caro Nome (from "Rigoletto")
	Miss Dorothy Mae Sholly
Brassin	Nocturne in G flat, Op. 17
	Miss Pell
Def' Acqua	Chanson Provencale
	Miss Sholly
Delahaye	Columbine, Minuet, 15
	Miss Pell
Denza	A May Morning
Old English	Shepherd, Thy Demeanour Vary
Bishop	Lo! Hear the Gentle Lark
	Miss Sholly

CONSERVATORY RECITAL—MAY 29

The Conservatory recital given May 29, by Miss Ruth B. Rockafellow, pianist, assisted by the Lebanon Maennerchor, proved to be one of the most delightful of the commencement series. Though Miss Rockafellow is ranked as a first-year student in her theoretical course, her ability as a pianist entitles her to a much higher standing. Her work was of a high order throughout. Her interpretations displayed both understanding and feeling, and were especially effective in the Beethoven Sonata and in the Chopin group.

The Lebanon Maennerchor is a local branch of a state and national organization of German singers. The society has branches throughout the country, and holds annual state and national contests in which the various chapters compete. The local society has quite recently secured the services of Dr. [Name] Director of the Conservatory, as conductor, and under his efficient leadership gives promise of work of merit.

Alumni

Isabelle R. Smith, Editor

Miriam L. Mengel, Associate

Alumni! June the twelfth is your day. Will you be here to help make it a success? Come and see all your classmates and friends; they are coming, expecting to see you. Don't disappoint them. Let's make it the biggest Alumni Day L. V. C. has ever known. Your class needs you to represent it and to make it have the largest number present. You will see friends here that you will not see in any other way. The program for the day as planned is:

10.30 A.M.—Educational Conference.

12.30 P.M.—Luncheon to visiting Alumni served in College Dining Hall.

1.15 to 3.00 P.M.—Alumni business meeting.

3.00 to 4.00 P.M.—Reception to Alumni by Dr. and Mrs. G. D. Gossard.

4.00 P.M.—Baseball game—Muhlenberg vs L. V. C.

7.45 P.M.—Alumni Banquet, Hotel Weimer, Lebanon, Pa.

* * *

Walter E. Deibler, '20, who is a U. B. minister in Paradise, Pa., spent a day with us a short time ago. He led the devotional exercises in chapel.

* * *

Mr. George Albert Williams, B. A. Lebanon Valley '13, M. S. Iowa State College '15, has been awarded a University fellowship in Physiological Chemistry at Yale University for 1923-1924.

* * *

Miss Florence Stark, '22, pianoforte, who is teaching music at Glen Rock, Pa., and studying music with Dr. Hershey at York, Pa., spent several days here visiting friends.

* * *

Mr. Cawley H. Stine, '20, who has been a student at Bonebrake Theological Seminary, visited the college on May 29. He will remain at the college till after Commencement.

* * *

The following persons of the Class of '23 have accepted positions at the places stated:

Dorothy H. Fencil, Shilo, N. J.

Mary Hiester, French and English, Vineland, N. J.

Anna E. Long, Bordentown, N. J.

Kathryn Long, State College, Pa.

Lucile Shenk, History, West Chester, Pa.

Elizabeth Smith, Sinking Springs Pa.

Roland R. Renn, Spencer, Iowa.

Richard H. Smith, South Hampton, Long Island.

most demonstrated the quality of work being

* * *

Miss Ethel Lehman, '22, who is teaching in the High School at Garry, W. Va., spent a day visiting friends at the College a short time ago.

* * *

Mr. Reuel E. Swank, '22, who has been teaching History and coaching football and baseball in the High School at Reynoldsville, Pa., has been visiting his friends at the College since May 26th. He gave the first-year men a sample of his oratory recently.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

Mrs. Fern Hitchcock, nee Miss Lena Angell, a member of the Class of '21, visited friends at L. V. Saturday, June 2d, having just finished a spring course at Elizabethtown College, Elizabethtown, Pa. She remains the same delightful Lena as in days gone by. In the near future she is going to New Jersey, where she and her husband will live for the remainder of the Summer. We sincerely wish her all the happiness the world can offer.

OUR GRADUATE MANAGER

The students, faculty and friends of Lebanon Valley College are saddened to learn of the loss of the Graduate Manager of Athletics, Prof Paul S. Wagner, for at least one year. He is planning to attend Columbia University, and thus prepare himself to render even more efficient service in the future.

As a teacher he has proven a great success, and possesses the friendship and respect of the entire student body. As a graduate manager, his services have been invaluable, and he has placed athletics on a firmer foundation than ever before. Not only has he served without pay and contributed freely, but he has fought and continues to fight for true sportsmanship and clean athletics.

We hope that the friends of athletics at L. V. C. will follow in his wake and be doubly loyal to our Alma Mater.

THE CONSERVATORY YEAR

The past year has been a year of marked advancement in the cause of music at Lebanon Valley College. Not only has the enrollment of the Conservatory been materially increased and the standard of work in general been raised, but an interest has been created among the student body and the community which heretofore has been unknown. Though the quality of instruction and the ability of the faculty during the last few years has been of a high caliber, yet, due to the director not being in residence, results such as are at present obtaining could not be hoped for. But with the presence of a director of the ability, energy and enthusiasm of Dr. Blose and the strengthening of the faculty by the addition of Sir Edward Baxter Perry, world-renowned, and Prof. Frank R. Hardman, new spirit has been enthused and progress is assured.

A new departure, and one that has perhaps most demonstrated the quality of work being done, has been the institution of the semi-monthly students' recitals. These recitals are not only valuable from the standpoint of the benefit derived by the students themselves, but they add greatly to the cultural advantages of the college. During the course of a season a surprising number of the masterpieces of piano, organ, vocal and violin literature are presented, and an opportunity is provided for a much closer acquaintance with the best in music than would otherwise be possible.

Another achievement has been the formation of

(Continued on page 14)

Exchanges

Ruth H. Oyer, Editor

Lester M. Leach, Associate

Hey, just wait a minute, kids! Listen to this: What next? An out-of-door open theatre! Or at least an experimentation that certainly might end by placing Hood among those fortunate college communities who can count out-of-door theatres in their list of college assets. Hood hasn't anything over on us! We have a Greek amphitheatre in our midst. It's a dream of a place! (That's slang.) And it's a dream for a fact (that's the truth). You haven't forgotten the plan for this ideal amphitheatre—extending from the alley at Bomberger's, on Main street, to the house on the alley just below—and sloping down to the Quittie in the rear—the stage being on the opposite bank, with two large oak trees for wings! Ideal? I should say! Nature's own theatre! All we need to do is get the money and buy the land! and presto, change! Lebanon Valley would be put on the map for all time.

* * *

Did you see that article, also in "Blue and Grey," "As a Freshman Sees It?" It's the same old story. They, too, say that they are criticised concerning their boldness, of their ignorance and lack of lending a helping hand, of their forgetting oftentimes to pay their respects to upper classmen, or not being appreciated when paying respect! Freshmen will be Freshmen! There's one comforting thought, though; they finally do become dependable, lovable Seniors!

* * *

We note in the Ursinus Weekly that Ursinus holds second place in the oratorical contest in Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Union, Muhlenberg holding first place and F. & M. third. We congratulate them heartily. Why can't we produce such orators—and, by the way, where's our debating team? Didn't Juniata College challenge us to a debate? It is certainly too bad. Francis Durbin and Ralph Boyer are graduating this year. We couldn't help but have won with these two slinging spitballs.

* * *

Colonel John T. Axton, chief of Chaplains of the U. S. Army, will preach the Baccalaureate sermon at Ursinus, June 10.

* * *

Did you see what Gettysburg is doing to advertise the college? Signs are printed and placed along the principal highways leading into Gettysburg, so that tourists may know that the battlefield is not the only thing in Gettysburg. Not such a bad idea, is it? They suggested telegraphing the results of their athletic games to the leading papers, getting thereby a write-up instead of a mere statement that they won or lost. Radio was also suggested as a means of advertising. By this means, people could be reached who are otherwise too busy to read the papers. Lebanon Valley could make use of just such advertising—through the students, Glee Club, Eurydice, literary societies, athletics, etc. It wouldn't be such a bad idea to put a big signboard in front of South Hall, "This Is Ladies' Dormitory—L. V. C.," and thus eliminate the necessity of craned necks, curious glances, pointing fingers, and a last long passing glance.

What I would like to know is—how does Lehigh manage to get all her ads for her paper? It surely must be a cinch to get material for it. A few hundred words are all that are necessary, and the paper is full.

* * *

The "Garnet and White" of West Chester High School is a credit to the school. The poetry number especially deserves special mention. The style is good, as is the arrangement and the work. That number especially proves that West Chester has chances for a poet-laureate in her midst.

(Continued from page 3)

experience that feeling of awe and reverence at the wonders of God's work.

Surely we must have a souvenir of this trip. So we lean over the bank to break off the twig with the cocoon. We lose our balance and fall splashing into the pool. A sorry plight indeed. But what care we now for this unexpected dip? Away with the conventionalities and aloofness of grown-ups! Bubbling over with the happy spirit of Nature, and the very joy of living, we are children again. With carefree spirits we splash about in the sparkling water, until we are dripping from head to foot. Then we are off, chasing merrily some startled creature of the wood or tumbling about on the mossy floor. Finally, flushed and tired from our over-exertion, we again take our seat at the edge of the pool. Eagerly we plan many more of these trips into the deep woods. Then, realizing that the afternoon has passed, we start homeward, very tired and extremely happy. It is indeed the end of a perfect day.

Charles C. Smith, '24.

GESTA LEBANON VALLIORUM

May I spin you a tale of some things I've read, Somethings I've heard and somethings that are said?

Did you ever read "Indian Summer," "The Portrait of a Lady," or "The Little Boy Drummer"?

If you didn't, my dear, you're sadly antique, And before the end of another week—

Take English 522. (See Miss Meyers or Mike Bachman.)

I know you've heard about Agnes and Fat, For who could be here and not hear that? But sh—did you hear about Ruth and Paul? Take "Analyts" and you'll hear it all.

But now this is worse. Here are somethings that are said, In some of our skulls the gray matter is dead. But, gosh, I don't believe that; do you? For, you know, perchance your foot might fit the shoe.

Now I believe I have raved enough, So please look elsewhere for additional stuff. For I won't begin another reel,— Since for once, as always in the lab—"I am 'ausgespielt'."

"Mala."

Humor

Lena A. Weisman, Editor

Ellen S. Keller, Associate

Dear friend,

It's bin sum time since you heard from David Fit and i reckon you hant guessed the reason. Well i will tell you. he was travlin lots you no he used to rite bout his sperience. well the last sperience he had was at our house and since then he cant travil any more so he sed i must tell you. i cluded to tell bout him then bout my owne self.

Well i have a sis we call Trixie and her last name is Giggles same as mine. now Dave kina liked my sis and sis kina liked him. They fixed it up some way eny how they got pa and mams sent to live in the old house. you see we bilt a new one where I live and they got the preacher to make them one tho they look like to to me but any way its all over now as the songer ses and now pa and mam have some one to keer for them i am going to travil. Pa sed if i travil far i will have to take a train but mam sed you musent take eny thing so i gess i will go some other way. pa sed it dont mean trains and he took one once and every body takes trains when they go sum where but i cant see if that is so how there is eny left for me to take. but i will side what to do when i am nearer ready but i most think i will side to walk. that way i kin rest when i get tired and bout trains i dont no much and i might take the rong one then ide have to bring it back.

Pug is goin with me you see pug is my dog, hes heaps of company. he and me hunt together we catch lots of things. that cause me to member i never told you what i caught but pug didnt help this time but he did find my girl hair ribbon once and i hate to tell you but that is what i caught i mean my girl. i hant got her yet but now Dave is so satisfied i think i will try to see if her pa and mam wont give their sent that we live some where tho i dont no where cause my girl dont live close here she moved when her pa and mam left here last corn cutin to go to live some where.

Dave sed travlin sperience is good for people like me so i will hunt her. i dont spect to pack much cause it might be a long way and i mite get tired. when any thing ticular hapens like it did to Dave i will rite you cause he sed you like to hear. i dont spect you will hear again this year but next year you mite and to i mite come to colege cause my girl mite be there. if you hear any thing let me no and i will come and get her. this is all till the next time something hapens.

Your good friend

TOM GIGGLES

Ps.S. i spect to start the day after tomorrow if my lunch is ready then.

Comly, in public speaking.—At last I found the keyhole and entered the room.

* * *

Lola.—Don't you love these beautiful spring Sundays?

Dick.—Sorry, but I'm in training.

* * *

Prof. Wagner.—Will all the odd persons please go to the blackboard?

(Fortunately none in the class belonged to the Odd Fellows.)

RULES AT L. V. C. NEXT YEAR

The motto of this school is, "Do others or they will do you." Students are requested not to speak to the dumb waiters. We serve three grades of food:—good food, bad food, and no food. No food is the cheapest. Students having complaints will be sent to Lebanon hospital free of charge. No alarm clocks furnished by the management. Before retiring, wind up the bed and hear the bed tick. If your pitcher is empty, raise the mattress and dip from the spring. Students troubled with mosquitoes, flies, etc., will find a bar in the basement. If in a singing mood, tune your voice with the window cord. Thirteen tables at a dinner is a bad sign; it's a sign we'll not have much for supper. Students are not expected to pay their bills unless they prefer to do so. We have seen a tree "leave its trunk for board." Any one wishing to take a drive at any time will find hammer and nails in the basement. No spoons on tables occupied by couples.

ESTHER

Esther is so bright and sunny;
Her smile is worth a lot of money;
Cheerful everytime we greet her,
As we often on the campus meet her.

Surely it helps a lot to smile,
It lightens the burden by a mile.
Esther has a smile that can't be beat;
To see her smile is sure some treat.

Esther is quite a poetess, they say;
I think she writes a poem every day.
She writes about the glories of spring;
When I read it, I hear the birdies sing.

A student is Esther Brunner, too.
A hard course of study she did puruse.
Only one course she failed to pass, I hear:
Campusology, she flunked it, every year.

DICK

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wish I had a car—
Then we'd travel out so far
Where the little fishes are."

You would hardly think him par
To know Smith had gone this far:
Raving thusly to the star,
Calling, "Lola, there you are!"

As for Lola, she's so far
Away from where the writers are;
They can scarcely tell how far
She has gone about the car.

And I will bet my posey jar
That that great time is not so far
When Smith's machine will raise the tar
As they speed towards the high church "spar".

Why is Boyer's right eye weaker than his left eye?

Weik, at the DeMoss recital: Martha, I always have to do the talking. Tomorrow you'll have to talk.

The next day Martha was found huddled in a corner eagerly reading "Advice to Young Lovers."

* * *

Gladys: Your man has such a mysterious air about him.

Mae R.: Yes, he always likes to keep me in the dark.

* * *

Molly: May I please borrow your mop?

Sus: Yes, if you're sure you won't get it dirty.

* * *

Miss Durbin, at the Pennway, speaking to Felix and Swanger: Everytime I see you fellows I get hungry.

Felix: Gee, we must look like hams!

* * *

Mr. Hostetter: I'm going to Columbia to get a Ph.D. before going to Seminary.

M. H. Smith: You might as well go to the cemetery then and get your R. E. S. T.

* * *

Agnes: I'm awful blue.

Leech: I know why. I read it in the Crucible.

* * *

Le Van, getting some dope on baseball: When you hit a ball do you run to 1st or 3rd base?

Madge, jesting: To third base, of course.

Le Van, innocently: Oh, that's right.

* * *

"I believe in meeting folks half way," said Boyer, as he extended his hand beneath the table to the damsel opposite him.

* * *

Esther Brunner (during quiet hour): Who's going through the floor with shoes on?

* * *

Scrap Book

Ralph Martin: You know, Ira, every time I have a scrap with my wife I enter it in my diary.

Ira R.: Oh, I see—a sort of scrap book.

* * *

Boyer and Dick Smith went fishing, the other week, but Dick got excited when he saw a six-inch minnow, lost his balance, and fell in the river. Boyer, helping him out, asked: "How did you come to fall in the river, Dick?"

Dick: "I didn't come to fall in, I came to fish."

* * *

Welty: You must like every dish that Chef sends up.

Eshelman: All but empty ones.

* * *

Updegrove, in Education 14: We found a boy 15 years old who couldn't count ten. He was adapted to woodworking.

* * *

Prof. Butterwick: "I know a boy who could not write a letter to his girl. This is indeed a sad state of affairs."

* * *

Before Glee Club Banquet—

Martha: Oh, Elsie, if only you'd know what love is.

Elsie: Well, maybe I'll know after the banquet.

* * *

Martha, reading to the girls out of "Life":

Madie: Well, Martha, have you come to this?

Martha: Yes, Luther is always quoting from life, so I'd better catch up.

THE CONSERVATORY YEAR

(Continued from page 11)

the Lebanon Valley Choral Society, composed of students and local musicians, under the direction of Dr. Blose. During January this organization, numbering considerably over 100 members, presented Handel's "Messiah" in a highly satisfactory manner. During Commencement week, assisted by members of the Reading Symphony Orchestra, it will render portions of Haydn's "The Seasons" and Rossini's "Stabat Mater".

One of the most pleasing features of the year's work has been the growth of a spirit of harmony and co-operation between the Conservatory and the College proper. The Conservatory has come to be recognized as an integral part of the institution, and has taken its rightful place as an important educational factor.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Sunday, June 10, 10.15 a.m.—The annual Baccalaureate Exercises will be held in the United Brethren Church of Annville. An able speaker has been engaged for the occasion—the Reverend Russel S. Shower, D.D., of Jamestown, N. Y. Rev. Showers is Superintendent of the Erie Conference.

Sunday, June 10, 6.00 p.m.—Union Campus Praise Service.

Monday, June 11, 11.15 a.m.—Annual meeting of the Board of Trustees.

Monday, June 11, 8.00 p.m.—Annual Commencement Concert

Tuesday, June 12—Alumni Day. This day has been reserved for the alumni of the college. A large number of alumni, more than in any previous year, are expected to be present. A complete program for the day has been prepared by the representatives of the Alumni Association in this district. In the evening the annual Alumni Banquet will be held at the Weimer Hotel, Lebanon. There will be a baseball game with Muhlenberg at Annville, 4.15 p.m.

Wednesday, June 13, 1.15 p.m.—Annual Class Day Exercises.

Wednesday, June 13, 8.00 p.m.—Annual Senior Class Play. The Senior Class will present "Paolo and Francesca" in Engle Hall.

Thursday, June 14, 10.00 a.m.—The Fifty-seventh Commencement Exercises will be held in the United Brethren Church of Annville. Thirty-three graduates will be given their diplomas. Dr. Charles Goodell, D.D., LL.D., pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of New York City, will give the Commencement Address. Class Scholarship prizes will be awarded.

LEBANON CONCERT—MAY 24

On Thursday evening, May 24, a number of Conservatory students, together with local musicians, appeared in a benefit musical in the Lebanon High School auditorium. The affair was held under the auspices of the Northeastern Parent-Teachers' Association of that city, and excited a considerable amount of favorable comment.

Students taking part were Miss Ruth Baker, pianist; Miss Ruth Oyer, reader; Miss Marie Tierney, violinist; Mr. J. O. Zeigler, baritone, and Miss Esther Gilbert, soprano.

Elsie: Why does Ruth study her Math so diligently?

Madie: Because she likes the subject—that stands before the class.

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